



PRELIMINARIES OF CONCORD FIGHT

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY GEORGE TOLMAN

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
 . ALLEN FRENCH
 EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

YVARELL INT

House on Lexington Road.

CONCORD N.H.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

PRELIMINARIES OF
CONCORD FIGHT

BY GEORGE TOLMAN.



“A truly great historical novel.”— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

“It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great.”

Price

With Colonial Decorations

\$1.50

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.**

Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

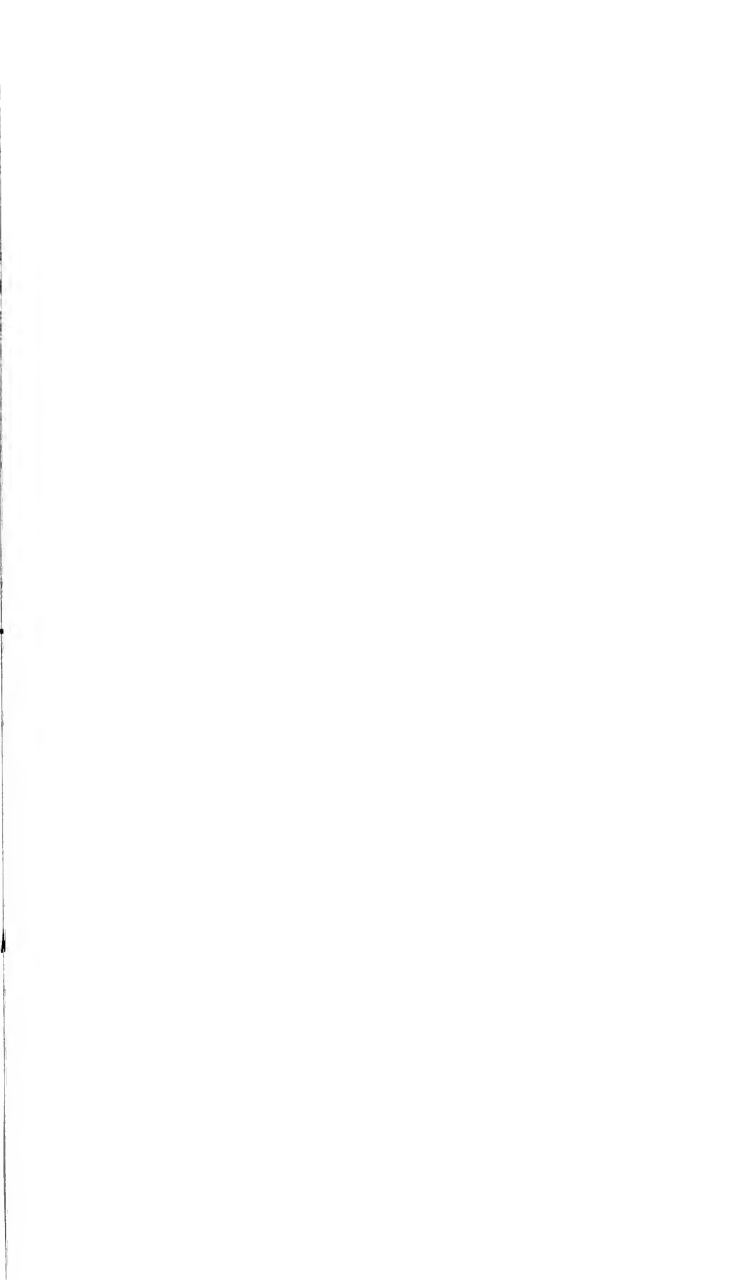
House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS



Preliminaries of Concord Fight

“ABOUT this time,” as the Old Farmers’ Almanac used to say, “about this time look for a flood” of more or less inaccurate stories, (generally more rather than less) about the 19th of April 1775. I do not aspire to add anything to the volume of this literary flood. It is not necessary here in Concord. The popular impression of the events of that day appears to be that they were in a certain sense and to a great extent *accidental*; that they might have taken place anywhere else just as well; that there was no particular reason why Concord Fight might not just as well have taken place at Rehoboth if only Gen. Gage had taken the whim to send his little body of regulars in that direction instead of this.

Perhaps a brief survey of the six months that immediately preceded that historic day may serve to hold your interest for a few minutes, for I have found that there is less known about that period of six months by ordinarily well instructed Americans, than about any other similar period in the history of the great Revolution. And yet it was what was done in those six months that made the American Revolution possible, and made Concord Fight inevitable.

We will take for a starting point the first Provincial Congress, which was called to meet at Concord on Tuesday, Oct. 11, 1774, and we will take for granted all that

had occurred before. This Congress was made up of delegates that had been duly chosen by the different Towns of the Province in exactly the same manner as the Representatives to the General Court were chosen. Gen. Gage, as Governor of the Province, was the only authority that could call the General Court together, and he could prorogue it also at his own discretion. But he was politic enough not to let the Representatives of his uneasy people get together under *his* sanction to devise means of escaping or of circumventing his authority, and so the Great and General Court was practically suspended. The people were not used to this system of repression. They believed then, what they asserted in their Declaration of Independence nearly two years later, that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed;" in fact they had said as much, four years before, when in their representations made to the Ministry of Britain in the matter of the Boston Massacre, they had declared that the rights of the King were not antagonistic to those of the people, and that "the service of the people *is* the service of the King."

That was why this "Congress" was convoked,—that there might be a body representative of the people and acting by their authority. Bodies of regularly chosen delegates had indeed convened before, but they were called on special occasions, for consultation merely on some particular subject, and without pretending to any power of legislation. These bodies had been always styled Conventions; this new body was called as a Congress, and the difference in its character from the character of all previous representative assemblies in the Province, was subtly conveyed by the adoption of this distinctive name. In its *political* sense the word Congress was then only used to denote an

assemblage of envoys or plenipotentiaries representing sovereign powers, or perhaps of sovereigns themselves, charged with the consideration only of matters of the gravest importance, such as the making of treaties, the forming of alliances, the delimitation of territory, or the like, and the very assumption of this high sounding term by the representatives of a half rebellious and apparently wholly impotent little Province had in it something of defiance, mixed with a great deal of self assurance. To the Provincial Governor and to the power that stood behind him in Great Britain this assumption appeared ridiculous as well as impudent. History sometimes repeats itself:— the descendants of the men who called this Congress and of those who sat in it, are mocking today [1899] the ridiculousness and the impudence of Aguinaldo and his Constituent Assembly, just as Britain mocked the folly and impudence of the Yankee patriots just one hundred and twenty-five years ago,— “and thus the whirligig of Time brings about his revenges.”

When this First Congress was convoked, the Province was practically under martial law; or at least Boston was so, and the country towns, although no soldiers were quartered in them, were made to feel in many ways that they were virtually in the condition of a subjugated territory. Trade was dead; farmers could find no market for their produce, there was but little money in circulation, and even such small domestic manufactures as existed were almost wholly suspended. Gen. Gage was acting Governor, and by virtue of that office was legally in command of the Provincial Militia as well as of the Regular troops. So, as far as possible, he had disarmed the Militia, and had taken possession of all the ammunition belonging to the

Province that he could lay hands upon. The castle in Boston harbor was fully manned with "regulars ;" two regiments were in the town itself, and a strong earth-work on Boston Neck guarded the only approach to the town on the landward side, while the ferries to Cambridge and Charlestown were not only entirely in the hands of the Governor, but private boats also, crossing the river, were under the most rigorous supervision, even by day, and were not allowed to ply at all by night.

As has been said, the General Court had been shorn of its power, and could only be convoked by the Governor. On the first of September 1774, he sent out precepts to the several towns and districts of the Province, commanding the inhabitants to choose Representatives to a Great and General Court to be convened at Salem on the fifth of October. The "Congress" had been called to meet at Concord on the eleventh of the same month, and many, if not most, of the Towns had already chosen their Delegates. Plainly it was the intention of Gov. Gage to forestall the action of the Congress by bringing together the legitimate and recognized legislative assembly, over the actions of which he could possibly have some control ; some conflict of authority,—or rather some difference of opinion and action, for he was not disposed to grant much authority to either of these two assemblies,—might arise, and here seemed to be a chance to set the patriots by the ears with each other. At any rate, with the regular legislature in session, the other assembly would naturally have but little effect and thus its fangs would be drawn. It was a good bluff, but he weakened on the next raise ; for when many of the Towns utterly refused to send any Representative at all to the General Court, and most of those

who *did* vote to send, chose the very same men that they had already chosen as Delegates to the Congress, Gov. Gage "laid down," and on the twenty-eighth of September issued a proclamation, announcing that no session of the General Court would be held, and discharging the members from their attendance. He gave as his reasons for this step, the many tumults and disorders that had taken place since the issuing of his writs of the first of September, the extraordinary resolves which had been passed in many of the Counties, the instructions which had been given to their Representatives by Boston and other towns, and the generally disordered and unhappy state of the Province.

This proclamation notwithstanding, nearly a hundred of the duly elected Representatives assembled at Salem on the fifth of October, and awaited until the next day the attendance of the Governor to administer the usual and required oaths; but that functionary not appearing, the members present resolved themselves into a "Convention" of which they elected John Hancock President and Benj. Lincoln Secretary. This Convention adopted a preamble and series of resolutions, setting forth, that the Governor having once called a session of the General Court, had no right, under the charter, to prevent its meeting, and that his right to prorogue, adjourn or to dissolve that body did not begin until it should have met and convened. The second resolve was to the effect that the tumults and disorders of which the Governor had spoken were not the fault of the people, who had always manifested the greatest aversion to such things, but were to be laid to the Government's repeated attempts to supersede popular rule by military force, and that His Excellency's remarks upon that point were "highly injurious and unkind." A third

resolve was that the conduct of the Governor in issuing his proclamation for discharging the General Court at so short notice was disrespectful to the Province, and in opposition to that reconciliation with Great Britain that was the ardent desire of all the people of the Colonies. The sting at the end of the lash was in the final resolution, which set forth that the very reasons alleged by His Excellency for *prohibiting* the assembly of the constitutional legislature were those that in all good governments had always *called for* such assembly, and his action in this particular fully proved his disaffection toward the Province. The Convention then voted to "resolve itself into a Provincial Congress, to be joined by such other persons as have been or shall be chosen for such purpose." As such Congress, it met the next day at Salem and organized by the choice of John Hancock as Chairman and Benj. Lincoln as Clerk, the same persons who had been chosen President and Secretary of the Convention two days before. Then they "voted to adjourn to the Court House at Concord, there to meet on Tuesday next," Oct. 11.

For "strict constructionists," like these men, this seems to have been something of an unwarrantable proceeding; for this was not the body that had been called to meet at Concord on that day, and it was little short of usurpation for it to declare itself the Congress, and assume to make the previously arranged meeting of the regular body merely an adjournment of itself. So when the Congress got together at Concord, to the number of nearly three hundred delegates, its first proceeding was to ignore the action of the self-styled Congress at Salem, and to proceed to elect officers for itself. They chose the same men indeed, but they changed their titles from Chairman and Clerk to

President and Secretary. I have elaborated this point a little, because the history makers all say that the Provincial Congress met first at Salem and then adjourned to Concord, which is not a true statement of the case. The Salem body was a Provincial Congress, not because they had been elected as such, but merely because they so styled themselves of their own motion. If they had called themselves the Parliament of England, that would not have made them so, but it would have been no more *ultra vires*.

The Congress remained in session at Concord for four days. Its principal business during these four days was the drafting of an address to the Governor, which was adopted, with only one dissentient vote, and a Committee was appointed to present personally to that official an attested copy of the same. The petition began by declaring that the want of a General Assembly in the disturbed state of the Country, had rendered it indispensably necessary that the wisdom of the Province should in some way be brought together to provide for the public safety. It declares as a truism that the sole end of government is the protection and security of the people, and deprecates the use of military and repressive measures "against a people whose love of order, attachment to Britain and loyalty to their Prince have ever been truly exemplary." The Port Bill, the acts for altering the charter, the gathering of troops in Boston and the fortification of that town, are pointed out as the principal grievances, submission to which on the part of the people would be evidence of their insanity. Particularly the Congress entreats His Excellency "to remove that brand of contention, the fortress at the entrance of Boston," and that the pass (that is to say Boston Neck) be restored to its natural condition.

The Hon. Harrison Gray was at that time Treasurer and Receiver General of the Province, and his adherence to the loyalist side of the dispute was matter of public knowledge, so it was plainly for the interest of the popular party that no more of the public funds should get into his hands. To secure that end a resolution was passed, calling upon all constables and collectors of taxes and sheriffs who had any public money in hand, or who should thereafter collect any, to hold it until some person should be chosen by the Congress to receive it. The Congress adjourned on Friday, to come together again at Cambridge on the next Monday, Oct. 17. Gov. Gage returned at once his answer to the communication that had been sent him, and it is only fair to say that it was a terse, crisp and statesman-like document. He says quietly that the unusual warlike preparations that were going on in the country made it an act of duty for him to erect what they had called a fortress, but he adds a little grimly that this fortification "unless annoyed will annoy nobody." He points out further, that in assembling as they had done, they are themselves subverting their own charter, and acting in direct violation of their constitution, but he feels it his duty in spite of the irregular character of their application to him, to warn them of the rocks they are upon, and to require them to desist from further unlawful proceedings.

Of course this preliminary fencing amounted to nothing, and was not meant to amount to anything. The Provincials did not expect to make the Governor tear down his ramparts or remove his troops, nor did the Governor expect to scare the Congress into immediate dissolution. Both parties knew well that the matter had long passed that possibility, and that the "certain issue strokes must arbitrate."

But the correspondence served the purpose for which it was intended, by defining the position of the antagonists. It was like the formalities preceding a duel, the little exchange of courtesies that gives to such affairs a certain dignity and seriousness. Henceforth talk would be useless, and work would be necessary for both parties.

From this until the close of the session, the proceedings of the Congress were for the most part in secret session. Committees were appointed to inquire into the state and operations of the army; to consider what is necessary to be now done for the defence of the Province; to determine what quantity of powder and ordnance stores it will be necessary to procure, and for other such investigations and actions in the interest of peace. The persons who had acted as Mandamus Councillors or who had accepted any other position under the late act of Parliament changing the charter of the Province, were roundly denounced, and unless they should make public acknowledgment, in print, of their wrong doings, and should also at once renounce their commissions, it was ordered that their names be published and entered upon the records of their several Towns as rebels against the State. Another of the "dearest foes" of free institutions seems to have been *Tea*, which the Congress with ludicrous vehemence denounces "as the baneful vehicle of a corrupted and venal administration," and the Towns were requested to cause the names of such of their inhabitants as should sell or use the article to be posted in some public place. A resolution to the effect that while we are endeavoring to preserve *ourselves* from slavery, we ought also to take into our consideration the state and circumstances of the Negro slaves in the Province, came near proving a firebrand in the Congress, but

after some heated discussion it was voted "that the matter now subside." Our grandfathers found the Negro question a very touchy subject to handle one hundred and twenty-five years ago, as their sons did later. Thanksgiving day was a New England institution, but it seemed hardly probable that Gov. Gage would appoint one, so the Congress took even that comparatively trifling matter in hand and issued their proclamation to that effect, calling upon the people on the day appointed, to pray especially for the restoration of harmony between the Colonies and Britain, "So that we may again rejoice in the smiles of our sovereign, . . . and our privileges shall be handed down entire to posterity under the Protestant succession in the illustrious house of Hanover." In view of their other proceedings it may be permitted to a sceptical descendant of two of the members of this Congress to suggest that there is a strongly Pecksniffian flavor to this pious document.

But the most important action of the Congress was in relation to military matters. The report of the Committee of Defence and Safety sets forth in a preamble the various oppressive acts of the Governor, particularly his fortification of Boston against the Province; his invasion of private property by the seizure of arms, ammunition, and ordnance stores that had been provided at public expense for the use of the Province, and "at the same time having neglected and altogether disregarded the assurances he had received of the pacific disposition of the inhabitants of the Province." (We may perhaps be permitted to say, as a note or gloss on this passage, that Gen. Gage might well have remembered, and doubtless did remember, for "the proverb is somewhat musty," that actions speak louder than words. Really it looks like another case of protesting too much.) However, the pre-

amble goes on in the same vein to declare that "the Province has not the least design of attacking, annoying or molesting His Majesty's troops, but will consider and treat every attempt of the kind, as well as *all* measures tending to prevent a reconciliation between Britain and the Colonies, as the highest degree of enmity to the Province." It was not then, as it is not now, a habit of Britain to accept any "reconciliation" that is accompanied by a threat, and that fact was as well known to the members of the Congress as it is to all the world today.

But having waved the olive branch in this ostentatious manner, they proceeded to get ready for the rejection that they perfectly well knew it would meet. So a Committee of Safety was provided for, to keep watch of any hostile movements, any five members of which committee—not more than one of such five to be an inhabitant of Boston,—should have power to alarm, muster, and cause to be assembled, whenever and wherever they should think proper, the armed militia of the Province; and to make provision for their support while so assembled and until their return to their homes. The Committee was also directed to purchase without delay, cannon, small arms, ammunition and stores to the value of £20,837 for their armament, to be deposited in such secure places as said Committee of Safety shall direct. Provision was also made for the militia when so called out, and company and regimental officers were directed to organize their soldiers and put them through a course of drill and instruction at once. There General Officers and five Commissaries were also appointed; directions were given for the care and safety of such arms as the Province still possessed; and the system of minor tactics under which the troops should be drilled was settled upon

Henry Gardner of Stow was chosen Receiver General, and a report of the doings of the Congress was ordered to be transmitted to the General Congress of the Colonies. Finally a carefully worded statement of the action of this Congress,—with judicious omissions—was made up for publication in the newspapers, and a parting salute to Gov. Gage was prepared, informing him, perhaps unnecessarily, that “our constituents do not expect that in the execution of the important trust which they have reposed in us, we should be guided by your advice,” and in shooting this Parthian arrow at the Governor, they further assured him that “we shall not fail in our duty to our country, and loyalty to our King, nor in a proper respect to Your Excellency,” a remark that, all things considered, appears just a little like sarcasm.

On the 29th of October the Congress adjourned to the 23rd of the next month. The Continental Congress at Philadelphia had been in session at the same time, from Oct. 5 to Oct. 26, and James Bowdoin, Thomas Cushing, Robert Treat Paine, and John and Samuel Adams, who had been members of that body, were at once by special vote, invited to attend the meeting of this, which they accordingly did, and communicated the proceedings in which they had taken part. Delegates were also chosen to attend a new Continental Congress to be held in May. With the exception that the name of John Hancock was substituted for that of James Bowdoin this delegation was not changed.

This present session of the Provincial Congress, which lasted until Dec. 10, was not so sensational as the previous one, being in large part devoted to such ordinary legislation as had usually been the work of the General Court.

For instance, the Baptists of Massachusetts, being legally at some disadvantages in comparison with their Calvinistic Congregational neighbors, thought this was a good time to put in their petition for civil and religious liberty; and they fared just as well as the Negro slaves had fared at the previous session, — perhaps a trifle better, — for while the darkies had been allowed to “subside”, the Baptists were quietly recommended, (practically) to call again some time when we are not quite so busy, and so bowed out with civil words. An address to the clergy was adopted, asking them to advise their flocks to abide by the resolutions of the Congress; provision was made for the immediate taking of a census of the inhabitants, imports, exports and manufactures of the Province; an address to the people was published, recommending them “to be particularly careful strictly to execute the plans of the Continental and Provincial Congresses;” warning them of the danger of losing their charter rights; recommending the towns to see to it that their militia should at once be fully armed, equipped, instructed, and provided with ammunition; and declaring the determination of the Representatives, “with the utmost cheerfulness, to stand or fall with the liberties of America.” A report was also adopted strongly recommending the greatest possible increase in the raising of wool, hemp and flax and the establishment of domestic manufactures, especially of nails, steel, fire arms, saltpetre, gunpowder, salt, buttons, cloth, hosiery and the like. These good people were all believers in predestination, and they meant to be ready when the predestined should happen.

A second Provincial Congress convened at Cambridge on Feb 1, 1775, not differing greatly from the first one in *personnel*, and, almost as a matter of course, John Han-

cock and Benjamin Lincoln were chosen President and Secretary. After the merely formal ceremonies of organization, the first thing done was to pass a resolve "That all the debates and resolutions of this Congress be kept an entire secret, unless their special leave be first had for disclosing the same." Representations having been made that certain persons were selling timber, canvas, carts, tools, and the like to the British army in Boston, a resolution was adopted that the persons who were engaged in this kind of business should "be deemed inveterate enemies to America, and ought to be prevented and opposed by all reasonable means whatever." This was to prevent "aid and comfort to the enemy," but a companion resolution prohibiting the sale of straw, on the ground that, "it appears to this Congress that large quantities of straw will be wanted by the people of this Province," looks to the almost certain expectation that hostilities in the field were to come very soon,—before another harvest time at latest.

Five General Officers were appointed to take command of the provincial soldiers when they shall be called out, "effectually to oppose and resist such attempt or attempts as shall be made for carrying into execution by force an act of the British Parliament for the better regulating the government of the Province of the Massachusetts, or another act of said Parliament entitled an act for the better administration of justice or for the suppression of riots and tumults in said Province." Committees were appointed to confer with the neighboring Colonies and with Quebec, with the view of enlisting their aid and sympathy, or at any rate of finding out how far they could be relied upon; some minor changes were made in the organization of the mili-

tia; and an address to the people and a statement for the newspapers were drawn up and ordered to be printed.

The annual spring Fast Day did not escape attention, and a formal proclamation for such an observance was issued. Obviously they regarded His Majesty George the Third as not yet past the praying for, since one of the specially mentioned objects of supplication was that "the divine blessing may rest upon George the Third, *our rightful King*, and upon all the Royal Family, that they may be great and lasting blessings to the world." It is almost pathetic to notice this curious and doubtless sincere loyalty to the person of the King, that so constantly exhibits itself in even the most rebellious documents of that period. The Colonists were apparently convinced that their troubles were due to the Ministry and Parliament, rather than to the King, who was their friend, and who, if he could have his own way and could get rid of the crowd of selfish politicians that surrounded him, would use all the influence of the Throne to remove the difficulties of his faithful New England friends and subjects. And all the while the Colonies had no more bitter or more persistent enemy than this same King. As long ago as when, sorely against his will, he had signed the bill repealing the Stamp Act, says Sir George Trevelyan, "he looked upon the conciliation of America which his ministers had effected, as an act of inexpiable disloyalty to the Crown," and in every act of oppression that followed, even until the very close of the war, the hand of the King was plainly manifest.

On Tuesday the 22d of March, 1775, the Congress came together again at Concord, and sat until the 15th of April, occupying itself chiefly with matters of detail as to the arming and discipline of the militia, which they now

speak of, without circumlocution, as *the army* of this Province. A body of Articles of War, 53 in number, was drawn up, and it may be noticed as strongly characteristic of the spirit of the time, that the *first* of these articles made it obligatory on all officers and soldiers "diligently to frequent divine service and sermon," and denounced penalties of fine and imprisonment for such as should disobey this rule. The second article was like unto it, for it prohibited all oaths and execrations, under similar penalties,—four shillings per cuss being the prescribed tariff for commissioned officers, with a "sliding scale" downward for sergeants and smaller fry. All these 53 articles, which deal with the conduct of soldiers in camp or on the march, the establishment of Courts Martial, the precedence of officers, and the like, show plainly that the Congress had fully determined upon war, and were making their preparations for it with feverish energy. That the great body of the people looked as yet for separation from the mother country is perhaps not to be said. I think it probable indeed that if the leaders had avowed their intention to force such a separation, they would have frightened off a large part of the community. But I think also that it can not be doubted that this intention was fully formed in the minds of the leading men. It is not even imaginable that men like Hancock, Lincoln, Gardner, the Adamses and the rest should even have dreamed that they could frighten off the power of Britain by a show of force, or that having had recourse to force they could ever restore the *status quo*, or, as it was popularly expressed, regain their charter rights. They knew then, exactly as well as they knew fifteen months later when the formal Declaration of Independence was made, that the result of the warlike preparation they were making would be either

national independence or complete subjugation. Success would mean the first; failure would mean the entire loss of any political status whatsoever, except such as should be granted to the Colonies by the conquering mother country.

It is to be noted that by this time all protestations of loyalty to Great Britain had ceased, and that in the entire proceedings of this second session of the second Congress, the only expression that had even the faintest semblance of devotion to the King or to the old order in any way, was an incidental reference to George Third as "our rightful sovereign." War was the business of the day, and letters were drafted, and sent to the other New England Colonies by the hand of delegates who were commissioned to seek their aid. An address was also sent to the Chiefs of the Mohawk Indians, and the other Five Nations in Canada, and it was voted to accept the aid of certain Massachusetts Indians, and to furnish them with blankets, etc. These Indians were tendered the thanks of the Congress in a letter addressed to "our good brothers Jehoiakin Mothskin and others, Indians of Stockbridge." Resolutions were adopted with regard to a communication received from the County of Bristol, where Colonel Gilbert, a prominent Tory, had been making himself particularly obnoxious, that his conduct was such as might have been expected of him, since he was "an inveterate enemy to his country, to reason, justice and the common rights of mankind," but at the same time the Congress would not advise "any measures either with respect to him and his bandits, or to the King's troops, that might plausibly be interpreted as a commencement of hostilities."

One Ditson, a farmer from Billerica, had been, but a few days before, detected in trying to buy a musket from a British soldier in Boston, and had been tarred and feathered

therefor by the soldier's companions, and now came through the Committee of Safety of his own town, to lay his complaint before the Congress, the General in command of the troops having declined to give him any satisfaction. The Congress could do nothing except to express a "humble hope, under providence, that the time is fast approaching when this Colony and Continent will have justice done them, in a way consistent with the dignity of freemen, on such wicked destroyers of the natural and constitutional rights of Americans." This is all very well, but an unprejudiced observer, at this distance of time can not afford to waste a great deal of sympathy on the patriotic Ditson, who, at his very best, must have been a tremendous fool to get himself into such a scrape. What would be likely to happen even now to a patriotic Filipino who should be caught trying to buy the rifle of a United States Soldier at Manila? We should perhaps in such a case not feel greatly impressed with "the natural and constitutional rights" of Filipinos.

On the fifteenth of April the Congress adjourned to meet again on the tenth of May. The fixing of this date for re-assembling, and the fact that the Congress had voted that in case the Governor, (General Gage) should legally issue his precepts, calling the General Court to meet at its regular time, the last Wednesday in May, the Towns should obey such precepts, are enough to show that the leaders of the people did not expect an actual outbreak of war just at present. Indeed, they were by no means ready for it, and every day of delay, within reasonable limits, was to their advantage.

General Gage had been re-inforced during the winter, but there were now no more soldiers on the way to him.

He was as strong as he would be, and really would only become weaker daily, for there was a certain constant decrease of his force by illness and death,—and above all by desertion. He had in a compact body, in Boston, with no outposts, a force of more than 10,000 men, besides a couple of men-of-war in the harbor. His land force was enough, if well handled, to hold the Province in complete subjection. His soldiers were well disciplined, well fed and well clothed, and while some of them were not experienced and hardened troops, most of the latest arrived regiments were fresh from European battle fields. The only things he could gain by delay were a better knowledge of the plans of the patriots, and a better acquaintance with the topography of the country where he was to fight. He knew that he would be expected by the authorities at home to attack, soon and effectively, but there seemed to be no one for him to attack. No army had been gathered; there was not a camp or a fort or a blockhouse to be seen in the whole country round about; people were going on about their business very much as usual, and no one appeared to be drawn away from the farms or the workshops. His spies, indeed, found here and there occasional little companies, perhaps only squads, of countrymen awkwardly performing some of the simpler military evolutions, but they found also that such military evolutions did not last long at a time, and that these quasi soldiers were after all only a few Reubens and Jothams, who broke ranks when it came time to milk the cows and do up the chores, and became merely undistinguishable fractions of the community. An army and soldiers and drums and camps and all that sort of thing, the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, he could understand; but this phantom soldiery, that faded as he

looked at it, like the baseless fabric of a vision, puzzled and annoyed him. He heard, of course, of all the proceedings of the Provincial Congress, as they occurred, in spite of the formality of secret sessions, although, after the first session in October, 1774, that body took no notice of him and sent him no communications. It was perhaps quite natural that he should think the doings of Congress to be largely in the nature of a bluff, or rather of the grumblings of a puny and impotent antagonist, like the squealing of a rat in a trap. So he fell into the error of underestimating his antagonists, and omitted to make any proper disposition of his forces, or apparently to take any military steps whatever, except to strengthen his fortification on Boston Neck. It is easy for the veriest tyro in military affairs to see, from this distance, how, with the force he had in hand, he could have given an early and decisive check to the incipient rebellion, for in such great movements a check at the outset is almost always decisive.

While the Provincial Congress had been engaged in the transactions of which we have spoken, the Committee of Safety appointed by its authority had been unceasingly busy. Their very first vote, after the merely formal matter of organizing their membership, on Nov. 2, 1774, was for the procuring of a quantity of pork, flour, rice and pease, to be deposited partly at Worcester and partly at Concord. A fortnight later, it was voted to procure seven large cannon, and to get them out of Boston to some place in the country. At the next meeting the Committee on Supplies were directed to procure spades, shovels, bill-hooks, pickaxes, iron pots, wooden mess bowls, cartridge paper, armorers' tools, etc., etc. An order of Jan. 5, 1775, provided for two brass cannon, two seven inch mortars, etc.

etc.; and on the 25th of the same month two ten inch mortars, two howitzers and a supply of shell were ordered, together with axes, wheelbarrows and similar tools, and it was voted that these supplies, as well as all others that had been purchased, should be deposited, as had been voted in the case of the commissary stores, at Worcester and Concord. In February, certain other field pieces that had belonged to the Province militia, but had escaped the search that had been made for them by the Governor, were ordered to be sent to Concord, the Committee agreeing with Colonel Robinson, in whose charge they were, "that in case of a rupture with the troops, the said field pieces shall be for the use of the artillery companies in Boston and Dorchester, and if matters are settled without, said field pieces are to be returned to said Robinson." A Committee was appointed at the same time to scour the market for gunpowder; and also to procure ten tons of brimstone, the latter on condition that it could be returned if not used in six months. By vote of the Committee late in February, 1775, the supplies and armament to be purchased were to be sufficient for an army of 15,000 men, but it is hardly to be inferred that all, or even the larger part, of these commissary and ordnance stores was ever got together. The Committee made the most strenuous efforts toward that end however, and for some time they met daily for conference and to hear reports of sub-committees. Men were hired "to make cartridges for 15,000 men for thirty rounds," and ten tons of lead balls were ordered in addition to the stock in hand. Arms belonging to the Province, that were stored in Boston and the adjoining towns, and that escaped seizure by the Governor, were hastily carried into the country towns and out of danger. Instructions for assembling the

militia and minute-men were sent out on February 23rd, and it was by virtue of these instructions that any part of the improvised army was first brought together in bodies larger than companies or small battalions.

We have heard it said that "the *golden age* of New England was when New England rum was sold on every corner." That period, however, was later than 1775, the *heroic age* of New England when there were giants in the land, and when the seductive spirit was a guest at every household, and sat at every man's table. So the Committee of Safety thought it not well that the patriot soldier should be deprived of too many of the necessaries of life at once, and they voted to purchase twenty hogsheads of Rum, and send the same to Concord; twenty hogsheads of molasses were ordered at the same time, so the supply of the great national beverage might not fail. An order for fifteen casks of wine, possibly for hospital use, went along with all this. But it is not needed that we enumerate all the articles of ordnance, commissary and quartermaster's stores that were ordered, and that until the very day of Concord Fight were pouring into the town, until almost every house was a commissary depot. But very few of the stores of any kind were deposited at Worcester; practically only such as came from that immediate neighborhood and from the western counties of the Province. The scanty and invaluable supply of gunpowder was quite widely distributed, to guard against accident, and a good part of the artillery was ordered to be sent to Worcester and Leicester. It looks as if the intention was to establish a reserve depot in the centre of the Province, so as to have something to fall back upon in case they were defeated and driven back but it is quite evident

that the war was opened before they had time to develop this policy.

Two very important votes were passed in the Committee on March 14: the first "that watches be kept constantly at the places where the Provincial magazines are kept, and that the Clerk write on the subject to Colonel Barrett of Concord, Henry Gardner of Stow and Captain Timothy Bigelow of Worcester, leaving it to them how many the watches shall consist of;" also that "members of this Committee belonging to the towns of Charlestown, Cambridge and Roxbury, be required at the Province expense to procure at least two men for a watch every night to be placed in each of these towns, and that said members be in readiness to send couriers forward to the towns where the magazines are placed, when sallies are made from the army by night." That is the plain prose of "Paul Revere's Ride," though I fancy most people think that Revere acted upon his own initiative; that by some preternatural detective skill he divined the plans of General Gage, and set himself to thwart them, and "spread the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm." As a mere matter of cold prose, the troops could not possibly get out of Boston except through Charlestown, Cambridge or Roxbury; and Paul Revere's ride, to be performed perhaps by him, perhaps by any other as it might happen of the couriers who were kept in readiness in these three towns, was all arranged for, more than a month beforehand,—*"at the Province expense."*

The second of the important votes I just spoke of, was one "requiring Colonel Barrett of Concord to engage a sufficient number of faithful men to guard the Colony's magazines in that town; to keep a suitable number of teams

in constant readiness, by day and night, on the shortest notice, to remove the stores; and to provide couriers to alarm the neighboring towns, on receiving information of any movements of the British troops." This vote is, of itself, enough to refute many erroneous statements and malicious innuendoes that partisan and prejudiced minor historians have indulged themselves in, regarding Concord's share in the honors of the 19th of April, but it is beyond the scope of the present paper to consider of those matters. Just before the 1st of April, a ton of musket bullets arrived in Concord and were lodged with Colonel Barrett. This looks like a great deal, but musket balls were heavier then than now, and this ton represents at most but about 36,000 shots. The sessions of the Committee at Concord were continued for a few days after the adjournment of the Congress, and indeed until April 18, and a further meeting was to have been held at Menotomy on the 19th, but the other events of that day naturally caused this meeting to be given up. On this last day's session, the 18th, orders were adopted looking to the removal of a large part of the supplies now collected at Concord, to places a little further back in the country, — to Sudbury, Groton, Stow, Lancaster and Worcester, principally, — Concord being by this time so full of all sorts of stores that there was really not room for any more, though additions were coming in rapidly, day by day. That very night the removal of the designated portion of the stores began, and at the time that Colonel Smith's little detachment of regulars were standing in the mud at Lechmere's Point awaiting the word to march, the Concord men, who did not expect any movement of the troops to be made quite so soon, were already on the road with all the teams they could raise, carrying

provisions, rum, tools, camp equipage and ammunition to the designated towns.

The meetings of the Committee of Safety were held in private houses. The Committee was a small and carefully chosen body, and its proceedings were kept secret to a much greater degree than those of the Congress could possibly be. Of course the activity at Concord, however, could not long escape the notice of the Royalist commander, for there were many persons in almost every town whose sympathies were with the established government, and who could be relied on to keep the General advised of every unusual movement. Concord was not without its representatives of this class; able, intelligent and observant citizens, from whom but little of what was going on in the town could long be hidden. During the autumn and the early part of the winter also, British officers were frequent visitors to the place, and their presence, since they came in uniform and without disguise, was not much noticed, or at any rate not resented. Early in the Spring it became evident to General Gage that the vital spot of the rebellion was exactly here; that it behooved him to strike at this spot as soon as the weather should permit and before the shadowy army, of which he had heard so much and had been able to see so little, should gain form and coherency. He did not and could not know how narrowly and constantly his own movements were watched, and he set about his preparations, in a blundering sort of way that ought to have caused him to be superseded in his command before he made so dismal a failure of it. Officers were sent out in disguise to sketch the roads, and make such military survey of the defiles, the defensive points, the character of the country, streams, bridges, parallel and intersecting roads and

all such points as a prudent commander needs to know before advancing into a hostile country. Two of these officers were here in the middle of March, and on their return furnished a very good military map of the country, which they declared to be "an immensely strong one" for the defence, if only there were any soldiers to defend it, which, in their view, there were not, though they had been informed by friendly authority that "the peasants" would fight desperately. The presence of these two officers was detected almost as soon as they got into the town. Being out of uniform they might well have suffered from the hands of the people some indignities that would certainly not have been offered to them if they had come without disguise, for just at that time the greatest care was exercised not to attack any man or any body of men wearing the King's uniform: but when these two officers got to Concord, it was Sunday, and our great grandfathers, respecters as they were of the holy day, permitted them and their local entertainer, Mr. Daniel Bliss, to get out of the town at nightfall unharmed.

As an instance of the unwillingness of the Provincials to attack the King's uniform, may be called to mind the march of a battalion of infantry from Boston to Marshfield late in January, who went and returned unmolested and unmolesting, as quietly as our local infantry company to-day might march from here to Framingham and back. A little later Col. Leslie and a small detachment went to Salem one Sunday morning on a distinctly hostile errand, to seize some pieces of artillery. He was met by nothing more hostile than the raising of a drawbridge over the creek and the scuttling of a couple of barges, and had to withdraw. There was a sort of humor in that situation;

for the Yankees barred his way across the bridge simply and solely because it was private property and there was no right of way across it; the boats also were private property and the owner had an indefeasible right to knock a hole in their bottoms if he chose to, even though his exercise of that right happened by a strange coincidence to occur at just about the same time that Colonel Leslie got along. Thus they "kept on the windy side of the law." But this determination to act at first solely on the defensive, to let the soldiery fire first, was the very foundation of the instructions given to the officers and soldiers of the new Massachusetts army. They were willing enough to fight in their own defence, but they must not begin. They had learned *that* lesson at any rate and learned it thoroughly, and on April 19th they put it thoroughly in practice, at Lexington and at Concord.

Colonel Leslie's abortive little exploit at Salem was undertaken before the fact had fully developed that Concord was really the important point, but when that became fully manifest, Gen. Gage did not think it worth his while to risk any lives or to waste any effort on minor points. The Provincials knew of course that the safety of the precious stores and munitions of war that they had been industriously and painfully piling up in Concord's houses and barns, or secretly burying beneath her soil, was the one thing they were first to think of. If these were destroyed, it meant ruin and subjugation, for the amount deposited here was larger than all that was gathered elsewhere, and the loss of the greater part of such supplies, the total of which was at best but pitifully meagre, would drive away the doubtful among the people and take away the courage of even the most sanguine. This place must be defended at

all costs and at any risk. Every minute-man throughout the Province knew that when the alarm should come that was to call him to the field, it would come from Concord. It could not possibly come from any other place. When Captain John Parker paraded his little company on the green at Lexington, long before daylight on the morning of April 19, he knew, and they knew, that it was for the defence of Concord, that they stood there. Their own homes were in no danger; the troops that marched stealthily and rapidly through Cambridge and Menotomy, would march as stealthily and rapidly through Lexington if they could, for there was nothing in any of these places that was worth halting for. Colonel Smith was not out gunning for rebels on general principles. He had a certain definite and imperative duty to perform, to destroy the incipient rebellion at one blow. The solar plexus of that rebellion was at Concord, and the blow must be struck there. Concord Fight was foreordained from the moment the first cart load of warlike stores was landed in the town. General Gage knew it, the patriots knew it, and though Gage's action was so sudden at the last as to be almost in the nature of a surprise, still it was so bunglingly and lamely conceived and executed that the comparative unreadiness of the patriots was of no disadvantage whatever to them.

But all this belongs to the history of the 19th of April,³—and that is another story. I set out only to talk of the "preliminaries," the prologue, now played through, of the great drama of the Revolution, of which the first act is called, the stage is set at Concord, the actors in scarlet from the barracks of Boston and in homespun from the farms of Middlesex are waiting in the wings the rise of the curtain.

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York
1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards,

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

**Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.**

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electric in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

Mrs. L. E. Brooks, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot.

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES. SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

CONCORD, - MASS.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

—

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and
Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

CONCORD, MASS.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

M A T E M A N

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., CONCORD, MASS.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

CONCORD, - MASS.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and I. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

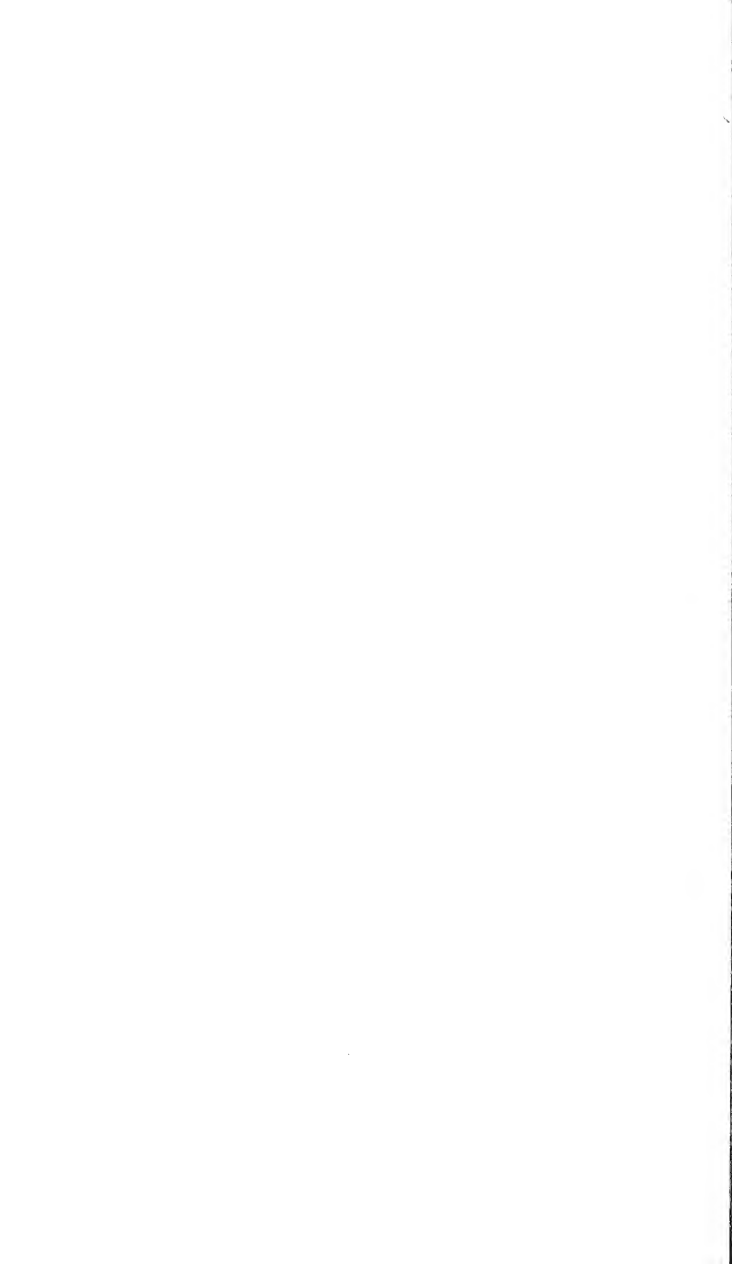
Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

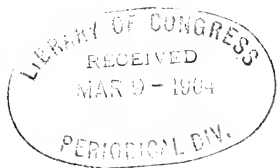
CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk



CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

THE MINUTE MEN

BY GEORGE TOLMAN.



"A truly great historical novel."—Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price

With Colonial Decorations

\$1.50

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.**

Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

CONCORD, - MASS.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.
CONCORD, MASS.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., CONCORD, MASS.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

CONCORD, - MASS.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.



CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY BUILDING

THE
CONCORD MINUTE MEN

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
MARCH 4, 1901

BY GEORGE TOLMAN
Secretary of the Society

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER, 1886

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1900-01

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES *President.*
SAMUEL HOAR, Esq. } *Vice-Presidents.*
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD }
THOMAS TODD *Treasurer.*
GEORGE TOLMAN *Secretary.*
CHARLES H. WALCOTT, Esq.
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M.D.

House on Lexington Road

THE CONCORD MINUTE MEN.

MARCH, 1901.

[T will perhaps be remembered that at the January meeting of this Society, I mentioned that the original muster roll of Capt. Charles Miles' Concord Company of Minute Men, that was engaged at the North Bridge on the 19th of April, 1775, was about to be sold at the auction of the Dr. Charles E. Clark collection in Boston, and that I purposed to make as high a bid for it as I thought the Society would stand. It is perhaps unnecessary now to remark that I did not get it, although my representative went higher for it than I, with the natural conservatism of old age, should have ventured, and the precious document was at last knocked down to a New York publishing house for \$275. Of course they expect to make money on it, and the ultimate destination of this roll, which ought never to have left the Town of Concord, will be the private library of some millionaire collector, or the cabinet of some historical society that can afford to make a permanent investment of its funds in historical documents of this sort. Of one thing, however, we may be reasonably confident, and that is the future safety of this important and interesting paper. It can never be lost or destroyed, or left disregarded to turn up at some time in the distant future, in a second-hand book

shop at the price of a shilling, for its value has now been permanently fixed at above a minimum of \$275, and not only will its present possessors take every care for its preservation, but also, if it ever comes upon the market again, numbers of anxious collectors will be ready to compete, at still higher figures, for the privilege of taking equal care of it forever. If the Concord Antiquarian Society, or its representative at the sale, had wanted to buy the document as a speculation—to sell it again at an advanced figure—it might have afforded to raise the bluff still higher, but of course this idea is quite out of the question, for it would have been a point of honor, if the paper could possibly have been brought back to Concord, that it should have remained here forever.

But it was only about twenty-five years ago, at or near the time of the centennial celebration of Concord Fight, that Dr. Clark offered to sell this same document for twenty-five dollars to Concord. I remember the incident quite distinctly, and also that the Doctor showed me the paper,—as also some other Concord papers (to be spoken of later) that had come into his possession. I had no funds to buy it with, but the matter was referred to some of the principal public-spirited men of the town (I have the impression that it was to the Trustees of the Public Library, but I am not confident on that point), and they concluded that it was not worth while to invest, and not dignified to buy on speculation, so the purchase was not made.

Dr. Clark was at that time just beginning his collection of American portraits, prints, autographs,

etc., especially of those connected with the period of the Revolution, — or rather, he was just beginning to be *known* as a collector, for, as he told me, he had been from his boyhood addicted to picking up such things as he could find them, an easier thing to do then, and earlier, than it is now — and in the following years he got together a mass of such material, hardly equalled by any collection in the country, so large, indeed, that the catalogue comprised over 2,000 numbers, and it took three days to dispose of them by auction. I think from watching a part of the sale that, considered merely as a money-making business, it would hardly have been possible for him to have invested in any recognized mercantile business the same money he put into this collection, in the same amounts and at the same times, and to have realized so great a profit from his investment.

Since the Society's last meeting, perhaps on account of the sale of this very document, I have had inquiries from three different persons, in widely separated places, as to the Concord Minute Men, of whom there is no list in the Massachusetts Revolutionary archives at the State House, though there are rolls of all the minute men who turned out from other towns on the 19th of April, 1775. *Obiter dictu*, these rolls are docketed and indexed "Lexington Alarm" lists, when in point of fact Lexington was only an incident in the affair of that date. Concord was the objective point of General Gage's raid into the country, and Lexington, as well as Cambridge and Menotomy, happened to be on the road that led thither. Nobody in the whole

Province was alarmed about Lexington, — everybody was anxious for Concord and the precious war material there deposited, the very heart and vitals of the incipient rebellion. The minute men of Essex and Worcester and Middlesex, when they turned out that morning, turned out for the defense of Concord, not of Lexington; they all knew where Concord was and the road that led to it, but outside of our own county, it is doubtful if one minute man in a dozen had ever heard of Lexington, or at any rate could tell whether it was north, south, east, or west of Concord. (I always think it my duty to protest the claims of Lexington, even though the official archives of the Commonwealth appear as her indorser.) The reason that the list of Concord Minute Men does not appear in the so-called "Lexington Alarm" lists, however, is not as might perhaps appear to a superficial observer, because Concord was not alarmed about the safety of Lexington. It was because, some years after the event, an appropriation of money was made to pay the men who had rushed to the defense of Concord for their military service and travel, and the Captains from all over the Province sent in their properly attested muster rolls, most, if not all, of which have been preserved to this day. Concord paid her own soldiers, and though I know of no other enlistment roll than this one of which I have been speaking, the names of nearly all of them appear in the Town's records, scattered along through several pages, as they were paid by the Town Treasurer from time to time, but not so arranged as to make it certain what particular company any individual soldier belonged to.

One of my correspondents appears to be a little confused by the following paragraph, which he quotes from Shattuck's "History of Concord," page 110:—

"There were at this time in this vicinity, under rather imperfect organization, a regiment of militia and a reg't of minute men. The officers of the militia were James Barrett, Col.; Nathan Barrett and Geo. Minott of Concord Captains," [and others from other towns whom it is not necessary to name here]. "The officers of the minute men were Abijah Pierce of Lincoln, Col.; Thos. Nixon of Framingham, Lt. Col.; John Buttrick and Jacob Miller, Majors; Thos. Hurd of Ea. Sudbury, Adj't; David Brown and Chas. Miles of Concord, Isaac Davis of Acton, Wm. Smith of Lincoln, Jonathan Wilson of Bedford, John Nixon of Sudbury, Captains. The officers of the minute men had no commissions; their authority was derived solely from the suffrages of their companions. Nor were any of the companies formed in regular order" [*i.e.*, as the line was formed on the hill by Lieut. Joseph Hosmer, acting as Adjutant].

Our common use of the word "militia" to designate a certain organized, disciplined, and uniformed force, such as is called in most of the States the "National Guard," is responsible for this confusion. The "militia," then as now, was the entire body of citizens of military age (with certain exceptions, such as clergymen and paupers, for instance). This body of militia was mustered and paraded one or more times in the year, under officers whose commissions ran in the name of the King, and were signed by the royal Governor. They were then, as now, a part of the authorized forces of the govern-

ment, liable to be called out *en masse*, or by means of a draft, at the call of the constituted authorities. Many of us remember how in the late Civil War, a draft was made from the militia of the United States, to fill up the depleted army. The same process of drafting from the militia had been followed in the various Indian wars of the Colony, and later, in the Province wars of the eighteenth century. The custom of mustering the militia annually or semi-annually continued until about half a century ago, until it became an object of popular ridicule and degenerated simply to burlesque, when it was very properly discontinued. I remember in my boyhood that the walls of my grandfather's shop were papered with citations, calling him and his workmen and apprentices to military duty. He was merely a militia man, and *his* citations called upon him as "being duly *enrolled*" . . . "to appear armed and equipped," while Clark Munroe, who worked for him, being a member of the Light Infantry, a "chartered company," was cited as "duly *enlisted*" . . . "to appear armed, equipped and uniformed."

Long before the outbreak of actual hostilities in 1775, General Gage, acting Governor of the Province, had become suspicious of the militia. He had the authority to call them out, whenever necessary, for the forcible suppression of mob violence, and the enforcement of law and order, exactly as the Governor of the Commonwealth has today. But in the then temper of the people he was inclined, as was Hotspur in the matter of the spirits, to ask "will they *come* when I do call for them?" and was obliged to acknowledge to himself that they most certainly

would not, or if they did, they would range themselves on the side of revolution rather than on that of the established legal authorities. So, as far as possible, the assembling of the militia was prevented, and the annual musterings were discontinued. Even "the chartered companies," answering somewhat to our "Volunteer Militia" or "National Guard" of today, were frowned upon, and as far as possible disarmed, though they did manage to save to themselves some pieces of artillery, the property of the Province, which afterward did their duty in the provincial army. The commissions of the militia officers were revoked in some few cases, but for the most part had not been recalled. Practically these commissions were all that was left of the organization of the militia of the Province, months before the 19th of April, 1775, and owing to the long discontinuance of "trainings," it was simply this skeleton of a few commissions that formed the "Regiment of Militia under rather imperfect organization," and commanded by Col. James Barrett, of which Shattuck speaks.

The throttling, by Governor Gage, of the General Court, the constitutional legislature of the Province, led to the assembling in Concord on the 11th of October, 1774, of a body of delegates chosen from the several towns in the same manner as the Representatives in General Court were chosen, and for much the same purposes as were the deliberations and actions of that body. This new body of delegates called itself a Provincial Congress, and held three sessions: the first, of five days in October, at Concord; the second, of two weeks in the same

month; and the third, of nearly three weeks in November and December, at Cambridge. One of the first proceedings of this body was to take into consideration the disorganized condition of the militia, and to take measures to form a new force, under its own orders, and independent of the royal governor. The committee's report on this matter, which was adopted unanimously, sets forth that, whereas a formidable body of troops are already arrived at the metropolis of the Province, and more are on the way, with the express design of subverting the constitution of the Province; and whereas the Governor has attempted to use his troops against the inhabitants of Salem, and has fortified Boston against the country, and has unlawfully seized upon and kept certain arms and ammunition provided at the public cost for the use of the Province, "at the same time having neglected and altogether disregarded the assurances from this Congress of the pacific disposition of the inhabitants of this Province," . . . "notwithstanding that the Province has not the most distant design of attacking, annoying or molesting his Majesty's troops aforesaid"—in view of all these things a Committee of Safety shall be appointed, who shall, among other powers and duties, "have power and they are hereby directed whenever they shall judge it necessary for the safety and defense of the inhabitants of this Province and their property, to alarm, muster and cause to be assembled, with the utmost expedition, and completely armed, accoutred and supplied with provisions sufficient for their support in their march to the place of rendezvous, such and so many of

the militia as they shall judge necessary for the ends aforesaid, and at such place or places as they shall judge proper, and them to discharge as soon as the safety of this Province shall permit."

Other resolutions provided for the purchase of arms, ammunition, provisions and all kinds of military stores, and for their accumulation and care at Concord and Worcester. The new force was to be "enlisted" to the number of at least one fourth of the militia. That is to say, it was to comprise one fourth of the men of military age in the Province, and was to be raised not by a draft, but by voluntary enlistment. This was practically necessary. There were, as the Congress well knew, and as subsequent events amply proved, very many citizens who were opposed to the action of the Congress, and to any measures which looked like forcible resistance to the established government, even though they might not entirely approve of the course of Governor Gage and the constituted authorities. It was to keep these citizens quiet and to stifle their objections to measures that were plainly revolutionary, and that in the very nature of things must lead inevitably to open hostilities, that the Congress declared that it "will consider all measures tending to prevent a reconciliation between Britain and these Colonies, as the highest degree of enmity to the Province." The committee that drew up this resolution, and the Congress that adopted it, knew perfectly well that the very measures they were taking would tend and were tending to "prevent a reconciliation between Britain and her Colonies." They knew also that in the clash of arms for which they

were preparing with such feverish haste, it would be imperatively necessary that they should have a military force on which they could depend, a force of men who had taken up arms of their own volition, and with full knowledge that such taking of arms might, and almost certainly would, lead to open rebellion and treason. So, by the process of voluntary enlistment in the new force, the Congress weeded out the loyalists from the ranks of the militia, and assured itself of an army that could be relied upon, made up of men who knew the risk that they were assuming.

It was this force of men to which the name of Minute Men was applied. This appears to have been at first a popular name for the force, doubtless derived from the terms of the enlistment paper, which was as follows:—

I. We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, will to the utmost of our power defend His Majesty King George the Third, his person, crown and dignity.

II. We will at the same time, to the utmost of our power and abilities, defend all and every of our charter rights, liberties and privileges; and will hold ourselves in readiness *at a minute's warning*, with arms and ammunition thus to do.

III. We will *at all times and in all places* obey our officers chosen by us, and our superior officers, in ordering and disciplining us, when and where said officers shall think proper.

These terms of enlistment were drawn up by a committee of this Town of Concord, and reported to a town meeting, January 9, 1775, on which date

and at which meeting the town voted to pay each "minute man" at a certain rate *per diem* for ten months. This is the first use of the word "minute man" that I have been able to find in any officially recorded document or record of proceedings, from which fact I am led to infer that the word was coined in Concord; a happy inspiration of some one of our local patriots, to distinguish this yet-to-be-created army of volunteers, and that the appositeness and significance of the term caused it to spread all over the Province, from this great centre and vital spot of the organization of the revolutionary movement.

If I am correct in this inference (and I am fairly sure that I am), to Concord belongs not only the honor of being the spot on which "was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression," but also of being the birthplace of the very *name* which for 125 years has been the synonym for a soldier of liberty. The term "minute man" appears for the first time on the records of the Provincial Congress, in the minutes of its proceedings of April 10, 1775, when that body was sitting in Concord, but little more than a week before the minute men received their "baptism of fire."

Mr. Shattuck informs us that on Thursday, January 12, 1775, a meeting was held to enlist the men, under the articles that I have just read, at which the Rev. Wm. Emerson preached a sermon from Psalms lxiii: 2, and about sixty enlisted. They couldn't do anything in those days except with the concomitance of more or less preaching, but I confess I am not theologian enough, nor soldier enough,

to see the peculiar appositeness to the occasion, of the text, "To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary," and if Shattuck were not so thoroughly trustworthy in theological matters, albeit sometimes a little bit shaky in historical statements, I should be inclined to fancy that he had cited the wrong chapter and verse.

However, this date, January 12, 1775, and its story of sixty enlistments, brings us back once more to *our own* text, from which I fear we have widely divagated, the Muster Roll of Captain Charles Miles' Company. Doubtless his Company was the first one to be filled up, and includes the larger part of the sixty who enlisted on January 12—a circumstance which makes it doubly to be regretted that the original roll of honor of the Revolutionary War has passed irrevocably out of our possible possession. The document begins:—

"Concord, January 17th, 1775, then we chose our officers and settled the Company of Minute Men under the command of Capt. Charles Miles." Then follow the names which I will read here; though in general a list of names is uninteresting reading, still it is well to remember that *these* men were the pioneers, the very advance guard of that great army "which gave liberty to these United States;" They were: Captain, Charles Miles; Lieutenants, Jonathan Farrar and Francis Wheeler; Sergeants David Hartwell, Amos Hosmer, Silas Walker, Edward Richardson; Corporals, Simeon Hayward, Nathan Peirce, James Cogswell; Drummer, Daniel Brown; Fifer, Samuel Derby; Privates, Joseph Cleasby, Simeon Burrage, Israel Barrett, Daniel Hoar, Ephraim

Brooks, Wm. Burrage, Joseph Stratton, Stephen Brooks, Simon Wheeler, Ebenezer Johnson, Stephen Stearns, Wm. Brown, Jeremiah Clark, Jacob Ames, Benjamin Hosmer, Joel Hosmer, Samuel Wheeler, Wareham Wheeler, Oliver Wheeler, Jesse Hosmer, Amos Darby, Solomon Rice, Thaddeus Bancroft, Amos Melvin, Samuel Melvin, Nathan Dudley, Oliver Parlin, John Flag, Samuel Emery, John Cole, Daniel Cole, Barnabas Davis, Major Raly, Edward Wilkins, Daniel Farrar, Oliver Harris, Samuel Jewel, Daniel Wheat, John Corneall, Levi Hosmer.

There they are, fifty-two of them in all. You will have noticed how many of the *family* names are still upon our list of inhabitants, — how many of them are to be found also in Concord's latest list of young heroes and patriots, our boys who turned out at their country's call, less than three years ago. There are thirty-six family names in this muster roll of Captain Miles' Company, and of these, twenty-one are names of families that had been settled in Concord for more than one hundred years. Other old families (Buttrick, Flint, Hunt, Stow, Wood, Wright, for instance) are absent from *this* roll, but appear with full representation in the other companies that were formed about the same time.

Following the list of names I have just read, is a record of the meetings of the Company, twice a week until the end of February, giving the names of those who were "missing" at each meeting, — that is, of those who did not turn out for drill, — not many at any particular drill, showing quite distinctly the conscientious enthusiasm with which these young farmers applied themselves to the busi-

ness, unfamiliar to most of them, of learning the military exercise, and preparing to fire the celebrated "shot heard round the world"—which particular shot, by the way, I notice with great regret, the newspaper and magazine writers have lately been locating at Lexington. A separate slip of paper, attached to the record as above, and in the same handwriting, reads:—

"Concord, April 19, 1775, then the battel begune, then we ware caled away to Cambridg—and April the 20th then we was caled to arms to Concord—and April the 21 then we was caled to Arms to Concord—and April the 30 then we was cald to Cambridge—and May the 5, 1775, then we went on Gard and stood twenty four ours—May the 6, 1775 then went on Gard and stood twenty four ours, and found ourselves."

This standing on guard May 5 and 6 was, of course, at the camp at Cambridge, and was doubtless the last service performed by the Company; at all events, it finishes the record. From the fact that they had to "find" themselves on the last day—that is to say, that they were not furnished with rations from the camp—I infer that that day's service was "over time," as it were; that they remained on duty one day longer than they were absolutely required to. Most of the names in Captain Miles' roll appear immediately afterward in the muster roll of Captain Abishai Brown's Company, which was with the army at Cambridge until after the battle of Bunker Hill, as appears from the orderly book of Sergeant Nathan Stow. The name of "Minute Man" had by that time been outgrown; the men were no longer

emergency men; the flimsy and sophistical pretense, so long maintained by the Provincial Congress, of loyalty to the person and crown of George the Third had been once for all abandoned; the men in arms at Cambridge were officially recognized and spoken of as "the army;" henceforward there was to be no argument but war, no softening of terms and phrases, no veiling of rebellion and revolution under any equivoque, no peace but such as could be conquered.

It may perhaps be not out of the way to say that Captain Miles and his fifty-one men were not the only minute men of Concord. Another Company was raised by Captain David Brown at the same time and on the same terms of enlistment, and at a town meeting a few days later, it was reported that the number in both companies was just one hundred. The names of ninety-nine men appear on the town records as having been paid by the Town for their service as "minute men," but there are seven names in the list I have just read of Captain Miles' command that do not show in these lists of payments. Possibly there were also some men in Captain Brown's Company who did not trouble themselves to draw from the Town the few shillings to which they were entitled, but it is probable that the list of names here given is practically the muster roll of the company, which comprised:— David Brown, Captain; David Wheeler and Silas Man, Lieutenants; Abishai Brown, Emerson Cogswell and Amos Wood, Sergeants; Amos Barrett, Stephen Barrett, Reuben Hunt and Stephen Jones, Corporals; John Buttrick, Jr., Fifer, and Phineas

Alin, Humphrey Barrett, Jr., Elias Barron, Jonas Bateman, John Brown, Jr., Jonas Brown, Purchase Brown, Abiel Buttrick, Daniel Buttrick, Oliver Buttrick, Tilly Buttrick, Willard Buttrick, Wm. Buttrick, Daniel Cray, Amos Davis, Abraham Davis, Joseph Davis, Jr., Joseph Dudley, Charles Flint, Edward Flint, Edward Flint, Jr., Nathan Flint, Ezekiel Hagar, Isaac Hoar, David Hubbard, John Laughton, David Melvin, Jr., William Mercer, John Minot, Jr., Thos. Prescott, Bradbury Robinson, Ebenezer Stow, Nathan Stow, Thomas Thurston, Jotham Wheeler, Peter Wheeler, Zachary Wheeler, Ammi White, John White, Jonas Whitney, Aaron Wright. John Buttrick was a Major of Minute Men, and he completes, as far as is now possible, the list of Concord's soldiers who are entitled to that distinctive name.

This list is even more representative of Concord than is that of Captain Miles' company, for forty-one of the fifty-two names comprised in it are of members of the old Concord families, men whose ancestors had lived here for at least three generations.

There were also two companies of the regular "militia" in the town, which had charters and commissions under the royal authority, and which had all along maintained some degree of organization and were now recruited up to their full strength, before the organization of the minute men was begun. One of these was a "horse company," a relic of the old Indian fighting days, and this company, afterward as the Concord Light Infantry, kept up its existence under its old charter until about fifty years ago, when it was unfortunately disbanded, being at

the time of its disbandment the oldest chartered military company in New England, save and excepting only the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. Of these two Concord militia companies, Nathan Barrett and George Minott were Captains; Joseph Hosmer, who acted as Adjutant at the Bridge, was a Lieutenant in one of them, and James Barrett was Colonel of the regiment to which they both belonged.

All these Concord companies, both of minute men and militia, were together *once*, before the 19th of April, 1775, viz.: on the 13th of March, and the battalion went through with some military exercises; of which, the one that seemed most important to be mentioned by the devout historian of Concord was the listening to a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Emerson from the text, "Behold God himself is with us for our Captain, and his Priests with sounding trumpets to cry alarm against you," a highly appropriate text for a sermon just at that time: something on the lines of Cromwell's order to "trust in God, but keep your powder dry," only while Cromwell seemed to imply that the latter part of the order was of paramount importance, the minister, as perhaps bound by his priestly office, appears to rely much more upon his assurance of the divine favor than upon the practical matter of detail implied in the condition of the ammunition.

This 13th of March was a Sunday. It was on the very next Sunday,—the 20th—that two of General Gage's engineer officers visited Concord in disguise, and were entertained by the Hon. Daniel Bliss, with the result that, their business being dis-

covered, the second Sunday was hardly less full of excitement than the first.

When the line of the patriots came to be formed on the slope of Punkatasset Hill on the morning of the 19th of April, there were present companies or parts of companies from Concord and from the adjacent towns, her daughters; but what with the mixture of regular militia and minute men, and the fact that so many of Concord's men were absent from the field in the morning, engaged in the paramount duty of removing to places of greater security the precious stores of war material, the loss of which would be a severer blow to the patriot cause than would be any merely military defeat, it is not to be wondered at that, as Shattuck says, "none of the companies were formed in regular order."

It can never be known with any certainty, who of the Concord soldiers were at the bridge when the fight took place there. We have no muster rolls of the two militia companies, and there are many names preserved by tradition as having borne arms on that day which are not to be found in the lists I have read; most of these persons were doubtless militiamen, like Thaddeus Blood, who died in 1844, and is recorded as "the last man in this town that was at Concord Fight."

For many hours before the arrival of the British soldiers, every man in the town (practically) had been actively engaged in carting away to Stow and Acton and Littleton, and even farther, the provisions and military stores of which the town had been the place of deposit. As the feeble and scattered line began to form itself on the further side of the river,

these men came back from their errand singly or in small groups, and sought as nearly as they could their proper place in the ranks. Many of them of course did not get back at all until after the little skirmish at the bridge was over. But even those did their duty as much, and doubtless with much the same spirit, as did our Captain Charles Miles, who, we are told, went into the battle with the same feelings with which he went to church. The safety of the military stores and supplies was the all-important object, which by vote of the Provincial Congress had been made the especial duty of Colonel James Barrett. If this object could have been secured without firing a gun, Colonel Barrett and his men would have been better pleased, for the hastily formed, undisciplined and straggling little army was far from being prepared, in any respect of personnel or of war material, to lock horns with the royal regiments, even if it had known how much of military incompetence was concentrated in the brain of the British General-in-Chief. It was General Gage's absolutely colossal faculty of blundering that precipitated Concord Fight and the siege of Boston. The patriots had been inclined to give him some credit as a strategist and as a tactician, and would willingly have postponed for a time the wager of battle. This was evidently the meaning of the often repeated and somewhat supererogatory protestations of loyalty to "our gracious sovereign, King George the Third."

But if fighting must be precipitated, we cannot doubt that every captain of minute men in the entire Province was equally ready to declare, and equally

justified in declaring, with Captain Isaac Davis of Acton, that he "hadn't a man that was afraid to go." You remember that besides Captain Davis, Captain Smith of Lincoln and Captain Wilson of Bedford had their companies at the scene of action before the invading expedition got here, and that Captain Parker had his men out on the Lexington Common before that expedition had got out of the mud of East Cambridge.

But to come back again within hailing distance of our text; we have seen that the Minute Men were to hold themselves in readiness at all times "at a minute's warning, with arms and ammunition." So strictly was this construed, that, on the authority of tradition, it is stated that no man, after being duly mustered in, allowed himself to be separated from his arms for one moment, sleeping or waking. At church, at the shop, on the farm or at the market, the trusty gun, that had perhaps seen service at Louisbourg thirty years before, or in Nova Scotia in 1755, or had been carried by one of Colonel John Cuming's men in the Northern expedition of 1758, or by one of Colonel Jonathan Hoar's soldiers during the closing campaign of the French war in 1760, now carefully repaired and put in order for another spell of activity, stood always ready to its owner's hand. What the new army of freedom lacked in the niceties of military drill, it made up for in knowing something of marksmanship; what it wanted in formality, it compensated for in constant readiness and watchfulness.

The men were to be assembled for drill twice in each week, for three hours at each time, at 75.

sd., afterward increased to 2s., for each attendance, not a high rate of pay, as we look at things today, especially as each man found his own gun, the "cartouch-box" alone being furnished at public expense. Still, compared with what the town was then paying for labor on the roads, and with the ordinary going rates for mechanics' labor, it is probably as much money as the most of them would have earned at their regular vocations. A few of the men had no firearms, and no funds to buy any, and they were provided at the public expense; only fifteen of them in all, for in those days every farmer and mechanic owned some sort of a gun, and generally knew how to shoot fairly well with it. That was a point in which the rebels had a decided advantage over the King's troops, among whom marksmanship was considered no part of a soldier's qualifications. (Even since the American Civil War of less than forty years ago, a general officer of the English army has declared in print, in the pages of the *United Service Gazette*, that "all that is necessary for an enlisted man to know about shooting is to be able to point his gun straight in front of him, and pull the trigger.")

Among the arms which the Province had caused to be deposited at Concord, General Gage's spies found here, as by their report to that commander, "fourteen pieces of cannon (ten iron and four brass) and two coehorns," or small mortars. Forty of the Town's soldiers were detailed "to learn the exercise of the cannon," and were called the Alarm Company. There is no separate list of their names, but I find one recorded reference to George Minott as Captain

of the Alarm Company, so I conclude that this company was not really of minute men, but was one of the regular militia companies of the town. They could not have learned much of the artillery exercise in the few weeks of late winter and early spring that were open to them, and, so far as I have been able to discover, none of the Concord names appear on the lists of "matrosses" in the army at Cambridge after the investment of Boston began.

It was only two days before the fight at the bridge, that the Province Committee of Safety, then in session here, directed Colonel James Barrett to have two of the cannon mounted for use, and the others conveyed further into the country, and on the morning of the 19th four of them were hastily deported to Stow, and six of them were carried to the outer districts of the town and carefully concealed. It is a tradition that some of them were hidden on Colonel Barrett's farm by laying them in a furrow of a field that was being ploughed, and turning another furrow over on them, and that this operation was performed while the detachment of British soldiers that had been to search the Colonel's place were in plain sight of the field. Three of the largest guns, twenty-four pounders, perhaps too heavy to be quickly got out of the way, were captured by the British in the village and disabled, —but not so thoroughly that they could not be repaired.

The existence of the organization of the Minute Men, as such, was short, though their enlistment was originally for the term of ten months. With the shutting up of General Gage's army in Boston and

the establishment of the siege of that place, their work was practically over. Their organization was plainly meant to be merely temporary,—to provide for a force of men who should remain in their own homes, and pursue their regular employments, but who should be ready at all times to meet the first alarm of danger and face the first shock of battle,—and nobly and bravely did they perform that duty, not only the Minute Men of Concord, but those of every other town in the Province. But for the tedious life in an established camp,—for the trying duty of keeping watch over a strong and resourceful enemy and preventing his escape from the trap into which his own foolishness had led him,—for the hard practical conditions of a besieging army—there was needed a firmer and more military body, with more perfect organization and a more conventional standard of discipline. So the minute men gradually faded away, and even before the battle of Bunker Hill, only two months later, we find most of the commissions vacant and the companies largely broken up. A large part, indeed, much the larger part, of the men re-entered the service, but it was in newly constructed companies, and in very many cases with new officers. In the case of some companies, this change was almost imperceptible, and in all it appears to have been gradual, and it was not until the war was well advanced, certainly not until after the Northern campaign of 1777, that the “minute man” spirit and influence may be said to have finally lapsed.

In the beginning of this paper, I spoke of some other Concord documents in Dr. Clark’s collection.

They have nothing to do with the minute men or with the American revolution, but they are of some interest to us, nevertheless. One of them, the most valuable by far, was an original manuscript account of the celebrated Lovewell's Fight with the Indians at Pequawket in 1725, in the handwriting of Eleazer Melvin of Concord, who with six others from this place, of whom two were killed and two were wounded, had a conspicuous share in that disastrous battle. This is the only contemporaneous account of the fight, written by one of the participants, that has come down to our day. It has never been printed, and has been entirely unknown. It was doubtless the basis of the Rev. Thos. Symmes' universally accepted historical account, for Mr. Symmes follows Melvin's manuscript *verbatim* in several pages. This paper also brought a fabulous price at the sale, and like the list of Captain Miles' minute men, is now forever out of our reach. Another paper that was in Dr. Clark's possession twenty-five years ago, was a portion of the records of the old District of Carlisle; these leaves turned up later in the Woburn Public Library, from which, I think, they have since been redeemed.

All these papers were bought by Dr. Clark for a very small sum, from a Lowell junk dealer about 1863. At that time paper and paper-stock were enormously high; more than three times as much as before the war, and about twelve times as much as now. Country attics were rummaged by frugal and thrifty housewives, to whom the temptation of ten or twelve cents a pound for a lot of musty old letters and account books that had cluttered up the garrets for

years, was irresistible. There was *money* in these old things, and the good, ignorant people never stopped to think, indeed, they did not *know* enough to think, that they might even have a higher value than for mere paper rags. Here and there was a junk man who did know something, or who had fallen in with some antiquary who had a liking for old documents,—and those junk men got rich. But for the most part the stuff was hauled away to the nearest paper mill and converted into pulp. It fairly brings the tears to one's eyes to think how many priceless documents, how much of the raw material of history, was irrecoverably disposed of in that way—and how little there is now left.

All these papers of Dr. Clark's came in a lot of such stuff cleared out as waste paper from the house once occupied by John Hartwell, Clerk of *Old* Carlisle, and by several generations of his descendants. Captain Miles' muster roll is in the handwriting of David Hartwell, orderly sergeant of the company, and son of this John. A Melvin marriage in the Hartwell tribe brought Captain Eleazer's account of the Lovewell Fight into the Hartwell house. This accounts for all these papers, and for their preservation down to the time they got into the hands of the Lowell junk man, whose acquaintance I am sorry not to have made thirty-eight years ago, as Dr. Clark found him a very valuable and profitable addition to *his* circle of acquaintance.

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York
1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards,

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electricians in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

MRS. L. E. BROOKS, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, = MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot.

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES. SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,
Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

Has published in one volume of 500 pages, large 8 vo. the complete record of the

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

from the settlement of the Town to the close of the year 1850.

A very limited number remain and can be bought for \$5 each. 32 cents for postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk

800.
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

WRIGHT'S TAVERN.

BY GEORGE TOLMAN.



“A truly great historical novel.”— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

By ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

“It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great.”

Price *With Colonial Decorations* **\$1.50**

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

By ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.** Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

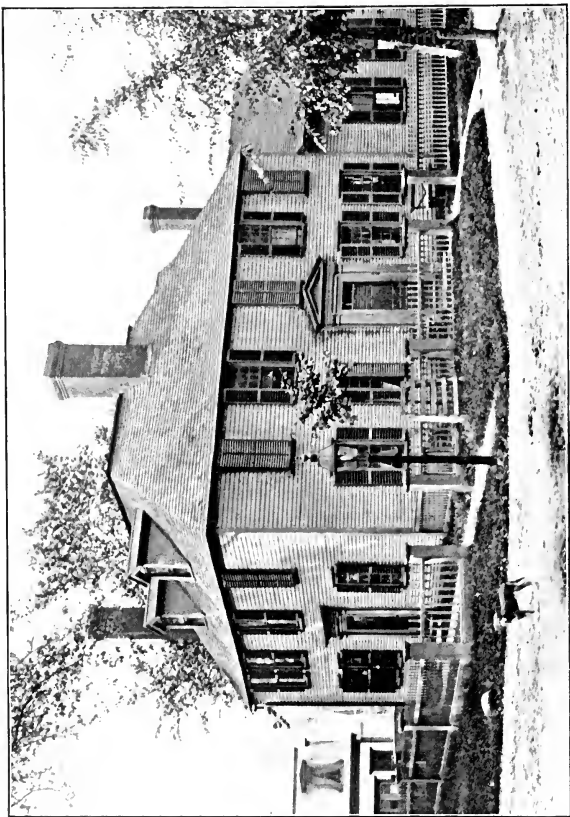
Containing a large collection of

**CAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA,
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

MISSION 25 CENTS





WRIGHT TAVERN.

WRIGHT'S TAVERN

READ BEFORE THE

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY GEORGE TOLMAN

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.

WRIGHT'S TAVERN.

Dec. 2, 1901.

It has happened to me several times of late to be approached by inquirers on the subject of the Wright Tavern and its former owners and tenants. Perhaps this interest in what a gushing newspaper writer of last summer loftily calls "this ancient and historic edifice" may have been to some extent aroused by the signs with which the late enterprising tenant has so liberally bedecked the common highways leading to Concord, and the exceedingly surprising, if not strictly veracious placards that he has so artistically affixed to the exterior of the building itself. Perhaps, too, the tales with which traveling strangers are regularly filled up by the lively and imaginative young American citizens of exceedingly Irish descent, who turn their honest penny by leading transient visitors astray, and the inaccuracies of statement that the honest landlord has thrown in by way of dessert for the dinners he has furnished to guests who were inclined to "rubber" may have stimulated curiosity, and led to further inquiry.

The gushing newspaper woman of whom I have spoken, spent the greater part of a week in Concord last summer, so as to get her information at first hands, and save herself from making too many bad breaks in her really very interesting article. She learned that the old Wright Tavern was built in 1747, by one of the Wrights; that three generations of the family lived in it and kept it as an Inn; that on the demise of the latest Wright the property had come into the

possession of the First Parish; and that it had since been occupied by various tenants, though never losing its status as a tavern, being thus the oldest of all possible taverns in the vicinity, putting the Wayside Inn at Sudbury entirely in the shade, because this latter had for many years been used merely as a dwelling house, and by this defection had lost for a time its distinguishing character.] Fortunately I was able, although with some difficulty, to persuade the lady that there were some conspicuous inaccuracies in this little statement, historically considered, and she was obliged to sacrifice just so much good "copy," with all the rhetorical frills and embroidery with which she had embellished this, its bare body of facts which were not so, and to fall back upon the stock bit of tradition anent Major Pitcairn and his unpleasantly nasty trick of stirring up his brandy and water with an unnecessarily bloody finger. The Major was an officer and a gentleman, and being such he probably carried a pocket handkerchief and might easily have wiped his finger on it, so I fancy that the word "bloody" in this highly important and delicate story, was used in a poetical or Pickwickian sense.

It has occurred to me therefore, in view of the interest which I find concerning the history of the old building, that there are possibly a good many of us who know as little about it as do those who purvey local misinformation for inquiring strangers, and that so this "charming old hostelry"—this is a fine phrase, and I am delighted to quote it from my newspaper lady's entertaining article as it at length appeared in print—this "charming old hostelry," may furnish a point of departure for a short ramble in "historic Concord." ("Historic Concord" is another good phrase; everybody has to use it at least once in writing about this town or anything in it, so I'll get it in here and get myself out of further temptation.)

When the first settlers came to Concord two hundred and sixty-five years ago, they voted that "the highway under the hill be left four

rods broad," and so, starting under the hill, just after crossing Elm Brook, at what is now called Merriam's Corner, it followed along just on the edge of the firm ground, and parallel with the Mill Brook to the gap in the hill (now called Court Lane), and there turning due north it still followed under the hill until it came near the river, where it trailed off around the end of the high land, and so on in a sort of indecisive and half-hearted way to the Great Meadows. This was the road into the settlement, which was practically at a "dead end" of the line, since at first nobody wanted to go further into the wilderness. But there was good land on the south side of the brook, and so at the point where the meadow was narrowest, and the brook was nearest both to the highway on the north side and the firm ground on the south side, the stream was bridged, and a new way laid out, paralleling the country road. Here again the natural conformation of the ground determined the place of the road, which, when it reached the end of the firm ground, where another road in its original direction would have taken it down a fairly steep slope into a wet meadow, turned sharply to the left and wandered along the edge of the river valley. This was the road out of the settlement, that a little later, when the rivers should have been bridged, was to lead to Stow and Lancaster, and the boundless west. Between these two ways where they ran for a few hundred yards parallel to each other, in the exact centre of the six miles square which formed the Township, was reserved a plat of ground devoted to public uses, on which were planted the meeting house, the burying place, the stocks and the whipping post, those universally necessary instruments for caring for the souls and disciplining the bodies of the colonists. On the great 'highway under the hill' east of this reservation, the house lots were laid out, on both sides of the road, and bounded by the top of the hill on the one side and the brook on the other, while to the west of the reservation and still on the north side of the little stream, the land

was set off to the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the worthy spiritual leader of the people, who with his ghostly functions combined as well the more material and earthly offices of capitalist and business manager. This land of Mr. Bulkeley's contained thirty-one acres, and in his capacity as capitalist the Reverend gentleman agreed to erect thereon a mill for the grinding of corn. The natural conformation of the land settled inevitably the site of the dam. Placed as it was across the brook from the point where the road on the south side thereof made the abrupt turn to the left that I have spoken of, it held back the waters in the little square of unappropriated meadow land between the two parallel roads, and below the bridge by which the brook was spanned. The milldam was at first simply a dam and nothing more, and it was not until many years later that it became a highway as it is now; so many years indeed that in my boyhood the street was never called by any other name than "the Milldam," and even now the old name still lingers lovingly on the lips of the native-born. The mill stood where Towle & Kent's store now stands, and a straight line from there to near the corner of Bedford street and Lexington road makes the boundary between the Rev. Mr. Bulkeley's grant and the town's reservation. The mill was built almost immediately after the settlers came, for it was less than four years after, that one "Wm. Fuller which kept ye miln at Concord" was fined £3 "for gross abuse in overtoaling," gaining thereby a certain sort of immortality, in that his long-departed ghost is even at this late day, awakened from its dusty retirement to hear again the tale of his rapacity. Thirty years later another miller became a little slack in the matter of taking his due toll, or of giving to his customers a just and certain weight of meal, and was warned by the constable to answer his negligence in the matter of scales and weights.

By the terms of the contract with Mr. Bulkeley, as adjudged and confirmed by the Great and General Court as a result of a disagree-

ment between the inhabitants of Concord and the widow of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the owners of the mill were permitted to raise the water at the head of the pond to a depth of four feet ten inches, and obliged to arrange the "waste water way" so that the water should begin to run off when it had risen to a depth of four feet seven inches. This "waste water way," or channel across the dam to get rid of the surplus water, seems to have occasioned, from time to time, several difficulties and disagreements.

Another stipulation of the contract provided that "the owners of said mill forever shall enjoy privilege on the commons for clay and sand convenient for the repair of the mill dammage (i. e., the dam itself) from time to time."

Shortly after the death of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, his widow, Grace, removed to Connecticut, and conveyed to Capt. Timothy Wheeler and Geo. Wheeler this lot of thirty-one acres adjoining the town's reservation, and Capt. Timothy appears to have moved into her house, which stood nearly upon the site of the house now occupied by Mr. Wm. H. Brown. The aged Captain, dying in 1687, left to the town a large part of this property, to be improved as a training field and for the use of the public schools. This bequest covered the land now covered by the Monument Square, and all between that and the brook, excepting the mill site. The late Middlesex Hotel, Father Moriarty's house, and the Masonic Hall (formerly a school-house), were in later years built on that part of the land that was sacred to the schools, and Monument Square was the training field, so that, after Timothy Wheeler's death, the town land extended in one direction from the line of the east side of the meeting house green, as it now stands, to the buildings now of the Colonial Hotel—and in the other direction from the top of the hill to the brook—with some small jogs of private holdings here and there, which need not be noticed here. On this land were, as I have said, the meeting house,

the town pound and the stocks, the burying ground, and later the town house and schoolhouse. Near the meeting house the proprietors of the mill were making full use of their privilege of taking out sand and gravel for repairing and strengthening their dam, perhaps with an idea of making of it a passable way across the brook, for it must have been inconvenient for anyone living in the North Quarter, or even in the middle of the town itself, to drive away round by Potter's Lane to get his corn to mill, or for the rapidly increasing population of the westerly part of the town to take the same circuitous route to meeting or to lecture. Still this process of widening the dam must have been a very gradual one, for I have seen a statement of Miss Dinah Hosmer, who was born in 1741, and died in 1831, and who lived up in the westerly part of the town, that she remembered when it was the practice for those who came from that direction on Sundays, to stop their wagons at the mill, whence the women and children walked across the dam, while the drivers drove the horses away round by the bridge at the head of the pond. However, the townspeople became tired of the unsightly and even dangerous gravel pit that yawned at the very doors of their meeting house, and the matter of dispossessing the mill owners of their right to keep it open was (sometimes rather hotly) discussed. But "vested rights" are an uneasy thing to disturb, and the mill was still a great public necessity, though other mills were built in other parts of the town. The millers were the only sellers of flour or meal, and must not be ousted, except by giving them more than an equivalent, from the franchises that had been granted them. At length, however, a new gravel pit was opened in the side of the hill, and the mill owners were persuaded to seek their supplies of gravel there. (This pit finally cut entirely through the hill, and the material taken from it was used to build the causeway from the Square to Red Bridge, now known as the Lowell Road; but this conclusion did not come until 1793. The old gravel pit is

now Bedford street.) Now having got the diggers away from in front of their meeting house it was up to the townsfolk to do something with the hole they had made,—to fill it up again, or to cover it up, or to get somebody else to do so. Here was a first-class cellar hole, all dug to their hands, but the town needed no new public building, and so it was best to sell it at once to someone who would build on it, and this is what the town voted to do, and appointed a special committee to do at its meeting in May, 1747. This did not take long, for the purchaser had already been found, and so we find, Libro. 89, folio 173, Mid'x Deeds, a conveyance dated June 22, 1747, in part as follows:

“We, James Minott, Esq., Samuel Minott, Joseph Hubbard, John Jones, Joseph Wright, gent, Samuel Heywood, and Nathl. Whittemore, yeoman” (note the careful discrimination of Esq., Gentleman, Yeoman, and plain citizen who had no distinguishing mark), “all of Concord in the County of Midx, and Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, a Committee chosen & appointed by the Town of Concord at their meeting the 18 day of May 1747, to make sale of a part of the broken ground in said Town, between the Training Field and the Waste-water so-called, for what we should judge reasonable, to be improved in such way and manner as to prevent the Training Field from wasting away, for and in consideration of thirty pounds old tenour, to us in hand before the enscaling hereof paid by Ephraim Jones of said Concord, trader, as also an obligation from him the said Ephraim Jones to fill up a part of the remaining broken ground as it is marked out and agreed upon, do hereby in our said capacity sell & convey to him the said Ephraim Jones, his heirs, executors & assigns forever, a small piece of land at the aforesaid place, bounded as follows, viz:—beginning at a stake at the Northeasterly corner & leaving the highway full four rods wide, & running Southeasterly 6 Rods & 7 ft. to a stake,—thence running Southwesterly 5 Rods to a stake,—thence running Northwesterly 5 Rods & an half to a stake,—thence running Northeasterly about 6 Rods & $\frac{3}{4}$ to the stake first mentioned,—to Have & to Hold” etc. etc.

Now as you see, this bounds on the highway on only one side, and that is the four rod “highway under the hill,” the original only high-

way of the Town. We may be sure then that there was yet no public way over the Milldam.

This conveyance, it may be stated here, was not recorded at the registry until June 22, 1785, when Ephraim Jones had long been gathered to his fathers, and the property had changed hands many times.

Ephraim Jones was a stirring and useful citizen of the Town, one who in his time played many parts, and apparently played them well. At the time of this purchase he was one of the Selectmen, an office which he held for one year, 1735-6, and again from 1744 to 1754, and during the last five years of this period was also Town Clerk. From 1745 to 1750 he was annually chosen to represent the Town at the General Court, and again in 1753. During the holy war between the adherents of the Rev. Daniel Bliss and the malcontents who had gone away and flocked by themselves, and set up a new altar of their own, Mr. Jones remained loyal to the established order of things, and was chosen in June, 1745, chairman of a Committee to oppose in the General Court (of which he was a member), the petition of Col. John Flint and others to be freed from paying any tax for the support of the ministrations of Mr. Bliss. He had, two or three years previously, been appointed on a similar committee to oppose just such another petition of Col. James Minott and others; lobbying, I suppose we should call it in these days. In neither case, however, were the seceders successful in getting released from the burden of supporting a ministry that they had lost respect for. In those days the established church in New England was as firmly seated as had been the established church in Old England, from whose demands and exactions, spiritual and financial, the New England Puritans had fled. Here, as there, dissent in matters of faith was to some extent overlooked, but dissent in the matter of paying the salary of the regular incumbent could not be tolerated. The pecuniary side of religion had to be

attended to, even though some merely spiritual aspects of the matter might be allowed to lapse. During Mr. Jones' service as Selectman he was ex-officio, also an assessor, and acted as Clerk of both boards, so that he was annually paid "for making y^e invoice, writing out y^e tax lists and town warrants," etc., etc. He was a land-surveyor, and for many years was one of the committee to perambulate the town bounds, and renew the marks; assisted in the laying out of roads, and surveying of town lands. He was a "trader," that is, a shopkeeper, and some of his "bills rendered" to the Town are characteristic of the methods of the times. For instance, in the Town's accounts for the legal year 1745, we find:-

"Then payd to Mr. Ephraim Jones by an order to Mr. Ebenezer Hubbard, Town Treasurer, for his taking care of y^e Meeting House & y^e Town House, sweeping 'um, & ringing y^e town bell, till this day, being 23 months and one half, and repairing y^e meeting house & town house, & finding materials for y^e same, & for his service as assessor, & for Clothing, Rum, Sugar, Molasses &c delivered for the use of the poor of Concord, & cash by him paid in behalf of y^e town, & sundry other things, y^e sum of £21-17-7 according to old tenour, which together with £11-2-0 worth of the goods Sarah Temple died possessed of which he received after her death, according to said old tenour, is in full."

That is to say, Sarah Temple, who was "on the Town," had died leaving a few pounds' worth of personal property, which Mr. Jones as an overseer of the poor had disposed of, keeping the proceeds in his own hands to go towards the payment of his account against the Town. This is not exactly the modern method of bookkeeping, but it served at least to keep on the town's books a memorandum of the whole transaction. The Town was kind to its Poor in those days, for we see that besides clothing, &c, it furnished to them such further necessaries as Rum,—and sweetening for the same,—remembering, and following, good pious souls as they were, the injunctions of the wise King Solomon in that

respect. Speaking of Rum, we find that it cost 13s. 6d. "for Rum for raising the North Bridge" in 1744, and that Ephraim Jones furnished it and the Town paid for it, with no W. C. T. U. to raise even the faintest of protests. I find our versatile friend Jones again on the records as chosen by the Town one of a "Committee to new seat y^e Meeting house, said Committee to have respect to age, & to the last 3 years pay both for real & personal estate, slaves excepted." The slaves you know had a little Jim Crow corner of their own.

Well,—Capt. Jones, for he was also a Captain in the Militia, having bought the bit of broken ground, proceeded at once to build on it, and opened an Inn in his new house possibly before the close of the year 1747, certainly before the meeting of the Selectmen in March, 1748. Of his merits or of his success as an Innholder we know not, but it is certain that he did not keep the house very long, for on the 26 Nov. 1751 he sold out the business and the real estate to Thomas Munroe, who promptly entered into possession. Just 5 years later Capt. Jones died leaving an estate of £200 personal & £560 real, a considerable estate for those days.

Thomas Munroe, the new landlord, came to Concord from Lexington in 1730, when he married Mary, daughter of John Bateman. Jonathan Ball was at that time a tavern keeper in Concord, living nearly opposite the meeting house, on the spot now covered by the house once occupied by Charles B. Davis, and later by Charles H. Walcott. John Bateman purchased of him about 57 square rods at the easterly end of the lot, and thereupon built for his daughter and her husband the house in which in our time the late Joel W. Walcott resided, and which is now occupied by Mrs. M. G. Brown and her bevy of daughters. In this house, then just built, Thomas Munroe set up an Inn, and his neighbor Jonathan Ball went out of the tavern business altogether. Munroe's became the leading tavern of the town, and from the time it was opened, in 1730, the

Selectmen held their regular meetings there, until in 1748 they changed over to Jones's; Jones had a pull with the board of course, being himself a member of it. When Jones sold out to Munroe, the patronage of the Town fathers went with the business, and thereafter until Munroe's death in 1766, the records of the meetings of the town officers again begin with the familiar opening, "The Selectmen of Concord met at the dwelling house of Thomas Munroe, Innholder, in said town." This was no unimportant part of a tavern's patronage. The Selectmen were also Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, and in one capacity or another found it necessary to meet often. There were warrants to be drawn for four town-meetings at the least, every year, and as for assessors' meetings, they were too numerous almost to count. There was the Town Rate, the Ministers' Rate, the County Rate, the Province Rate, and every now and then a special tax for some purpose or another, each of which was assessed separately, and lists thereof given to the Constables to collect. The Selectmen were not paid anything for their services, but at each meeting they ate and drank liberally, as was eminently proper. Then there were visiting Committees occasionally from other Towns or from the Great and General Court to be entertained, and always the Selectmen audited their own accounts, so that there was no demur as to expenses. This practice of the Selectmen meeting at the Tavern and being "entertained" at the expense of the Town was universal in those days. In Concord it was maintained until the year 1860, or possibly later, and in Boston, to this day, no member of the City Government ever thinks of dining on terrapin and champagne at his own expense, when the City can be counted on to pay for beans and beer.

On taking possession of the Jones Tavern, Munroe sold out his old establishment on the Bay Road to Seth Ross, who came here from Billerica, and for some years maintained it as a tavern with no great success.

Mr. Munroe was not so pushing or so versatile a man as his predecessor, Ephraim Jones. He was chosen Constable in 1741 and served for one year, a service of responsibility not often sought, and indeed generally accepted by the person who was elected thereto, principally because there was a fine of £5 for refusing to serve, which fine was rigorously exacted. He also was Hogreeve for one year, an office always unsought, to which a man was not led by ambition or by hope of preferment, but which was rather the public and heartfelt testimonial tendered by his fellow-citizens to every man who had deserved and won it by getting married within the year next previous to his election. With these two honorable exceptions he held no public office, but he was once chosen as a member of a "Committee to inspect the seats in the meeting-house, and to use proper methods to prevent persons irregularly taking possession of seats wherein other persons were orderly seated," that is, where they had been ordered to sit. Democratic as the New England people were, the caste spirit was still very strong, and nowhere stronger than in the churches, and in Harvard College.

You know that in the catalogue of the College the names of the students were arranged, not alphabetically as now, nor even according to scholarship, but solely according to the social standing, or caste, of the parents. In the meeting-houses the seating committee were to make the amount of tax paid for the past 3 years (or since the seating was last arranged), the "criterion to go by" in allotting the places. So, after the places had been duly ordered, if any poor, low-down sinner tried to crowd himself in among his betters, nearer to the altar than he belonged, he was bidden to "go way back and sit down." I have heard that—but "that is another story." Capt. Ephraim Jones, as we have seen, was for many years caretaker of the meeting-house and ringer of the bell, and Capt. Munroe (for he also was a Captain)

served for many years in the same capacity,—but we are not to infer that there was any necessary connection between the offices of landlord of the tavern and sexton of the church, even though the same connection has occurred again of recent years. Munroe made several attempts to induce the Town to sell him a little more land, which really he greatly needed, for the original lot contained only about 45 square rods, but he succeeded only in getting the temporary possession of a small strip, by a vote of the Town that he “have liberty to move the pound 5 ft. Northeasterly, upon condition of underpinning it properly with stones when it is removed, he to have liberty of improving the land on the Southwest side which it is removed from, till the Town shall order otherwise.”

This shows that the Town Pound, which had at first been situated on the other side of the Meeting-house green, near the red house now standing there, had before 1754 been removed, and this fact of its removal settles several very puzzling questions of bounds and locations in recorded deeds of property thereabout. So Thomas Munroe lived his life, leaving but very few and faint “footprints on the sands of time,” turning in his little annual account for “entertaining y^e Selectmen” and an occasional bill of a few shillings for “Rum for y^e poor” or “for sundry persons on y^e town’s account,” and apparently not making a living out of it, for when he died in 1766, he was hopelessly insolvent, his whole estate footing up only about £125, and his debts £161. He had long ago mortgaged his house to Deacon Thomas Barrett, and had spent the proceeds, so as soon as he was decently buried and an administrator of his estate appointed, the mortgagee sold the house to Daniel Taylor, who at once entered thereon, and kept the inn agoing.

Of Daniel Taylor as a landlord or as a citizen I find but few traces. He was elected Hogreeve in 1767 and had a child born to

him in June of that year, from which I infer that he was married in 1766. In Nov., 1767, he was paid "for entertaining y^e Selectmen from Sept. 1766, to this date," and as his deed from Thomas Barrett was dated Sept. 15, 1766, we may be fairly sure that that was the date of his entering into possession. Thereafter in March of each and every year until March, 1775, he is paid a similar claim for the year last past, which proves plainly enough that he kept the inn until, or nearly until, that time. Then he seems to have relinquished the business to Amos Wright, or perhaps he only put him in as a clerk or temporary substitute until he could find a purchaser for the property. On Dec. 20, 1775, Taylor conveyed the estate by a warranty deed to Samuel Swan of Charlestown, peruke-maker, and the deed was recorded in April, 1776. In March, 1776, the customary bill for entertaining the Selectmen during the year last past was paid to Capt. Joseph Butler, who had bought out the old inn on the Bay Road, that Ross had purchased from Munroe. All this goes to prove that Amos Wright, the only Wright who ever kept Wright's Tavern, was at most only a tenant and could not possibly have been its landlord at that time for much more than twelve months. But that twelve months included the one day in which Concord made more history than she ever did before or since.

Amos Wright seems to have been a man who had no salient points whatever, nothing to get hold of him by except that he had two wives, and was the father certainly of fourteen, and probably of fifteen, children. One of his daughters became the wife of Ephraim Farrar, Jr., and was the grandmother of Mr. Willard T. Farrar. In April, 1775, she was about 13 years old, and was living with her parents at this tavern, and it is principally from her recollection of that fact and of some of the incidents of the 19th, told to her descendants in later years, that we know it was Amos, rather than any other Wright, who kept the inn; though as a matter of history, we can get the same fact

by showing, through a process of elimination, that there was no other possible Wright in the town at that time.

Amos is referred to once or twice in recorded documents, as a laborer, and I can find no record that he ever owned a foot of real estate. He was paid "for keeping school in Darby's Society" that is to say in the Concord Junction neighborhood, in the winters of 1769-70-71-72-73,—and again in the winters of 1776 and '77, which leaves a gap in his school teaching just sufficient to cover the exact time when we find him acting as an innkeeper.

I cannot find that Mr. Wright was ever enrolled among the minutemen, or that he did any military duty during the war of the Revolution, excepting that once in the year 1777 he was called out to assist in guarding certain military stores and supplies at Concord, I fancy a part of the stuff that had been issued to the Company that marched under John Buttrick to the campaign against Burgoyne, and that the Company had brought back unused. However, from March, 1782, until the day of his death, 6 Nov., 1792, he is always called "Captain" in the records of the Town. As to the Tavern itself on the great day when it leaped into history, we know a little, and we can fancy as much more as our imaginations are capable of. We know that early in the morning when the Minutemen first met on the common, they made the Wright Tavern their headquarters, to which in case of an alarm being given of the near approach of the British soldiers, they were to repair immediately for orders: that Capt. Smith coming in with a part of his company from Lincoln, reported there, and that after the retreat to the other side of the river, Col. Smith of the 10th British Reg't established his headquarters in the place just vacated by the rebel commanders. What the British officers did there or what they said there, then, or later in the day when they consulted among themselves as to the expediency or the feasibility even of giving up the enterprise and returning to Boston is entirely matter for

the imagination, since there is not a tradition even. We can be fairly sure that Major Pitcairn did not drink alone, though we may (or may not) grant him the solitary distinction of sticking a dirty finger into the beverage. We may fancy, too, that some of the Yankee officers, and soldiers, too, for that matter, took a nip or two in the time they were waiting for Capt. Reuben Brown's return from Lexington, to keep the chill air of the early April morning from striking to their bones and making their teeth chatter. But these are fancies,—for the poet and the story-teller,—not facts for the sober historian. I think we may accept the story that Capt. Smith of Lincoln came up on horseback, and left his fiery charger in Wright's stable, only to find, later in the day, that the beast had been appropriated by the invaders for the use of a wounded officer in the retreat. That the sacramental silver of the church was hastily taken into Wright's as soon as the soldiers came in sight, and dumped into the family soft-soap barrel, from which it was taken twenty-four hours later, so thoroughly blackened by the caustic stuff that it had to be reburnished by a silversmith, is not only a pleasing and graphic incident that may well be accepted as true,—but it is also a fine testimonial to the strength and sincerity of the domestic brand of soap manufactured by our great-grandmothers. I always did like that little story, and should be sorry to let it pass into the realm of fable without protest, for it is so artless and ingenuous in its recognition of the prevalent feeling with regard to an invading soldiery—that they were much more likely to rob a church than to meddle with a soap barrel. For the rest, we may draw for ourselves such pictures as we may of the little tavern during the exciting hours of the forenoon of that April day, with officers and orderlies reporting to their superiors, and running with orders to the various little detachments that were engaged in the work of destruction. We may imagine Col. Smith issuing from the Tavern, when Capt. Laurie from the bridge sent to him for reinforcements, and put-

ting himself at the head of the battalion he had caused to be recalled from their depredation, "by which means" (wrote an officer of the 4th or King's Own Reg't), "he stopt 'em from being time enough; for being a very heavy man, he would not have reached the Bridge in half an hour, tho' it was not half a mile to it." And when, after their various marchings and countermarchings in the village, of which the Rev. Mr. Emerson's diary tells us, the hostile column had withdrawn, and after the reports of the muskets at Merriam's Corner and beyond had ceased, and the sounds of battle had died away in the distance, we may be sure that the women and the children crowded into the tavern, and with their shrill and excited questionings still further vexed the soul and tried the patience of poor Amos Wright,—for somehow I can only think of him as a quiet, inoffensive and somewhat retiring man, who had hitherto been engaged in the mild and gentle occupation of teaching little children their a-b-abs, rather than as the bustling, hearty, florid, effusive person who generally plays the part of landlord in drama and in historical novel. We may be sure that in the days that followed the fight, the little tavern was a centre of gossip, and that, if the invaders had perchance not drunk up the whole of the landlord's supply of comfortable fluids, the modicum yet remaining in bar and cellar found ready and thirsty purchasers, for it is proverbial that "talking is dry work;" and that though another Ephraim Jones had by this time arisen, and was keeping another tavern, where he too had had his experiences with the soldiers of the King, there was probably gossip enough and rum enough to keep both houses busy, and we hope profitable.

This new Ephraim Jones, I may say in passing, was son of the Ephraim who built our tavern on the broken ground in 1747. After he sold out to Munroe he built a new house just above the graveyard on Main street, which many of us remember as Bigelow's Tavern. I find no evidence that he kept it as an inn, but his son, of the same

name, did, and was also keeper of the gaol which stood close by.

As we have seen, Amos Wright could not have held the house later than 20 Dec., 1775, at which time it was conveyed by Daniel Taylor to Samuel Swan, who also purchased the stock and furniture. Mr. Swan was of Charlestown, where his house and shop had been burned on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill. He is styled "perukemaker" in the deed, but Wyman is ungentlemanly enough to give him the more plebeian title of "barber,"—which he probably was, for it is the habit of most men of that profession to aspire to a more euphonious title,—ever since Mr. Pickwick's barber rose to a point of order as to whether there was not such a word as 'airdresser in the dictionary, and Mr. Weller ruled that it was proper, even if the individual were not an 'airdresser, "to be parlymentary, and call him one all the more." He was related to the Kettells, who came from Charlestown about that time or soon afterward. There were three brothers, William, John and Thomas, and their three sisters, one of whom became the wife of Deacon John White, and another the wife of John Thoreau, grandfather of Henry D. Thoreau. The other sister some of us remember as "Polly Kittle," for she died only a little over half a century ago, at the age of more than 90 years. The Kettells were bakers by occupation, and they too had lost house and shop by the burning of Charlestown.

When Swan came into possession of our little tavern, there was on the Northwesterly side of the building a sort of pent-house whose use I do not know. This he removed, and in its place built the wing or L in which is now the tavern's dining room. This was built some fifteen feet longer than it now is, the end having been cut off to widen the street in 1882. On the Lexington road side it was, as now, on the street level, but on the opposite side and on the end it was two full stories in height. The street has since been raised so that the lower story of this new wing has become a cellar. In this lower story

an oven was built, and the Kettell Brothers started a bakery there, while their uncle, Sam'l Swan, kept up the tavern in the old house.

The Selectmen still continued to hold their meetings there,—or rather, resumed the practice after one year of using Capt. Butler's house,—and their bills for entertainment show eloquently the rise in prices brought about by the continental money inflation. For instance, in April, 1778, Mr. Swan was paid £21-8-11; a year later £73-15-1; the next year £108-13-6. Then it became quite useless to make charges on a running account in paper money, for a bowl of punch charged at 4s. in March, 1780, would come to be worth 10s. before it was paid for in March, 1781, so the prices for that year were quoted in silver, and the bill only mounted to £18-10,—and even at that, it included some articles furnished to the poor. In his account for 1783 I find a charge for boarding Submit Flag 44 weeks £5-2-8, or 2s. 8d. per week. Submit was one of the town's poor that he had bought at auction, for it was then the custom to put up the poor, individually, at an annual vendue, the lowest bidder in any case to take the pauper, at his own risk of sickness or disability, and at his own profit on what labor the unfortunate might be able to do.

In 1785 Mr. Swan gave up the tavern as an unprofitable venture, and returned to his native Charlestown. The old house was no longer what it had been; a newer and vastly more commodious inn had been built under its very windows, and then there was Ephraim Jones running a popular house only a few rods up the main street, with more accommodation for travelers and their animals, and the Tavern which had been for nearly forty years the centre of the business and political and social interests of the Town, had now become a back number.

But the old place was yet to see another landlord before its use as a tavern should be completed, and Amos Wright gave up his winter scholastic occupation in "Darby's Society," and his sum-

mer farming labors, and came back there as a tenant of Samuel Swan. But his tenancy has left no trace whatever on the records of Concord. The Selectmen held their meetings and took their regular or occasional "entertainment" at the new establishment across the way, and the Town paid no money to Amos Wright for any of these things. There is no record to be found in Town or County books, that he even had a license as an innholder to keep and sell beer or spirits. This, of itself, proves nothing, for many of such licenses do not appear on the permanent records of the Courts; though we can hardly imagine a country inn of those days without these essential creature comforts. Neither do I find his name as an innholder in the pages of any of the Almanacks of that time that I have seen. It was then quite the custom to print in the back pages of the almanack, a table of the principal routes of travel from Boston to all parts of New England, and in this table were included the names of the inns at which the thirsty travellers could obtain temporary relief on their journeys, the distance between these life-saving stations being carefully stated, so that the wayfarer could calculate with some exactness the length of the time between drinks.

Tradition is as silent as is record, as to this second tenancy of Amos Wright. One of his daughters was married in the old house, and he himself died there in 1792. That the tavern was profitable as a business venture, we may be permitted to doubt, for he left no estate that was thought worth administration. His widow is said to have remained for a short time in the house after his decease, until in 1793, it was sold to Capt. Reuben Brown, never again to be used as an inn until almost a century later.

Capt. Reuben Brown had come to Concord from Sudbury about the year 1760. He was by occupation a saddler, and lived in the house now owned and occupied by this Society, where he reared a large

family of children, and where he died in 1832 at the age of 84. He bought, sold, and lent money upon, very many parcels of real property in Concord, and appears to have taken on this particular piece as a temporary investment.

Francis Jarvis, who had learned the trade of a baker from John Richardson of Watertown, and when the latter removed to Concord and took to keeping the new tavern that had arisen so close to the old one that it fairly shouldered it out of its business, had accompanied his old master in his new home and his new occupation. But in 1790, in company with Thomas Safford, he resumed the trade of baker, and hired from Sam'l Swan the shop and ovens in the basement of the old tavern, where the Kettells had been. In 1793 the new firm bought the whole building, and later in the same year Mr. Jarvis married and set up his housekeeping therein. In 1795 he bought out Mr. Safford's part of the business and of the house. Ten years later he formed another business partnership with a son-in-law of Reuben Brown, and opened a general country store, which was located at first in the wing of his house, over the bakeshop, and later in the "green store" opposite, the Kettells at the same time resuming, as tenants, the baking business that they had originally established. Two years afterward Mr. Jarvis came back to his bakery, and carried it on until 1824, when he was succeeded by his son Francis, who kept it up until 1831, when the house and business were finally disposed of, and the family moved away to the farm now occupied by Mr. Joseph Derby.

From that time the house was rented as a tenement, generally to two families, and the list of tenants, even if we could get at the names of the whole of them, would be of little interest. Silas Burgess lived there and kept a livery stable in the old barn, and was followed in the same business by James M. Billings some fifty years ago. The bakery was maintained for some years, I think until within my own recollection.

tion. The store in the L was tenanted by various persons, in various lines of trade. Capt. John Stacy had a book store and bindery there for many years, and later, along in the fifties, Joe Parks had a tin-smith shop there; one of the Winns sold shoes; Frank Potter and his son Billy made and put up literally wagon loads of their celebrated hair-balm in those days of my youth when no one was fit to go into society unless his hair was greased, and when chairs were draped with fearful "tidies," and sofas were pulled out from the walls of the parlors, to save the house-paper from contact with our anointed heads. Somewhere about twenty years ago, the old house reverted again to its original use as an inn,—but with a difference. Not, as at first, the meeting-place of the Selectmen, and the great centre of the village, the local exchange where farmers came with their wood and potatoes to sell, or where they swapped gossip, or traded horses, or retailed each the political or business concerns of his own deestric while the lazy little mill at the other side of the brook slowly drizzled out, with much clatter, the attenuated stream of meal they were waiting for; not, as once, the warm and hospitable refuge in which the good folk found relief, in the short hour's nooning between meetings, of a Sunday, from the penetrating cold of an unwarmed and all too well ventilated meeting house, and filled up their little foot-stoves with fresh coals, and their little insides with a nice warm beverage, to fortify themselves against the renewed chill of the afternoon worship; not, as of yore, the place where dusty and tired travelers took their needed rest in the middle of a venturesome and tedious day's ride of full twenty miles; or where humbler wayfarers paid 3 pence for a breakfast, or 6d. for a dinner. Nor yet, as it has since become by the natural law of development, the resting place of wandering bicyclists, of curious and credulous tourists and sightseers, or of the brisk and busy drummer of retail trade. But of its later landlords it is not well nor necessary

to say much. There was Seth Stone, who sold surreptitious and unlawful beverages, of an almost unheard of degree of badness, to those who knew the password and countersign, in what had once been Deacon Jarvis's bakeshop. There was Penniman, who having once kept the Town's poorhouse, was imagined by some of his well-intentioned fellow citizens to be thereby all the more fitted to keep a hotel, and so, partly by means of a public subscription, was installed as Boniface, and stayed there until the place became "a hissing and reproach." There was Ward, who did nothing particular, whether good or bad, as far as I have ever heard, and honest John Davis, who tried ever so hard and patiently, only to demonstrate anew that the hotel-keeper, like the poet, has to be "born, not made," and that he was not born that way. Then there was "Billy" Rand, who was really ambitious, and fairly rehabilitated the old place, gaining there the experience and the reputation that made it easy for him to take upon himself a larger charge. And at last the saturnine and majestic Tarlton, who, despite of his peculiar and not always quite attractive placards and signs, and his primitive notions of beauty of decoration, has doubtless kept a good house and served his customers to their full satisfaction, since he carries with him on his retirement a flattering certificate to that effect from his grateful townsmen.

But all these later landlords belong to modern history,—not antiquarian,—and we must pass them by without further comment.

As to the house itself, it remains only to be said, that when it was in the market some twenty years or more ago, the late Reuben N. Rice and Judge Hoar united in its purchase, in order to save it from falling into worse hands, and from duplicating on that corner of the meeting-house green the undesirable and peculiar features of the "old yellow block," on the other corner. Mr. Rice bequeathed to the parish his half of the property, and Judge Hoar also gave his half, and the bequest and the gift were accepted and gratefully acknowledged

by the parish at its annual meeting in 1886. It will never be sold, but will stand until fire destroys it, or it falls into its cellar by its own natural decay, and through all succeeding years will continue to bear the name of the landlord who kept it in the day when it became part of the history of Concord, and who afterward participated in its "decline and fall,"—Wright's Tavern.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

**Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.**

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electrics in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

Mrs. L. E. Brooks, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, - MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES. SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

**RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING**

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you ; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At **MISS BUCK'S**

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St, opposite the Bank.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

Concord, - Mass.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.
Concord, Mass.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., Concord, Mass.

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York

1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards.

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

Concord, - Mass.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

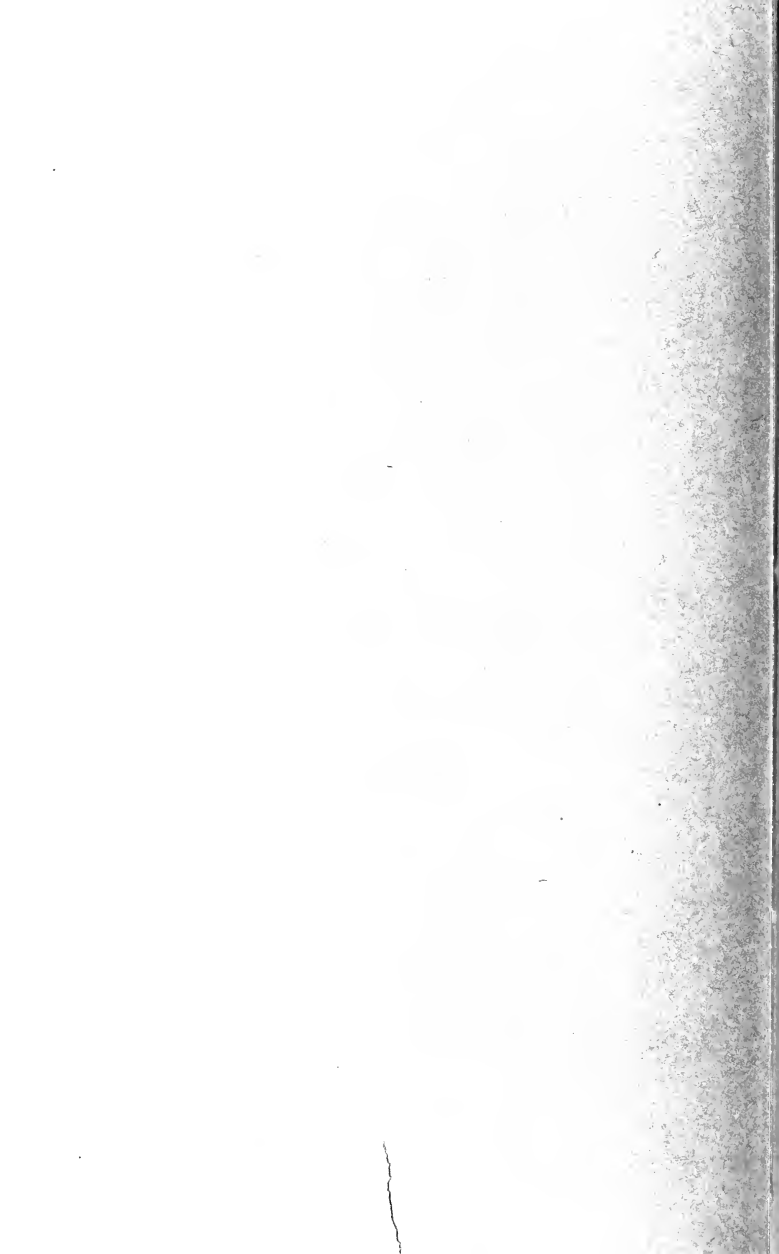
Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk

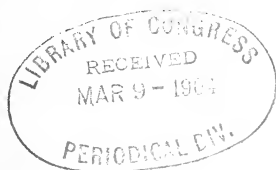


8083

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

CONCORD AND THE TELEGRAPH.

BY ALFRED MUNROE.



"A truly great historical novel."— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party — the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price

With Colonial Decorations

\$1.50

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.**

Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

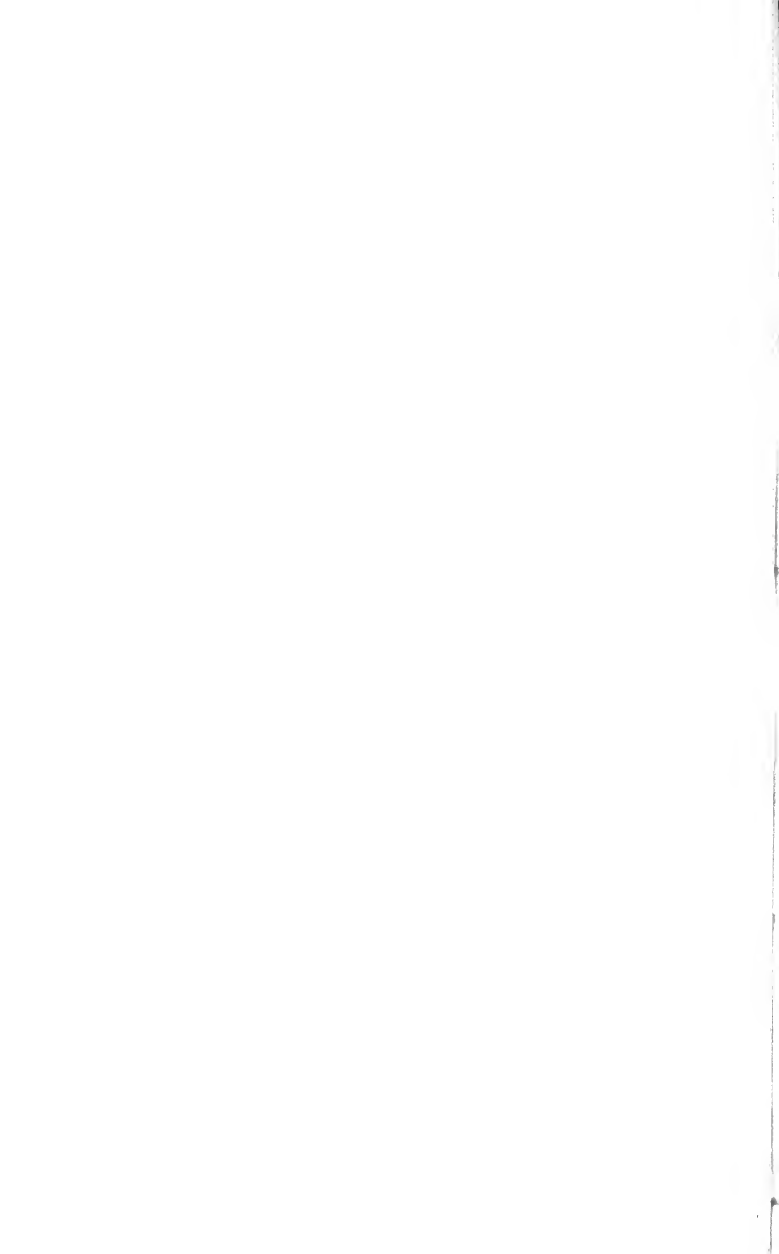
Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA,
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS







HARRISON GRAY DYAR

From a photograph taken about 1866

CONCORD AND THE TELEGRAPH

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

January 6, 1902.

BY ALFRED MUNROE

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

House on Lexington Road.

CONCORD AND THE TELEGRAPH.

The invention of and the improvements in the electric telegraph are often referred to as among the greatest wonders of the nineteenth century. Its early history is interesting as tending to illustrate the familiar fact that original inventors do not always receive the credit that is their due, and often fail to reap any pecuniary benefit from their inventions. Such is the case with regard to the electric telegraph, in this country at least, as what I have to record will, I think, very clearly show.

To Prof. S. F. B. Morse is undoubtedly due very great credit for improvements in the electric telegraph, but that he is entitled to fame as its original inventor is preposterous to assume, and in view of some facts in the early history of the invention, it seems doubtful if he is really entitled to all the honors that have been heaped upon him as an inventor, even in this country. Several notable experiments had been made in England prior to anything that Prof. Morse had attempted. As early as the year 1816, Francis Ronalds had invented a method of sending messages by electricity over a line of eight miles, which though rather complicated, was, as far as it went, completely successful. He made use of a clock at each station, both running exactly together, and each bringing into view one after another, the letters of

the alphabet arranged upon a disk which revolved behind a screen with an opening showing one letter at a time, and thus spelling out the word.

The Abbe Morigno states that one Mr. Jackson wrote to the Academie Francaise, affirming that he (Mr. Jackson) had communicated the plan of the telegraph to Mr. Morse, while on board the ship Sully in 1832. Mr. Jackson certainly discussed the matter with Mr. Morse, at that time and place, but that the latter derived all of his ideas from him must be considered doubtful, I think, in the light of more positive evidence in connection with another individual. But more of that hereafter. Even admitting all that was claimed by either party, it would only show that they did not think sufficiently well of their scheme to take any steps towards putting it in practice until nearly three months after the first English patent for an electric telegraph had been sealed, and the practicability of such an apparatus had been demonstrated in England by Prof. Wheatstone, to whom a patent was granted.

But we are not here considering the English claims, but those of Prof. Morse, to priority. The electric telegraph, even in its earliest days, was not the work or the invention of any one man, and perhaps least of all, of the man who has had the lion's share of the credit, and whose name rises first to our lips when we speak of it. More than fifty years ago, Prof. Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, a scientist and electrician whose fame is equalled only by Michael Faraday among his contemporaries, said:—(Evidence, Smith vs. Downing.)

“I am not aware that Mr. Morse has ever made a single original discovery in electricity, magnetism, or electro-magnetism, applicable to the invention of the telegraph. I have always considered his merit to consist in combining and applying the discoveries of others, in the invention of a particular instrument and process for telegraph purposes.”

But it is not generally known that among the earliest of those "others" whose discoveries Mr. Morse combined and applied was a young man once resident in this town, and that at least eighteen years before the actual materialization of the first Morse telegraph line, a message had been transmitted over half a mile of wire, in Concord, by means that in many respects are identical with those employed by Morse.

From the year 1818 until about 1825 there were two young men, brothers, named Dyar, living here. Joseph, the elder of the two, married Love Lawrence Brooks in 1819, and was employed by Lemuel Curtis, Clock and Watch Maker, on the Mill dam, about where the fruit store now is. The younger brother (he was born in March 1805), was named Harrison Gray, and after a year or two in school, was apprenticed to Curtis. Their schoolmates and contemporaries here are long since dead, but one of them (the late Dr. Edward Jarvis), nearly twenty-five years ago wrote of them as having been very bright and intelligent lads, "skilful in their trade and of faultless character, but were much talked of for their fondness for dress, especially so, being mechanics." Harrison Gray was considered by the boys to be a real genius. It is said that when only twelve years old he had performed many of the most important experiments in chemistry, and mastered most of the principles of the science as they were then known. While living in Concord he became greatly interested in the study of electricity, and conceived the idea of transmitting a message over a wire by means of the electric fluid. By intense study and many experiments he finally concluded that he had made the discovery as to how it could be done, and proved it by a successful experimental line along the "Causeway," now the Lowell Road. Then he exhibited his plans or ideas to some persons in Boston and elsewhere in this vicinity, but he was received by those who might have assisted him, only with laughter and ridicule. Though somewhat disheartened he

was not wholly discouraged. He determined, however, to leave for New York, where he hoped he be more successful in carrying out his project, and where he soon found some parties who joined him in his enterprise. And here comes in the important fact that Harrison Gray Dyar erected the first real line, and despatched the first message over it by electricity ever sent by such means in America. This may seem strange to most of our readers, as the credit of this great discovery has been generally conceded to Prof. Morse.

Mr. Dyar erected his line at the race-course on Long Island in 1826,—six years before Morse began his investigation of the subject, ten years before the latter began to talk about it, and eighteen years before he and others put up their experimental line between Washington and Baltimore in 1844.

Shortly after Mr. Dyar had made this experiment on Long Island, he proposed to erect a telegraph line between New York and Philadelphia, and applied to the Legislature of New Jersey for the necessary powers to pass through that State. This request was not only unceremoniously refused, but Mr. Dyar was denounced as a wizard and a dangerous person to be permitted in the community. Vexed, disappointed and almost disheartened, the original projector was actually driven from his home and country, and found refuge in Europe, where his scientific abilities were appreciated, and fully rewarded by the accumulation of large wealth. After the success of the telegraph he returned to this country, too late to claim what was justly his due, for the time prescribed by law to procure a patent had expired. Still, with characteristic unselfishness, he refused at first to go before a court and testify in a case where Mr. Morse had prosecuted for infringement.

With respect to his being obliged to leave this country, the explanation is this. He had employed some assistants in getting up his line, and when it was up and promising success, one of these assistants

(to extort a concession of a share in the patent) commenced a suit against Mr. Dyar, claiming twenty thousand dollars damages. This suit was dismissed as groundless, but a charge of conspiracy in connection with the notorious "bank frauds" was preferred against him, and by the advice of friends he left the city, and after a while the country. Mr. Dyar's counsel in these suits was Charles Walker, a brother-in-law of S. F. B. Morse.

In the year 1850 a suit for an injunction was brought before the U. S. Supreme Court by F. O. J. Smith, chief proprietor of the New York & Boston Morse telegraph line, against Hugh Downing and others, proprietors of the line between the same two cities worked by the House printing telegraph system. The late Hon. Levi Woodbury was the Judge; the case was tried in Boston; the testimony covers nearly five hundred printed pages; and the injunction was refused. In the course of this trial a letter, dated Paris, March 8, 1848, from Mr. Dyar to his friend, Dr. Luther V. Bell of Somerville, was submitted to the Court. Dr. Bell was one of Mr. Dyar's early friends and associates, to whom he had communicated his ideas regarding the telegraph, and who sympathized with him in its feasibility. In this letter to his old friend, Mr. Dyar's claims are so clearly stated, that I quote quite fully that portion which refers to the subject of his invention. He writes:—

"On reading your letter, I was touched by the exhibition of your continued interest in my destiny, and especially by your solicitude in reference to my establishing my just claims as discoverer of the electric telegraph. I have, in years past, thought of bringing forward my claims, but was checked by considering that in so doing I might deprive another person of the profits of his invention, which, although subsequent to my own, I had supposed was original with the patentee, and so independent of any connection with my previous projects and experiments. I had, however, thought it very remarkable that Mr. Morse's plan should be so almost exactly like my own, especially extending to the mode of representing the letters of the alphabet, which is identical.

"Since reading your letter, when searching for some papers in reference to my connection with this subject, I found a letter of introduction, dated the day before my departure from America, in February, 1831, from an old and good friend, Charles Walker, to his brother-in-law, S. F. B. Morse, an artist, at that time in Europe. At the sight of this letter it occurred to me that this Mr. Morse might be the same person as Mr. Morse of the electric telegraph, which I found to be the case. The fact of the patentee of this telegraph, so identical with my own, being the brother-in-law of, and living with, my friend and legal counsel, Charles Walker, at the time of and subsequent to my experiments on the wire or electric telegraph in 1826 and 28, has changed my opinion as to the justice of my remaining passive and allowing another to enjoy the honor of a discovery which by priority is clearly due to me, and which presumptively is only a continuation of my plans, without any material invention on the part of this other.

"Now I wish you to tell me if I am unjust in presuming that Mr. Morse must have heard his brother-in-law mention the certainly remarkable circumstance of my project of establishing telegraphic communication, by wires hung up on poles in the air, between New York and Philadelphia, and that I was stopped by a suit instituted, or believed to be instituted, against me, under the charge of conspiracy for transmitting secret intelligence from city to city, and because of which I was obliged to drop the project when ripe for execution, and fly from New York; that is, for attempting, ten years too soon, to carry out what is now universally considered one of the greatest inventions of the age, I was treated as a criminal and was obliged to find safety in flight.

"It was such experience as this, and others, where I had neither honor nor profit, which has made me indifferent to reputation or popularity. My inventions, however, have yielded me a fortune, and I can now neglect barren praise, especially living as I do now in an ideal world of my own creation. I will, however, give you a sketch of what I did and projected to do about twenty years since in this matter.

"I invented a plan of a telegraph, which should be independent of day or night or weather; which should extend from town to town, or from city to city, without any intermediary agency, by the means of an insulated wire in the air, suspended on poles, through which wire I intended to send strokes of electricity in such manner that the difference of times separating the divers sparks should represent the letters of the alphabet, and stops between the words, etc., etc. This absolute or this relative difference of time between the several sparks, I

intended to take off from an electric machine by a mechanical contrivance regulated by a pendulum, and the sparks were intended to be recorded upon a moving or revolving sheet of moistened litmus paper, which, by the formation of nitric acid by the spark in the air, in its passage through the paper would leave a red spot for each spark on the blue test paper—these so-produced red spots, by their relative interspaces separating them severally from each other being taken as an equivalent for the alphabet, etc., or for signs intended to be transmitted, whereby a correspondence could be kept up upon one wire any length, either in one direction or back and forward, simultaneously or successively, at pleasure.

“In addition to this use of electricity, I considered that I had, if wanted, an auxiliary resource in the power of sending impulses along the same wire, properly suspended, somewhat like the action of a common bell-wire in a house.

“Now you will perceive that this plan is, with one exception, like the plan known as Morse’s telegraph; and in this exception his plan is inferior to my own, inasmuch as he and others now make use of the electro-magnetic action in place of the single spark, which requires that they should, in order to get dots or marks on the paper, make use of mechanical motions which require time to move; whereas my dots were produced by a chemical action of the spark itself, and would be, from that cause, transmitted and recorded with any required velocity, only preserving the relative distances between the sparks, which is a decided superiority over the use of motions got by the electro-motive action. Perhaps Mr. Morse was not sufficiently familiar with electricity to know of this faculty.

“My idea is that Mr. Morse when returning to America, as you mentioned, got by conversation with Dr. Jackson, some notion about carrying electricity along a wire, which enabled him to understand the nature and mode of operation of my wire telegraph, which he must have heard his brother-in-law speak of as a wire reaching from city to city. I believe that Mr. Morse is not known to be an inventor or a man of science, and for such reasons not likely to originate such a project.”

The Dr. Jackson spoken of, had written some time before, to the Académie Française, claiming that he first communicated the plan of the telegraph to Mr. Morse, on board the ship *Sully*, in 1832. But it would seem that the latter had obtained some general views on the subject from a different source, viz:—from his brother-in-law who had been Mr. Dyer’s legal adviser before he left America.

The letter to Dr. Bell continues:—

“In reference to what I did to carry out my invention; I associated myself with a Mr. Brown of Providence, who gave me certain sums of money to become associated with me in the invention. We employed a Mr. Connel of New York to aid us in getting the capital wanted to carry the wires to Philadelphia. This was considered as accomplished, but before beginning on the long wire, it was decided that we should try some miles of it on Long Island. Accordingly, I obtained some fine card wire, intending to run it several times around the race-course on Long Island. We put up this wire in curves and straight lines, by suspending it from stake to stake and from tree to tree, until we concluded that our experiments justified our undertaking to carry it from New York to Philadelphia.

“At this moment, our agent, Mr. Connel, brought a suit of summons against me for twenty thousand dollars for agencies and services, which I found was done to extort a concession of a share of the whole project. I appeared before Judge Irving, who, on hearing my statement, dismissed the suit as groundless. A few days after this, Joseph F. White, who was our patent agent (intending to take out a patent when we could no longer keep it a secret), came to Mr. Brown and myself and told us that Mr. Connel had obtained a writ against us, under a charge of conspiracy for carrying on secret communication from city to city; and advised us to leave New York until he could settle the affair for us, stating that the sheriff’s officer was then out after us. As you may suppose, this happening just after the notorious bank conspiracy trials, we were frightened beyond measure, and the same night we slipped off to Providence, where I remained for some time, and did not return to New York for many months, and then with much fear of a suit. This is the circumstance which put an end to and killed effectually all desire to engage further in such a dangerous enterprise.”

This dread of prosecution in 1827 seems almost ludicrous; but it will appear in a more serious light when we recall the state of public feeling against speculators at that time. When Mr. Dyar left the country the “Bank Conspiracy” cases to which he alludes might well have caused alarm, for the people were then dreadfully in earnest, as is proved by the conviction of sundry prominent men, such as Hy. Eckford, Jacob Barker, Joseph G. Swift, Thomas Vermilyea, Wm. P. Rathbone, Matthew L. Davis, Mark Spencer, Geo. W. Brown and

others, for practices which seem like innocent amusements when compared with the shaving operations among the bulls and bears of the stock and money markets in later years. It should be remembered also that Mr. Dyar was a young man of only twenty-three years of age, shy and diffident in manner, and retiring in disposition, country bred and of but little experience in the great world of business and finance. It was among these very men and their fellows in business that Mr. Connell had "promoted" Mr. Dyar's telegraph project, and it was their capital that was relied upon to carry it out. Mr. Dyar had but little pecuniary means of his own, to defend himself with, against legal proceedings, and when he saw his financial backers, men of wealth, and business experience, and high social standing, prosecuted and convicted in the courts in spite of all these advantages, it is not to be wondered at that he made haste to escape. That the danger was real, and not "the very painting of his fear," is shown by the fact that he did not ship openly for Europe, but sailed away in a small boat, to be picked up by the packet after the pilot had left her, outside the jurisdiction of the United States.

He continues:—

"I think that on my return to New York (from Providence) I advised with Charles Walker, who thought, that however groundless such a charge might be, it would give me infinite trouble to stand a suit. From all this, the very name of 'Electric Telegraph' has always given me pain whenever I have heard it spoken of, until I received your last letter stimulating me to come out with my claims; and even now I cannot overcome the painful association of ideas which the same excites.

"I observe that in a New York paper a Mr. O'Reilly has offered a reward of \$300 for the best essay on the progress of Electric Science with reference to the Telegraph, to be presented before next May. I suppose this is done by him with a view to discover grounds of invalidating Mr. Morse's patent. If you think it best to write to him, pray do so,—or to Mr. Morse; for if he had an account of my telegraph through Mr. Walker, and will state the same, I should not wish to injure his patent, which could be no gain to me. In fact, after the

lapse of so many years, it might require my presence in America to get sufficient evidence to invalidate his patent. Although the love of fame is too feeble to stimulate me to take any pains to establish my just claims to this invention, yet it gives me much pleasure to see an old friend interest himself thus in my behalf."

I have now quoted all in Mr. Dyar's letter to Dr. Bell which has special reference to his invention of the telegraph. His statements in that letter were afterwards submitted in the form of an affidavit, to the Supreme Court, in the trial of the case of Smith vs. Downing, to which I have referred.

In rendering the Court's decision denying the injunction prayed for by the Morse people in this case, Mr. Justice Woodbury said:—"The most surprising discovery on this subject about this period was by Harrison Gray Dyar, another enterprising American. In 1827 or 28 he is proved by Cornwall to have constructed a telegraph on Long Island, at the race-course, by wires on poles, using glass insulators;" and, after a careful explanation of the essential points of Mr. Dyar's invention, as already given, added further:—"This device of an alphabet by spaces of time between the sparks, evinces remarkable ingenuity, and differs in some degree from Morse's, though very near in principle."

In 1846 Alexander Bain patented his printing telegraph, which is known as the Electro-chemical Telegraph, the principles of which were identical with those applied to this purpose by Mr. Dyar. By the rapidity of its action it became a most important means of reducing the price of telegraphic communication, and the patent was eventually purchased by the Morse patentees.

What has now been said fully establishes, I think, the fact that to Harrison Gray Dyar, who while a youth was considered such a "genius" by the Concord boys, belongs the fame and credit of having been the original inventor of the electric telegraph in America. It seems unquestionable that had it not been for the excitement in re-

lation to the "Bank Conspiracy" cases in New York, the first public line of electric telegraph would have been erected by Mr. Dyar between that city and Philadelphia, at least fifteen years earlier than the original Morse line was constructed, with the aid of the United States Government, between Washington and Baltimore.

After leaving this country Mr. Dyar established himself in Paris, where he at once began to delve into other hidden mysteries of nature, and soon made another great discovery in chemical science, for which he was awarded by one of the Royal Societies of France, the remuneration, princely in those times, of \$300,000. What that discovery was I have been unable to ascertain, but I suspect it was in connection with the production of the aniline colors from coal tar. He was certainly, while in France, much engaged in the production of new and beautiful colors, and I believe that it was in this branch of chemistry that his knowledge of that science enabled him to retire with a handsome fortune.

Early in "the sixties" Mr. Dyar returned to his native country, and established himself in New York, where he invested his money in real property on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the latter his place of residence. It was after he came back to America that he married, and later purchased a villa at Rhinebeck, where he died on the 31st of January, 1875, leaving a widow and two children.

ALFRED MUNROE.

POSTSCRIPT, BY THE SECRETARY.

The Mr. Jackson mentioned in the foregoing pages as having written to the Academie Francaise affirming that it was from him that Mr. Morse obtained his first idea of the electric telegraph in the year 1832, was that Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who was afterward to become

involved in a somewhat similar way, in the great "Ether Controversy." With him, too, we of Concord may claim some slight connection, for his sister was the wife of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and his widow and two of her children removed in later years to Concord, and resided here until her death in 1896. Dr. Jackson was a man of active mind and quick perceptions, but careless apparently of claiming the credit that was his due, until after somebody else had stepped in and snatched it, by which time, of course, it was too late for him to be anything but a contestant, and he could gain, at the best, no more than a divided honor. This was doubtless due, in some part, to the natural disposition of the man, but I think in a far greater degree to his training as a physician, it being an unwritten law of the profession that any discovery made by one of its members for the good of humanity, shall become practically public property.

The first important litigation arising out of the telegraph invention was in 1846, on an application by Prof. Morse for an injunction against Henry O'Reilly and others, proprietors of the Columbian Telegraph Company, to prevent their using an instrument invented by Zook and Barnes of Cincinnati. This suit was brought before Judge Monroe of the U. S. District Court of Kentucky, at Louisville, four years earlier than the suit of which Mr. Munroe has written. In this case, Dr. Jackson testified that on his return to America in 1832, from his studies in Paris, he was a fellow passenger on board the packet Sully with a young artist, Mr. S. F. B. Morse, with whom he struck up quite an intimacy. The idea of sending messages by electricity was at that time attracting a great deal of attention in Europe, and Dr. Jackson had with him a number of papers that had been recently printed on the subject. He said that Morse had apparently never before heard of the idea, and that when it was broached to him on the very first day of the voyage, he thought that even if it should prove practicable, it would be of doubtful value. However, his curiosity

was aroused, and he questioned Jackson quite fully, asking for information on the most elementary points, and betraying his ignorance of even the first principles of electrical science. Of electro-magnetism he had absolutely no conception, and Jackson, who had no apparatus with him, made the matter as plain as he could by means of a drawing, which Morse copied with great care into his note-book. Of course there were no facilities on board for electrical experiments, but the two young men made the telegraph their constant subject of conversation during the month's voyage, and Morse got up a system of cipher, for which Jackson said he deserved great credit, and by which they wrote notes to each other. Dr. Jackson does not mention Dyar in this testimony of his, and we do not know that he had ever heard of him, though the latter was at that time in Paris. One of the methods of telegraphic writing which Jackson proposed to Morse, however, was precisely that employed by Dyar, viz.:—"by producing colored marks upon a prepared paper, the paper being saturated with an easily decomposable neutral salt, and stained with tumeric or some other easily changed vegetable color."

Dr. Jackson, in reply to a question of counsel why he had not taken steps to push his own investigations further, and to protect his own discoveries by patent, replied that his family cares and the exigencies of his professional practice gave him no time or opportunity for studies and experiments in any direction other than in medicine. Mr. Morse, however, was thoroughly aroused, and appears, from the very moment of his landing in New York, to have dropped everything else, and to have devoted himself solely to electrical research. Some months later he consulted Jackson about a battery that he had constructed but could not make work, and betrayed in this and other ways his utter ignorance of the fundamental principles of electrical science.

The injunction prayed for by Prof. Morse in the action of which I have been speaking, was refused, the Court holding, substantially,

that the principle of sending communications by electricity was not patentable, but only the mechanism by which the messages were written and received, and the particular code of signals or alphabet employed.

Taking Dr. Jackson's testimony at its face value, it seems probable that Mr. Dyar's suspicion that Morse had picked up his ideas from Walker before going to Europe, was not justified, for, as we have seen, he was already in Paris before Dyar left this country. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that when Mr. Morse, full of the subject as he was from his constant conversations with Dr. Jackson on board the Sully, took up his residence, as he did, with Mr. Walker, he must have learned from the latter all that he knew of Mr. Dyar's scheme, even to the minutest details. All of Mr. Dyar's papers, the model of his machinery, and the specifications for the patent which he had hoped to secure, had been left with Walker, and the absolute identity of these specifications with those of Prof. Morse, so far as they went, is so exact as to preclude entirely any theory of mere coincidence. We might perhaps grant that the idea of suspending a wire on poles by means of insulators of glass might naturally suggest itself to two or more inventors, but we cannot conclude that two separate persons would hit upon identical means of receiving and recording messages, and upon alphabets so closely similar. In Mr. Dyar's telegraph the message was "received on a strip of paper moved with a uniform motion by a system of clock work." Morse used precisely the same device, but instead of employing, as Dyar had done, the chemical effect of electricity, he appropriated Prof. Joseph Henry's unpatented electro-magnet, and made his letters mechanically, the alphabets used being practically the same. Dyar had been a clock-maker's apprentice here in Concord, and very naturally used the knowledge he had acquired in that pursuit, and so far as is known he was the first to use this particular device. Others had used a system

of two corresponding dials at the two ends of the line, or had employed the deflections of a magnetic needle, or had counted the impulses sent over a wire. This last was the code devised by Mr. Morse in his conversations with Dr. Jackson, who says he made use of the first five figures and the zero, by which he was able to represent letters and words.

But years before Morse began, Dyar had, as we know from his own letter, abandoned his invention, and it had become to a certain extent the common property of all investigators of the subject. Dr. Jackson too, after letting Morse in to all that he knew of the matter, had dropped it, to pursue his life work. Experimenters in Europe and in America were at work on the problem, and indeed has been so at work ever since Benj. Franklin, in the previous century had sent signals by wire across the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia. The idea of the electric telegraph was in the world; the means of its practical execution were wanted. Dyar had found these means, before the world was ready for them, and his persistency was not great enough to enable him to hold on until the world caught up with him. How sadly this affected him we have seen from his letter, where he says that this unreadiness of the world for his invention had "killed all desire to engage further in such a dangerous enterprise," and that "from all this the very name of electric telegraph has always given me pain, and even now (more than twenty years afterward) I can not overcome the painful association of ideas which the name excites."

Still more touching and pathetic is the concluding paragraph of his letter to Dr. Bell, which Mr. Munroe does not quote, but which I will repeat here, as showing to some degree what manner of man he was. He writes:—

"But few events in life turn out as we plan them; yet I have found that by striving after something excellent, although we may not achieve that for which we have aimed, yet nevertheless we always get something good, either incidentally by such strife, or along the way—

side leading to our such fancied ends. I constantly reproach myself for the little that I have accomplished, yet I flatter myself that if I live to the probable old age due to my constitution, I may yet accomplish something to give me the consoling reflection upon the bed of death, that I have not lived for nothing, either in reference to society or to my own personal moral perfectionment. But I regret to find that all external motives for exertion are dying away as years add themselves to years. I have hardly any perceptible desire for wealth or popularity, or ambition in any shape; yet I believe I am one of the most happy of men,—happy in living not for but within myself; driven by a Providence or by a destiny leading where I know not; feeling as if I had not yet got into my right place in the world, or as if I belonged nowhere in that world. Twenty more years, friend Bell, and where shall we be, and how situated, if alive? This consideration is consoling, for in twenty years we shall not then be decidedly old men; and in that time many un conjectured acts of ours, or circumstances, may bring us together to attempt or to accomplish. I suppose I shall always remain single, and pass the most of my time in Paris, often, I trust, visiting America during that time. Pray make known to me your projects thus thrown off into that distant future of twenty years. I hope for that distant future, but by no means dread a shorter future.”

At the time this letter was written (in 1848), Mr. Dyar was forty-three years old. It is pleasant to know that even after this age, he knew the love of wife and children, and that he came at last to the enjoyment of wealth, and died in his native land, not without some measure of honor and fame.

You have noticed an allusion to Henry O'Reilly. Mr. O'Reilly was one of the pioneers in practical telegraphy and built over 8000 miles of telegraph line in the United States, the origin and foundation of the present Western Union System. In the long course of litigation to which he was subjected, in connection with his work, he made an immense collection of material for a history of the telegraph, which in 1859, he presented to the New York Historical Society. It was made up of forty large volumes of printed matter “in connection with controversies through the courts and before the public affecting the legal and equitable rights of electricians, constructors, inventors and

the community since the commencement of telegraphing in the United States." There were also 60 volumes of manuscript letters, affidavits, contracts, testimony, etc., referring to precisely the same subjects, the whole forming the most complete, and necessarily the most impartial library of telegraphic history ever brought together, or that could possibly have been brought together, for it included all the testimony and even all the arguments of counsel, on both sides of every dispute about the whole subject, or any part thereof.

In a note by him on Mr. Dyar's letter (not quoted by Mr. Munroe), he says:—

"The coincidence between the plans of Mr. Dyar and those of Prof. Morse, as far as the plan of electro-chemical telegraphy is concerned is sufficiently marked.—and it needs only to be stated here that it was not until the year 1836 or 1837, that Prof. Morse adopted the electro-magnetic power for telegraphing." The reason for this was that it was at first very difficult to develop sufficient electro-magnetic power for that purpose; but at length Prof. Joseph Henry conquered that difficulty, and his invention, which is the basis of the system universally used today, was substituted by Morse for the plan which he had adopted in his previous experiments. So we see, that not only did Morse adopt Dyar's alphabet and clock-work "identically," but that he also began by adopting identically his method of producing or recording the characters. This appears to make it circumstantially certain, that he must, after his attention was first called to the matter by Dr. Jackson, have got the details of Dyar's abandoned invention from some source, and there is no other source so evident as Charles Walker, his own brother-in-law, and Dyar's former confidant and adviser.

Dyar might well quote "*tulit alter honores*," if he could see how little justice has been done him in popular telegraphic history, and outside of the testimony produced in the courts, whose proceedings

and records are but little read or known by the general public. The latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, in its article on the Telegraph, mentions him not at all, though it names many whose labors are less entitled to credit and have had less practical bearing on telegraphic work and practice. Appleton's American Encyclopedia says:

"An attempt was made in 1827, by Harrison Gray Dyar, to employ frictional electricity, at the race-course on Long Island, N. Y. He made use of iron wire, glass insulators, and wooden posts, and employed for signalling, the chemical power of the electric current to change the color of litmus paper." In this the Encyclopedia does Mr. Dyar but scanty measure of justice, for what it dismisses as "an attempt," was really a practical success, as far as sending a message which could be read by another person than the sender himself, goes.

There is but little to be discovered with regard to Mr. Dyar's early life here. All his cotemporaries here have died, years ago, or at least all those who were boys with him, for when he left here in 1824, he was still in his teens. His telegraph experiments in Concord could have made but little impression on his elders, who would look upon them as nothing better than boy's play. But a gentleman who was born and bred in Concord, and who was living ten years ago, told me that he remembered the experiment well, and that twenty years later, when the telegraph became a subject of universal talk and curiosity, his old master, Col. Whiting, was very fond of telling that the whole thing was "no more than that Dyar boy had done here long ago." He described the line as having been hung from the trees on the Red Bridge road, with apothecaries' glass phials for insulators, and remembered that schoolmaster Dinsmore, and Asa Jarvis, who was then a student at Harvard College, assisted in the experiment, in which he himself bore some little part; and that the words transmitted over the line were legibly recorded.

Later this gentleman wrote me a few of his recollections of the Dyar boys. He says:—

“The older, as I remember him, was married. I have an impression that they were in some way related to Lemuel Curtis, for whom they worked, or possibly to his wife, and that they remained in Concord but a short time after Curtis’s removal. The younger, who was, I think, a little older than I, I recollect as a handsome, well-bred youngster, rather shy and diffident, a good scholar, and a little slow of speech. He was always making experiments of one kind or another in Curtis’s back shop. Curtis encouraged him in this sort of thing more than boys of his disposition were generally encouraged, for in those days boys were kept pretty closely to practical work, and originality on their part was frowned upon. My father liked him, and he came often to the shop to beg bits of leather or shoemaker’s wax for some of his constructions. Father used to say that that boy would make a noise in the world yet, quiet as he was. He did make a noise once at any rate, for he blew a window out of Curtis’s shop by the explosion of some chemical substance he was playing with or experimenting upon, and scared the whole neighborhood. He made, from glass bottles and jars, the first electrical machine I had ever seen, and we boys took many a shock from it. I remember too, that he tried Franklin’s great kite experiment in a severe thunder storm. Several of us boys and Mr. Forbes, the schoolmaster, assisted. Fortunately, by the advice of Master Forbes, he tied the kite string to a fence, and we had got a safe distance away before the right flash came along—which burned the string, and left its mark upon the fence, and would probably have killed him if he had been holding the kite.

“I am sorry I can tell you so little about him, and that little not just what you want; and I do not now recall the name of any person now living who was a boy with us and could tell you more. I saw a notice of his death in the newspapers some years ago, and recognized the name as that of the boy I once knew. There was a brief sketch of his life, that mentioned his early connection with the telegraph, and that he had lived many years in Europe engaged in scientific pursuits, and I thought then that this was just what I should have imagined would be his life.”

Thus far, my correspondent of ten years ago, I think we can see in the writer of the letter to Dr. Bell, a good many traces of the “shy and diffident young fellow,” full of the spirit of scientific investigation

and "a little slow of speech" that my correspondent described, and of "the youth of faultless character" of whom Dr. Jarvis wrote. We have but few additional facts with which to fill out more perfectly the shadowy outline we have of him. We know that he was one of the ten children of Jeremiah and Susan Dyar, and that his father was a blockmaker at Boston, until 1803, when he removed to Medford, going from that place in 1805, to Lancaster, where he died in 1829. We have learned that his scientific attainments gained him membership in many learned societies in Europe, and also secured to him an ample fortune. Among his many projects was a scheme for a universal language, and he devised a comprehensive and logical system to that end. "He was greatly interested in the phenomena of modern spiritualism, and studied its manifestations carefully in the endeavor to find out its material foundation."

But perhaps the idea of him that we can for ourselves create from the fragmentary data that we have, may after all be as truly representative as columns of gossip and anecdotes would be. That he missed by a hair's breadth the attainment of world-wide fame, must move our sympathy; that he did "not whine nor chide," but bravely set himself to work in a new field, not "for the sake of wealth or popularity or ambition," but that his life might not be lived in vain, challenges our respect; that he had learned and acted upon the great truth that "by striving after something excellent we always get something good" deserves our admiration; that though disappointed himself, he yet forbore for many years to claim his own laurels, lest the wearer of them should also feel the pangs of a similar disappointment, and only spoke at last to prevent a cruel injustice to a third person, demonstrates his own unselfishness and nobility of character, and makes us proud to claim him as one of Concord's heroes.

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York
1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards,

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

**Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.**

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electrics in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

MRS. L. E. BROOKS, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot.

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES. SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you ; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

CONCORD, - MASS.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

CONCORD, MASS.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., CONCORD, MASS.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

CONCORD, - MASS.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

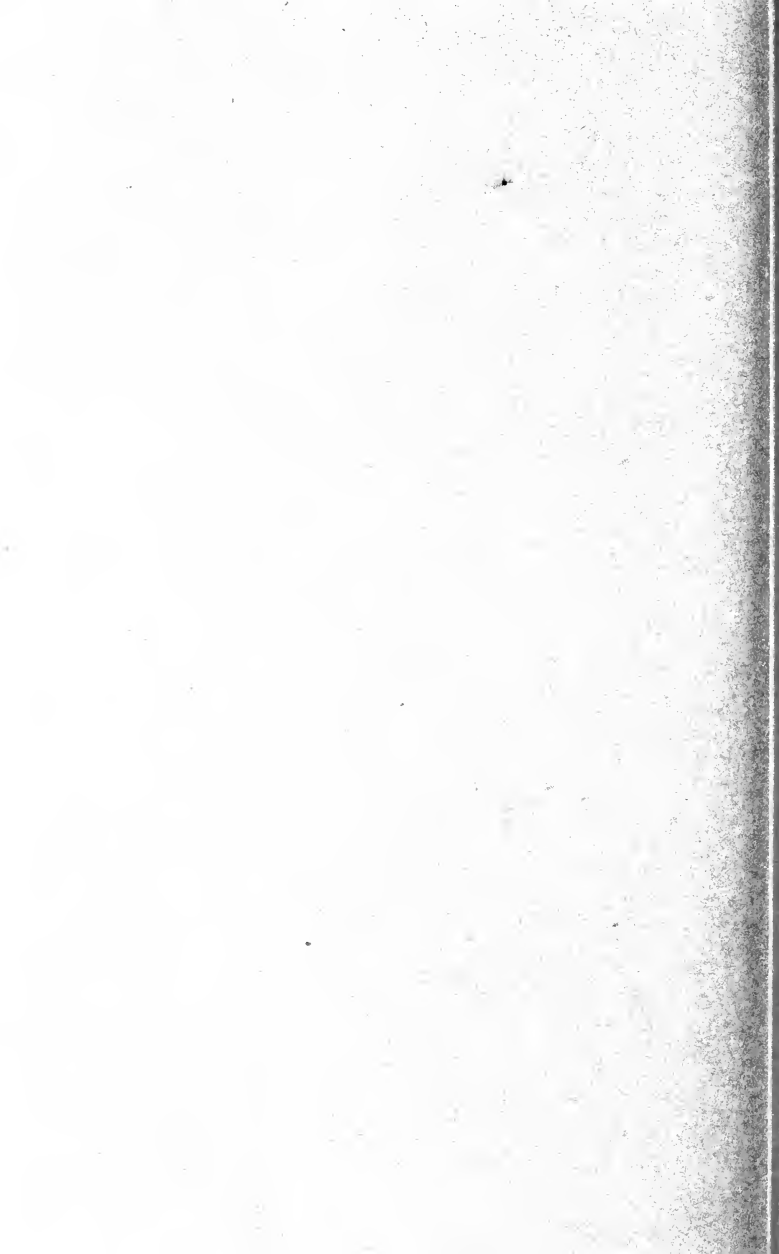
Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk

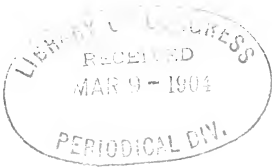


28283

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

STORY OF AN
OLD HOUSE

BY THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES



"A truly great historical novel."— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price *With Colonial Decorations* **\$1.50**

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.** Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

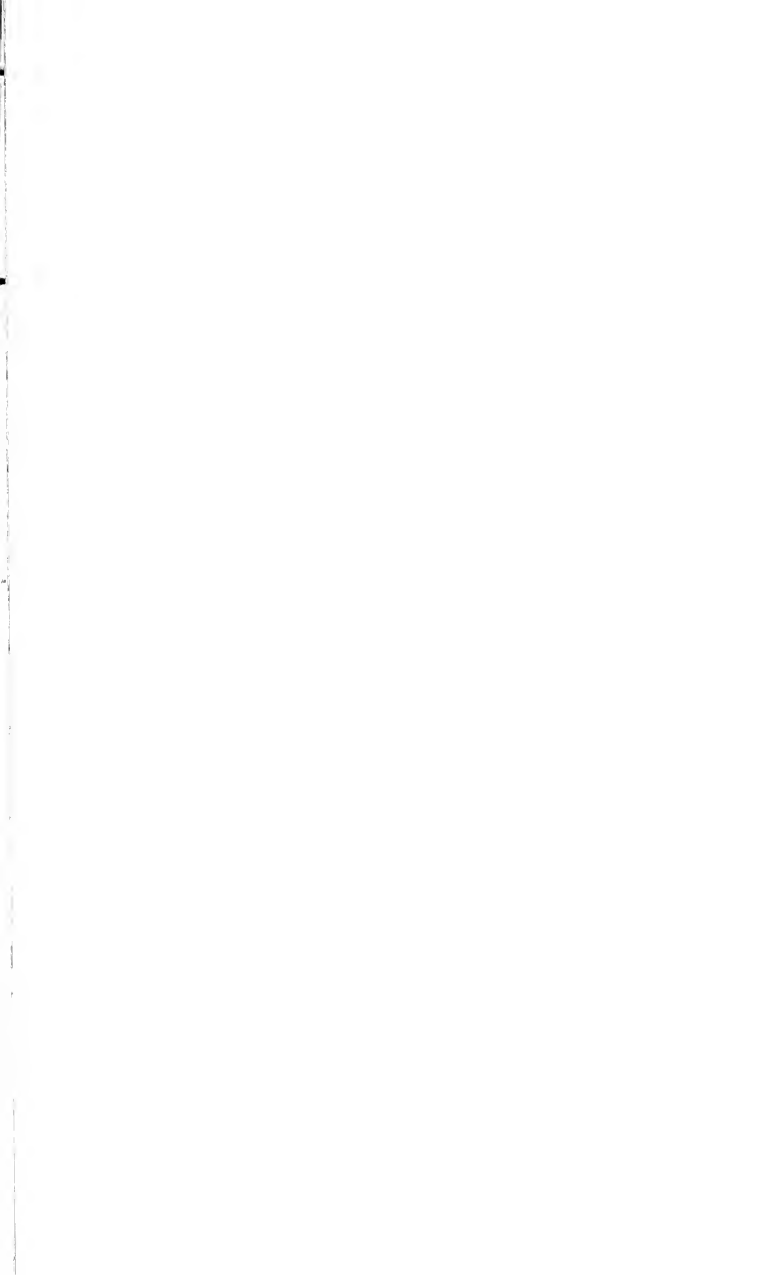
House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

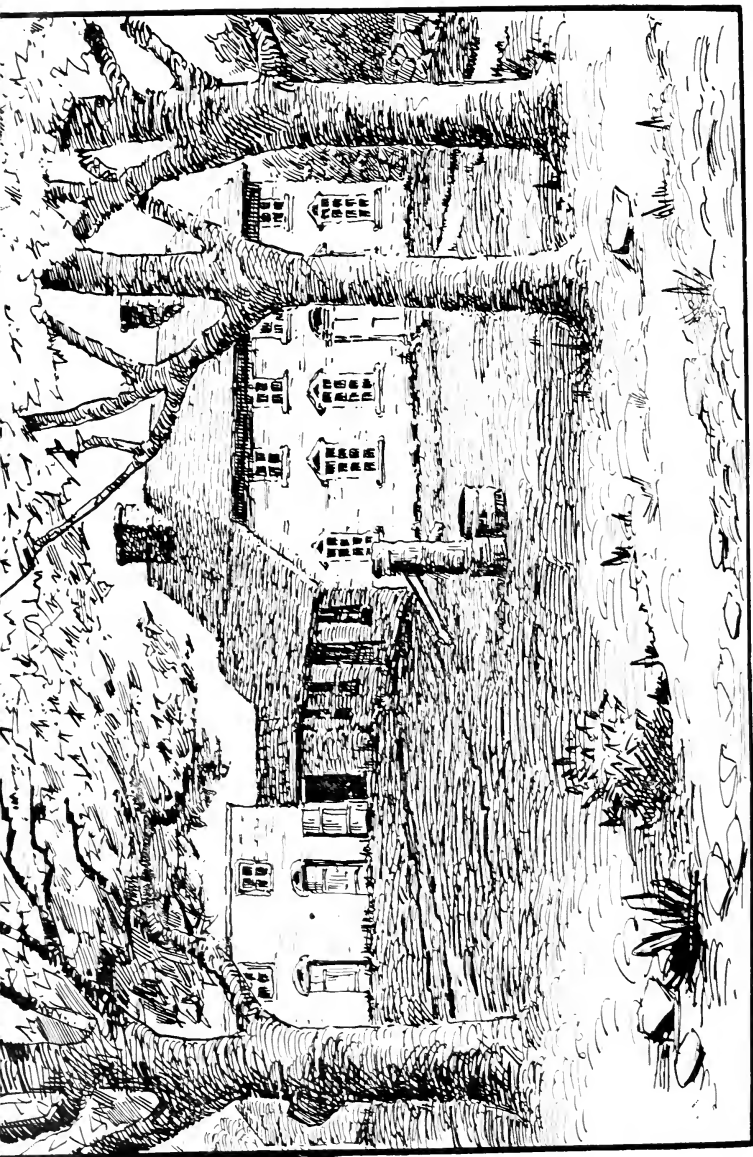
**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA,
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS







STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

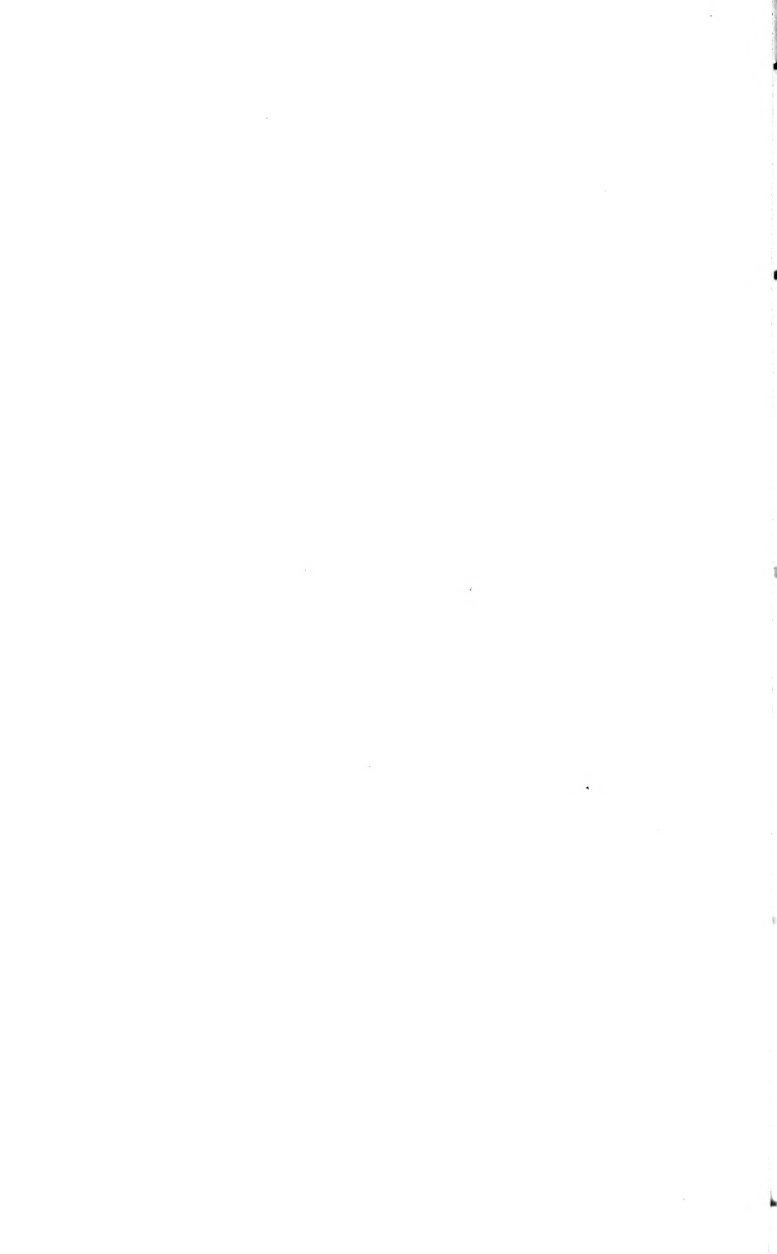
THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.

STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE



STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE

How much interest centers about an old homestead! Whether "built wiser than they knew" in the best style of the colonial days, or the plain farm house of old time. Not because of form or architecture, but from the human experiences that have gone on therein. The building as such, may not be interesting, yet think of the life there. In its rooms children have been born, and christened, have played, grown to man and womanhood, married, joyed, sorrowed, sickened, died. Into its doors have trooped friends, relatives, brides and grooms, and from them have gone out sons and daughters, widows and mourners, youth in its bloom and age in its ripeness. Around its chimney corners yet echo old tales and songs mingled with sharp notes of scolding or sweet accents of affection. Its nooks and crannies are full of the myriad whispers of life, of the secrets of love, and the raging of anger; in its closets are skeletons, in its drawers old perfumes. Its walls have heard the wolf's howl, the Indian's yell, the strains of music, the cries of pain, the shouts of joy, the oaths of drunkenness, and the startling shot of the enemy's gun.

Such a house, that was lived in for more than two centuries, yet stands overlooking the river and the Battle Ground in Concord. Its stout oak timbers and wide pine boards were hewn from the original forest that covered its hill side, "Before the white men came." It looked on the beavers working in the brook, and the salmon leaping in the river in front. It watched the quaint, sturdy figures of the early settlers, axe in hand, cutting the new roads to the wilderness beyond. It heard the strokes of the building of the first bridge, and the peal of the earliest bell that sum-

moned the pioneers to meeting. It stared at the rude cart, the one horse shay, and the single shaft sleigh that passed its windows, more surprised at these, than now with the tandems, the bicycles and the locomotives. At first only the birch canoe floated on the stream near by; then the rude scow, later the loaded canal boats, and now the white sails of skiffs and puffs of steam launches glisten over the meadows. Its outside grew 'mellow with tints of time, before it was touched by paint, and its inside ceilings dark with smoke of great open fires before lath and plaster covered the smooth oak and rich pine of its rafters and sheathing.

John Smedley, of Huguenot race, came to Concord perhaps with the first settlers, if not, very soon after them. He may have come from Matlock in Derbyshire England with Flint of that place, for Smedleys are now living there. He was admitted Freeman (entitled to vote) in 1644; may have been married before his coming here, as there is no record of it in the town books, but a son was born to John and Ann Smedley the 31st of ye 8 month 1646, named John, and another son James Oct. 2 1650, according to the records. The first John took up land in the first division of the town, in what was called the North Quarter, and in 1664 gave in his list of 17 lots containing 668 acres, describing his house lot of 10 acres as bounded south by John Jones, north by James Blood, west by the old brook running from the mill and east by Humphrey Barrett.

John Jones' was the Prescott place, and was bounded on the north by Smedley, on the east by Humphrey Barrett, on the south by James Blood and Humphrey Barrett and on the west by the old brook. James Blood's was the Ripley place (the old manse) and Smedley's house stood between the two. In the description given there is no mention of the road, but in some of the earlier deeds the Smedley house lot is bounded on the east by the highway, and in some is described as lying on both sides of the way. From this it would seem that the house was standing on the lowest and west side of the road. The boundaries and description are very loose and confused, and can only be reconciled by supposing

the course of the highway to have been changed thereabouts, with the growth of the town and the widenings and straightenings of the early paths, that were fresh cut or blazed from house to house, and not laid out by any clear description of metes and bounds.

In this instance if the original road bore more to the east and nearer to the ridge beyond Humphrey Barrett's (now Mr. Lang's) and passed near the Prescott barn and east of this old house and thence to the North Bridge, it would solve many of the difficulties of the old descriptions. There were traces of such a line in past years, and it seems more probable than that the first houses were built in the low wet places west of the present road, and left no signs of their existence there. There would have been quite a slough hole just north of the drive way to the Prescott place where the sluice runs under the highway, and the first path would have been likely to keep up on the hard land east of it. There the old lines of the lots on that side of the highway, make an acute angle with it, as it is now, but are at right angle with the line bearing more easterly,

Whether or not this house was built where it now stands, its internal construction marks its unmistakably as one of the oldest of the Concord houses, and from every indication probably built by John Smedley. He was a man of substance and position here; a Deputy to the General Court in 1667, and again in 1670; was Quarter Clerk of the North Quarter; one of a committee to lay out the road to Groton, and a Commissioner to end small matters."

From these offices, he seems to have been a "citizen of credit and renown" likely to have built one of the earliest frame houses of two stories. As he left this house, it contained only two rooms, the present dining-room, and the chamber over it, north of the present front door. It squarely faced the cardinal points of the compass. The door was south, the windows west and north. The original outside boarding was found in place, but much weather worn. The frame was oak, the posts having bulging tops to receive the plates, the boards of hard pine very wide,

some two feet or more, with chamfered over-lapping edges on the walls, to make them tight. The great chimney was built up outside against the house, perhaps first, and was laid with stones and clay mortar at the base, which was 12 feet by 8 for several feet above the ground. There was no laths or plaster on the main living room for many years; the joists of the upper floor and the "summer" were of smoother oak, and dark colored with the smoke of more than a century. The access to the upper room was by a trap or scuttle near the chimney and steps or niches in the base, or perhaps a ladder was used. The door casings were unlike any in old houses here, being hewn out of a wide oak plank, and worked down an inch to receive the sheathing, and also to make the frame for the door, and the rabbet for it to shut against. All the nails used were made by a blacksmith on an anvil, and were large headed and very sharp. These and many other facts were plainly made out when the house was last repaired, but no date could be found any where in the structure, though carefully sought. Various old scores in chalk or charcoal were found made in Pounds, Shillings and Pence, but no dates. Every appearance indicated the great age of these two rooms much beyond the later additions, especially the old fire place at first 8 feet wide, then bricked up to 6 feet, then to 4 feet and lastly to hold the funnel of a stove.

In this house John Smedley could have brought up comfortably his two sons; there does not seem to have been any other children. He was relieved from all ordinary trainings in 1676, on account of age and infirmity, and died about 1687, but there is no record of his death or of the settlement of his estate.

His eldest son John succeeded him as the owner and occupant of the estate, and James the youngest son found or made a home near the meeting house. John Jr. married Sarah Wheeler, daughter of Sergeant and Sarah (Meriam) Wheeler, May 5, 1669, and they had a son Joseph born in 1672 and another John born in 1675 also at least three daughters. When he died in 1717 he left a widow, a daughter Sarah who was mar-

ried to Ebenezer Hartwell, a daughter Ann who was married to James Davis, and another daughter Mary who had married Daniel Shepard. Although not as prominent as his father in public matters, this John has looked after the house by the addition of the two southern rooms, and the entry and stair-case between these and the old part, also probably the east lean-to against the new rooms.

We must leave to the imagination the life of these years in the enlarged house, for there is no record of the doings of these boys and girls. Whether the course of their loves ran smooth, or was crossed by rivalry and jealousy, the weddings were several years apart, and there were no wedding journeys for them to undertake. Sarah brought her husband to the old house to live, and help the old folks to carry on the farm. Ann went with hers some years afterwards, only a mile away to the Davis farm on the Groton road, but whether they walked or rode, and if in a rude cart or on a pillion, or like Priscilla Alden on the back of a milch cow, tradition does not tell. Mary chose her cousin Daniel Shepard, the son of Isaac who married, Shattuck says, Mary Smedley a daughter of Baptiste Smedley a brother of the first John. This Isaac lived near Nashoba, and was with his brother killed by the Indians in 1676 while threshing in their barn; and his sister, captured and carried off to Lancaster, escaped by killing her captor and riding home on his horse. Daniel, who must have heard all the fearful particulars of that Indian raid, thought the old house safer than Nashoba, and he came to live in it with his wife. It made a large household and from the carefulness of the division of the estate after John Smedley's death, it might be inferred that there had sometimes been "too many folks" for one house. Had one of this family only kept a diary, what stories of old time labor and thrift we might read. How the spinning, knitting, weaving, and coloring went on; what baking, brewing, and churning took place in the great kitchen, for the preparation for the weddings, we might have known, but never shall.

Sarah's husband Ebenezer Hartwell, worked so well for his father in

law, that he got a deed of part of the place before John Smedley died, and in the next few years got the title to the rest of the estate into his hands. From which it may be inferred that he was the smartest of the family. He did not keep it long, but in 1724 he sold the whole to Samuel Jones, his next door neighbor, and moved away. This ends the Smedley connection with this house, and the name disappears from the town and county records. But if the name has gone, one of the descendants of Ann Smedley and James Davis, now [1892] lives in this house, Philip Keyes Walcott, probably the only instance where a lineal descendent of a first settler is living in his house, even in this very conservative town.

The estate having passed to Samuel Jones, that family must now interest us. John Jones (not the colleague of Peter Bulkeley) came to Concord before 1650, married Dorcas, settled on the place south of Smedley's, now Prescott's and died in 1673, leaving a son Samuel who married Elizabeth Potter in 1672. They had a son Samuel born in 1674, who married Ruth Brown in 1698, and died in 1755. The first Samuel and his father do not appear in the town records with any prominence; they seem to have been plain quiet farmers in humble circumstances, though both Samuels married into good families. The last Samuel had improved his worldly possessions, so that he was able to buy this adjoining Smedley estate and pay for it £210, a sum equal to two or three thousand dollars of our money. Apparently he bought it for his oldest son Thomas who was born in 1702 and married in 1727 to Mary Miles, for they occupied it after the Hartwells and Shepards left it.

Thomas and Mary brought up a large family and perhaps let a part of this house, as the lean-to and shed on the north being added, it would accomodate two families, until he needed the whole. He was a captain, acquired considerable property, and after his father's death, he moved back to the Prescott place, and continued there till he died in 1774. He left by his will to his oldest son, the Prescott place; to John (possibly

a black sheep,) 5 shillings; to 3d son, Samuel, land lying about Pond Meadow; to his daughters, Mary Brown, Elizabeth Brooks, and Ruth Jones, personal property, and to Ruth a right to dwell with her mother, in the house given to Thomas, and finally to his youngest son Elisha all the rest of his estate, and thus Elisha owned our old homestead.

He was born in 1744, the 6th of a family of eight children, and as others of the name had been and were afterwards, he became a blacksmith. He married in 1770 Elizabeth Farrar, and brought her to this house to live. He became the prominent man of the family, was Lieutenant according to some authority, and Captain according to others. In the troubles preceding the Revolution Elisha was active on the right side; he received of the military stores sent to Concord in 1775, fifty-five bbls of beef and 17000 lbs of salt-fish, to be stored in his cellar and shed. His family of two small children were greatly disturbed by the events of the morning of the 19th of April. The early alarm roused them, and the Militia and minute men who fell back at the approach of the British troops halted on the hill behind their house and waited there some time before crossing the bridge. The confusion and excitement increased as the five companies of the red coats marched up the road, and left two companies near his house, while two more went on to Col. Barrett's and one remained to guard the bridge.

The soldiers of the two companies then halted near this door yard, soon surrounded the well in front, drinking the cool water that was so delicious after their long march that hot day. It seems to have satisfied them as there was no report of any depredations. Mr. Jones had prudently taken his wife and babies down cellar, where they cowered in fear and trembling in the dark corners, while he stood guard over the barrels of beef. Soon the chatter and noise of the Britishers ceased, and all was still. Then the silence was broken by the volleys of musketry at the bridge. He could stand it no longer, but rushing up from the cellar followed by his wife and crying children, they saw the regulars retreating in confusion back to the village, bearing their wounded, some

with ghastly faces, supported by their comrades, others with bloody limbs hastily bandaged to stanch the flow. It was a shocking sight to the oldest child, a girl of four years, which she remembered to her old age, and often described. To her father it lent new excitement and patriotic rage; he pointed his gun out of the bedroom window on the north-west corner of the house, determined to have one raking shot at the foe. His wife clung to his arm, begging him not to risk their burning the house if he fired from it, and succeeded in preventing his purpose and getting the gun away. Then he went to the door of the shed, and stood there looking at the retreating soldiers in scorn and triumph. One of the rear guard who may have seen his attempt to shoot, or "misliked his look," drew up as they passed the house, and fired a "British musket ball" at Elisha. It was a well pointed shot considering that the red coats fired from the hip, and not from the shoulder with a sight along the gun barrel, as the Yankees did. The ball struck at the height of Jones' head about three feet to the right, and passing through the boarding, glanced from an oak joist, and out through the back side into the ground behind. The hole in the front board still remains, to be seen of "pilgrims and strangers," some of whom content themselves with putting their fingers in it, while others have been known to try to cut out and carry off the hole. Whether, after this narrow escape, Mr. Jones joined in the pursuit to Charlestown, or remained at home to care for his frightened family, tradition does not tell.

At any rate, the next day he planted a willow stick in the front yard, in remembrance of the fight and his escape, and the tree grew and lived more than a hundred years. This willow in 1865 had a trunk more than fifteen feet round, and about ten feet high, then branched into a dozen great limbs, spreading in all directions and affording a good play room for the children. July 26, 1867, a summer shower broke all these down to the ground, like an umbrella turned wrong side out. They reached across the road, and blocked up the yard, and the drive way to the barn. An attempt to let them remain, and take root like a banyan tree failed,

from lack of vitality in the trunk, which proved a mere shell of bark, so they were removed, and the hollow trunk filled with earth. In this a new shoot sprung up, and grew to a large head a dozen feet or more in height and size, by the time of the centennial of the fight, 1875. For an inscription on it that day, the verse of Holmes' "One Horse Shay" was printed in large type.

"Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both looking and feeling queer.
In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a *tree* and *truth*."

The genial Dr. riding by in the procession stopped to read the lines, and with a smile remarked, that he never knew before why he wrote that verse, but now he did. To finish, anent the tree, in 1885 the bark of the trunk had rotted away, and the top was failing, so April 19th the willow was removed to the triangle between Monument street and the lane to the great meadows, where it is yet vigorous and flourishing, promising to last to another centennial.

To return to our old house, which continued to be the home of Elisha Jones and his family of six children, three boys and three girls. These last married Concord men, as the Smedley and Sam Jones girls had done in their day; the eldest, Capt. Nathan Barrett in 1795; the second, John Dakin, in 1801; and the third, Emerson Barrett in 1809, and all lived and died in Concord. Of the sons, James and Abel spent their lives in the homestead, while Elisha Jr. went to Boston and there married. Capt. Jones died in 1810, leaving his widow and two sons to carry on the farm.

The Prescott place south of this was purchased of Joshua Jones, a son of Thomas, by Francis Barrett of Boston in 1814. He was the 8th son and 11th child of Capt. Nathan Barrett of revolutionary fame, and an uncle of Miss Emeline and Lucy Barrett. He had carried on a large carriage making establishment in Boston on School St., at the site of

the present Parker house, and owned a portion of that estate. He was handsome, rich and dissipated. May 5th 1799, when just 21 years old, he married a beautiful young girl of French descent, Marie F. Pallisier, and they lived in Boston till the war of 1812 ended. Then having fitted up the old house on his purchase here, with larger windows, higher ceilings, a curving stair case, and raised up the lean-to another story, he brought his family to live in Concord in 1815.

He made a great dash in our quiet streets, with a bellows-top chaise of the latest style and brightest colors, a spanking team, with the wife in a purple silk spencer, and a Leghorn bonnet with white plumes. He had five sons and three daughters, of whom the boys mainly resembled the father, and the girls the mother. After several attempts to commit suicide, and one or two severe accidents, Francis Barrett died of a fever in 1819, leaving the widow with seven living children, and one born four months after his death. There was not much property for them, as the Boston estate was sold by his administrator for about \$3000, and his habits had used up nearly all the rest, except the home.

Here, now, was the chance at last, for our old house to lose its soberness and have a lively time of fun and frolic. James Jones, the son of Elisha, with his brother Abel, were keeping bachelors' hall in its old rooms. James, rather a fine looking man of about forty, attracted the widow's eye, as he, perhaps, helped her about her farming, or it may be the bachelor was taken with the sparkling complexion behind the widow's weeds. At any rate they were married Dec. 2, 1819, not a year after her husband's death, and with this ready-made family the bachelors' hall was turned into a very domestic establishment. Mrs. Jones brought to the house many handsome articles of furniture, life-sized portraits of herself and her late husband (this soon exchanged in its frame for one of Mr. Jones,) some French styles and fashions and a very lively set of young folks.

There was much going on and the boys and girls made the quiet old rooms ring with their merriment. How they must have teased and tried

that so much married, poor old bachelor, and how glad he must have been as the boys grew up, to ship them off to New York to go into business, and how, wild and dashing bucks, they would come home in vacations to swell and swagger around Concord.

And the girls, handsomer than their mother ever was, great favorites and the belles of their day, how they danced, and sang and flirted till the two older ones married and went away, leaving only the youngest daughter and the posthumous son, a half-witted boy, to care for the parents and house. Mr. Jones, with so much trouble and worry, took to drink to keep up his spirits with the ardent as well as he could, while Mrs. Jones, in spite of her cares, grew so fat and stout that the tales of her youthful grace and beauty could not be believed. Her pace, as she slowly bore her mountain of flesh to church on Sundays, was the wonder of the boys as to which would arrive first, the woman or the end of the sermon. As time went on, Mr. Jones grew feeble, gave up his weekly ride to Lowell and other towns distributing the Concord newspapers, and died in 1838.

Some years before, he exhibited an audacity quite equal to marrying the widow and her large family. He attacked the large ash and sycamore trees in front of the old house and trimmed them in the savagest manner to naked spars, cutting off the lower branches five or six feet from the trunk, the next upper row to three or four feet, the next shorter and the topmost limbs to mere stubs. They made a singular appearance. Everybody said he had killed these two large trees, and his neighbors protested. Wouldn't have done it for hundreds of dollars. But in spite of the prophecies the trees put forth new branches and grew so fast that in a generation they had more than recovered their beauty and size, and are today the finest shade trees of their varieties in the town, while those at the Manse opposite, of about the same age, are dead or dying.

The family were left by his death in narrow circumstances. They rented the land and part of the house for some years, till the youngest daughter's marriage, when they removed to Weymouth. The old house, after

they left it, grew shabby and dilapidated. Nova Scotia and Irish families filled up its rooms, and it soon became as disreputable looking as the Middlesex; almost, not quite, for it could be lived in. Its ownership had passed to Capt. Nathan Barrett, the son of Mary the daughter of Elisha, and from him it was bought by the wife of the writer, the daughter of the last owner of the Prescott place, whose girlhood had been spent so near by the old house.

With much labor and expense it was carefully repaired and renovated; a new outside and inside finish put on the building; the old chimneys taken down and replaced by new; the rooms finished in native woods; the small windows enlarged; and Lutheran, long and bay windows, porch and piazza added, and the interior so changed that its former owners would hardly recognize it. The outside retains the lean-to roof on the North, and the general shape of the old house. The barn was moved across the road from where it had long been an eyesore to the Manse, and placed nearly on the site of the blacksmith shop, and the view over the meadows and battleground improved.

One treasure that may interest Antiquarians was fortunately secured for the parlor. The mantel that stood in the recess behind the Speaker's chair, in the old Hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington, now ornaments the north-west room of the old house. It was taken out of that hall of Congress when that was converted into a statuary gallery on the enlargement of the Capitol in 1864—5, and sold for old marble, purchased and shipped to Concord. It is partly of Italian white and Vermont dark marble, and was cut by the Italian artists who worked about 1815, rebuilding the Capitol after the British forces burned the U. S. buildings in the war with England. The mantel has the fasces for pilasters, surmounted by a finely carved sheaf of wheat, and two side panels of the frieze with the thirteen stars around the sun, as emblems of the original thirteen states shone on by Liberty. In the centre panel is a raised figure on a pedestal, of America wearing the cap of Liberty and crowning, with laurel wreaths in each hand, female figures

representing, the one leaning on a plow and holding the square, chisels and mallet, Art and Agriculture ; the other, with her foot on the globe, an anchor and bale of merchandise behind and an open book in her hand, Science and Commerce, emblematic of the future of the United States. About this mantel have sat and talked nearly every man of distinction in our history, between the war of 1812 and the Rebellion. If its stones could speak what stories they could tell of the politics of those years.

This old house if spared by fire, that ruthless enemy of all antiquarian treasures of America, may well last for another hundred years to be added to its quadri millennial.

JOHN S. KEYES.



ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York
1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards,

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

**Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.**

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electricians in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

Mrs. L. E. Brooks, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, = MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot.

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES. SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

CONCORD, - MASS.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

CONCORD, MASS.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., CONCORD, MASS.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

CONCORD, - MASS.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts."—*Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'"—*American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

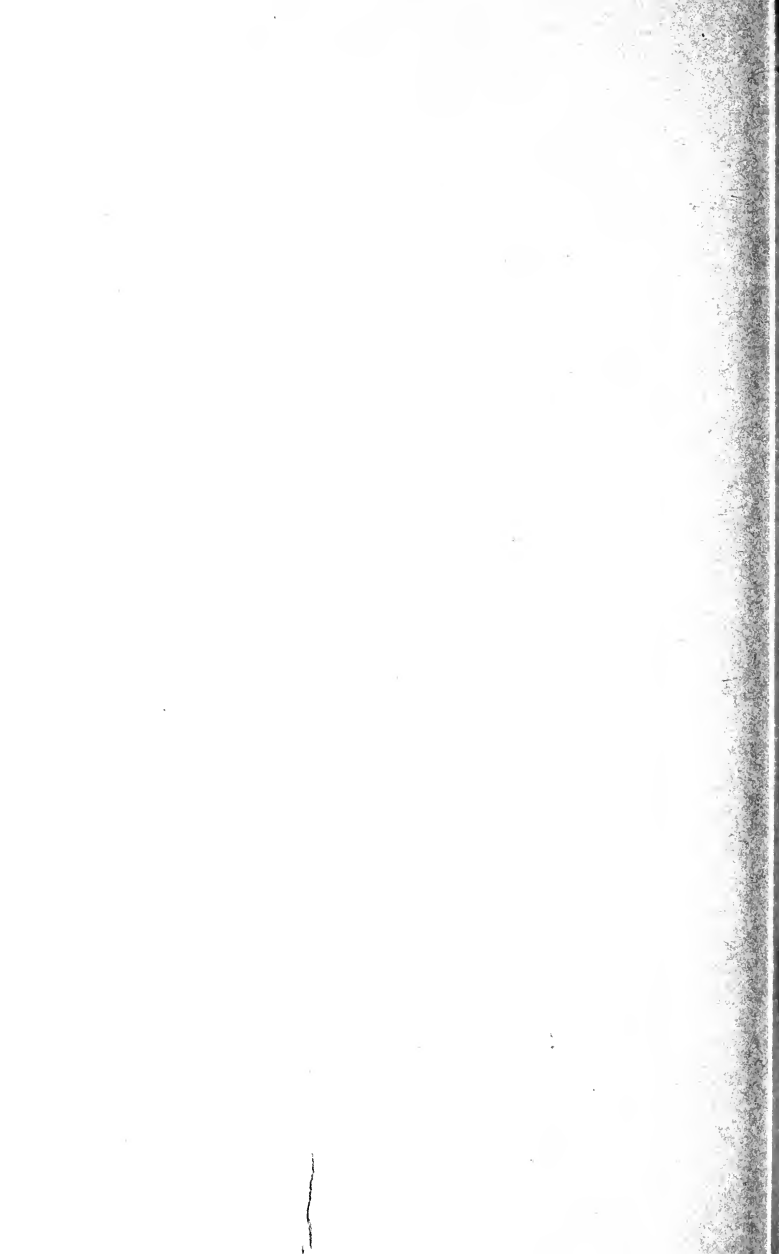
Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk



CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

JOHN JACK, THE SLAVE,
AND
DANIEL BLISS, THE TORY

BY GEORGE TOLMAN



"A truly great historical novel."— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price *With Colonial Decorations* **\$1.50**

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.** Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

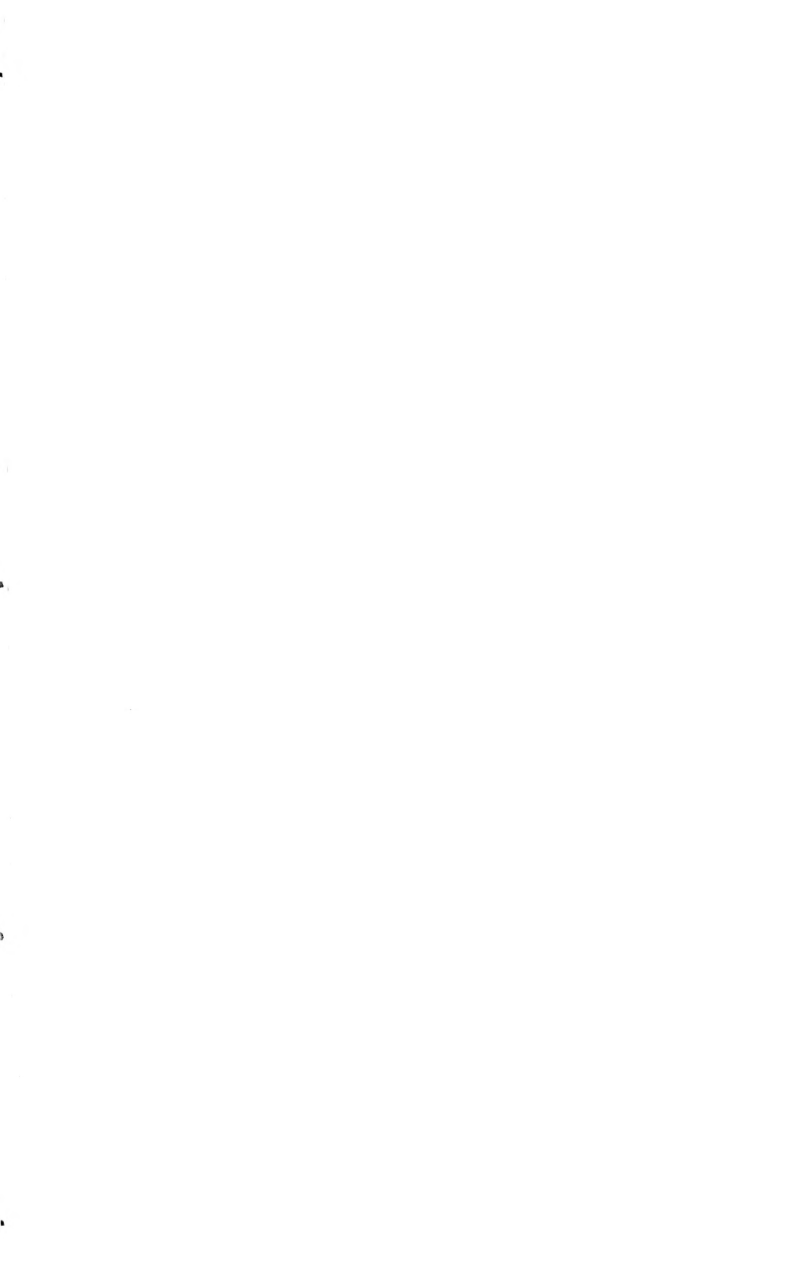
Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA,
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS





God wills us free, tho' it wills us slaves
I will or God wills Cook's will be done
Here lies the body of
JOHN JACK
A native of Africa, who died
March 17 aged about 60,
Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free,
Tho' he lived in a land of liberty
He lived a slave,
Till by his honest, tho' stolen labor
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom,
Tho' not long before
Death the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings
Tho' a slave to rice,
As proved their virtues
And as such kings are but slaves

JOHN JACK, THE SLAVE,
AND
DANIEL BLISS, THE TORY

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY GEORGE TOLMAN

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.

JOHN JACK, THE SLAVE,
AND
DANIEL BLISS, THE TORY

On the rearward or northern slope of Concord's old Hill "Burying Ground," somewhat apart from other stones, as if to show that even the equality of the grave were but a figure of speech, and that the quiet sleeper who lies below were in some way to be kept separate from "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," who, "each in his narrow cell forever laid," repose near by, stands the plain monumental slab of gray slate that is the starting point of this desultory paper.

Upon this stone is graven the following striking epitaph :

God wills us free ; man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills ; God's will be done.

Here lies the body of
JOHN JACK
A native of Africa who died
March 1773, aged about 60 years.

Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Tho' he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave.
Till by his honest, tho' stolen, labors,
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom ;
Tho' not long before

Death, the grand tyrant,
 Gave him his final emancipation,
 And set him on a footing with kings.
 Tho' a slave to vice,
 He practised those virtues
 Without which kings are but slaves.

The reason, then why this monument stands comparatively isolated, is not far to seek :—Jack was a negro. True, at the time of his death he was a substantial citizen, a land holder, with an estate to be devised and bequeathed and administered upon ; a member of the church in good standing, with a soul to be saved or damned ; and thus, both from a worldly and from the spiritual point of view, entitled to rank along with his “even Christians.” But I have noticed, as if in order to mark and emphasize the natural distinction between white and black, that in every old burying place that I have visited, (and my acquaintance with such places is an extensive one,) I have always found the graves of negroes carefully relegated to the obscure corners of the ground, along with those of paupers and criminals, as though our pious ancestors had taken care that when should take place that opening of the graves and literal bodily resurrection of the dead, which was to them the one future occurrence of which they were confidently sure, these lower ranks of human kind should come up in their proper place,—in the rear of the great procession.

But be that as it may, John Jack's epitaph has made him immortal. Poets and philosophers, scholars and soldiers, learned jurists, eloquent divines and saintly women lie buried in Concord, who had won in life a valid title to immortality, and who need not that any tombstone should record their virtues or that any epitaph should keep their memories green. These are secure, for they have joined

“* * * the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence ; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge men's search
 To vaster issues."

Others there are, of the undistinguished crowd, who yet have left their mark for good or ill upon our ancient town, or whose homely virtues are still cherished by their own posterity, and so have earned their immortality,—because

"To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die."

But for this poor slave, without ancestry, without posterity, without kindred, of a despised and alien race, a social pariah, his title to immortality is found only in his epitaph, which has made him, to his own race, the prophet of that great deliverance that was to come to them in blood and fire, a century after he had worked out his own emancipation.

God wills us free ; man wills us slaves.
 I will as God wills ; God's will be done.

Of the inscription itself, Shattuck, the historian of Concord, writing more than half a century ago, remarks that even then it had been extensively copied. The same writer, in a communication in the local newspaper in 1838, narrates that one of the British officers who were sent by General Gage to Concord in search of information as to the resources and operations of the patriots in the early spring of 1775, found time from his other duties to copy this inscription, and include it in a letter home, which was published in a London newspaper. This must have been within two years after the stone was first set up. Did the writer of the epitaph himself imagine, or did the Briton who read and copied it even suspect that the grand exordium, "God wills us free ; God's will be done," was as truly prophetic of the fast approaching liberty of the Colo-

nies, as of the freedom, that, in the more distant future, was, by the will of God, to descend upon the American Negro? Perhaps not, for the author of the epitaph was Daniel Bliss, the oldest son of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, and a brother-in-law of Concord's patriot pastor the Rev. William Emerson, but himself so hostile to the patriot cause that he was soon obliged to flee from his home, to which he never returned, but spent the rest of his life in British land, and died, as he had lived, a faithful and conscientious subject of the English crown.

Since that first publication of John Jack's epitaph, it has been copied and printed times without number both in this country and abroad. I have met with it translated into German and French, and quite recently a Norwegian acquaintance showed me a newspaper he had just received from home, containing a letter from one of our local Scandinavian colonists describing old Concord and quoting this same epitaph. From peculiarities of its grammatical, or rather rhetorical, construction, and from the fact that it almost translates itself into Latin, I am inclined to think that Mr Bliss, who was a scholar, and a Latinist, wrote it originally in that tongue. It turns up every little while in some newspaper, sometimes with the addition of circumstances of place, etc., and sometimes merely as a literary curiosity, but always without the least bit of appreciative criticism of its real literary quality, or of recognition of its real point, and significance. I think I am not extravagant in calling it the most famous epitaph in America, and in saying that no other one, whether of statesman, scholar or soldier, artist, or poet or philanthropist, has been so widely copied, or read by so many people, as has this that marks the grave of an obscure and nameless negro.

The stone that bears this famous inscription is not the one originally erected. That had been broken and overthrown, and lay for some years on the ground beside the grave, until some time about the year 1830, the Hon. Rufus Hosmer of Stow, a native of Concord, whose extensive practice at the bar called him here at every session of the County Courts recognizing perhaps that here was one of the most perfect epitaphs ever

written, in danger of becoming utterly lost, started a subscription among the members of the Middlesex bar, to procure the present stone, which is as nearly as possible a *fac-simile* of the original. For many years during the anti-slavery times, which began about the time this second stone was erected and which ended with the emancipation, this grave almost alone of all the graves in the Hill Burying Ground, was carefully tended and looked after; lilies were planted upon it, the clinging lichens were not permitted to gather upon the stone, and the long rank grass that might have hidden it was kept shorn and trimmed to a decorous smoothness. This was the self-appointed work of Mary Rice, a little old gentlewoman who lived hard by; quaint in dress and blunt of speech, and with the kindest heart that ever beat; eccentric to a marked degree even among the eccentric people that Concord has always been popularly considered to abound in. She was devoted to all the "reform" causes of the day, and particularly to the anti-slavery movement, and was an active and enthusiastic agent of the "Underground Railway," an institution by the way, of which Concord was one of the principal stations. Many a fugitive found refuge, and, if needed, concealment, in her cottage or from her scanty purse was furnished the means to help him onward toward a free county. To her the epitaph of John Jack had a meaning; it was more than a mere series of brilliant antitheses; it was a prophecy and a promise. The humble grave upon the hill-side was a holy sepulchre; its nameless tenant was the prophet and Messiah of the gospel of freedom. She has been dead for more than thirty years, but the grave she tended so carefully still shows the traces of her care, and the successors of the lilies she planted upon it still bloom scantily there in the summer days, and keep her memory green.

I wonder, when Rufus Hosmer set about the restoration of this tombstone, if he was moved thereto in any degree by the story which he must have heard often repeated in his childhood, of his father's encounter with Daniel Bliss on the last occasion that gentleman participated in a public meeting in his native town. Mr. Bliss, was, as I have said, a Royalist,

and had taken a wife from a leading Tory family of Worcester county. At a convention held in December 1774 in Concord's old meeting-house, (a building doubly sacred to us on account of the many patriotic meetings of the Sons of Liberty that were held within its hallowed walls,) for the consideration of the Boston Port Bill, Mr. Bliss, who had been one of the Counsellors and Barristers that had given their advice to Gov. Hutchinson as to the condition of the country, made an earnest and powerful speech in opposition to the ideas and purposes of the patriots. A fine scholar, a well-trained lawyer, eloquent, logical, witty, sarcastic, a son of the recently deceased and highly esteemed pastor of the village, and brother-in-law to the young and eloquent divine who had succeeded to the pastoral office and by his enthusiastic and powerful espousal of the people's cause had become almost the idol of the patriots, Mr. Bliss was personally a very popular man among his neighbors, in spite of his fidelity to the royal cause. His speech on this occasion had great effect, and at its close the hearts of the whole assembly sank in discouragement, so powerfully had he portrayed the apparent hopelessness of the struggle between the weakness of the provincials and the mighty power of Britain, then mistress of the world. For a time there was a moody and despairing silence, but at length a plainly dressed citizen, like Mr. Bliss a young man and a native of Concord, arose to reply, speaking at first with hesitating diffidence, as one unused to any higher flights of oratory than were demanded by the narrow exigencies of the town meeting, but gradually warming with his subject, as his own sense of the rights of the provincials and the usurpations of the British ministry pressed more and more strongly upon him, and finally breaking out into a strain of untaught eloquence that carried all before it, and changed, as if by magic, the disheartened temper of his auditors to one of stern and high resolve that the rights of the people should be maintained at whatever cost.

Mr. Bliss, who had carefully noted the effect of his own speech, was greatly disconcerted, and in reply to the question of a Worcester county delegate as to who was the young man who had spoken so forcibly, said

that it was Joseph Hosmer, a Concord mechanic, who had learned his English at his mother's knee, and was the most dangerous rebel in Concord, for the young men were all with him, and would surely follow where he led. It was not many weeks afterward that the young men, gathered in arms on Punkatasset hill, were formed in battalion by Joseph Hosmer, acting as adjutant, and were again inspired by his words to raise those arms against the soldiers of their King, and along with him to take the one irrevocable step,—the first,—in the long march that ended years later at York Town. At this December meeting was the last public appearance of Mr. Bliss among his townsmen of Concord, but exactly as they threw themselves with increasing ardor into the cause of revolution, so did he more and more earnestly attempt to counteract their plans, and identify himself more thoroughly with the ministerial party, until, even before the actual beginning of the war, he found himself obliged to seek his personal safety by fleeing to the protection of the British soldiery.

Can we not imagine that Joseph Hosmer's son, more than fifty years afterwards, was moved by some chivalric impulse to preserve the only relic that remained here of his father's old friend and enemy,—the inscription that prophesied liberty even to the humblest, in the name of God?

Daniel Bliss was born in Concord in the year 1740, and graduated at Harvard College in 1760. In 1765 he was admitted to the Worcester county bar, and began practice immediately thereafter at Rutland, where he married Isabella, the daughter of Col. John Murray. Murray was a firm and outspoken supporter of the royal cause, and a rich and influential man. His neighbors, who were mostly patriots, at length became very much incensed against him, and sent him word that on a certain day a committee of one thousand persons, headed by Major Willard Moore who a few months later fell at Bunker Hill, would call upon him to remonstrate with him. Col. Murray, distrustful of the nature of the remonstrance that might be offered by so large a committee, and deeming the odds of one thousand to one too great for even his masterful

spirit to encounter, prudently left home the day before the remonstrants were to call, and never returned. His estate was afterward confiscated by the government. Mr. Shattuck and others represent that Daniel Bliss imbibed his toryism from Col. Murray. Perhaps so; but his father, the Rev. Daniel Bliss, who was living when the storm of rebellion first began to gather, was a staunch royalist, and in many public utterances showed his devotion to the cause of the King. The younger Daniel, then just coming to man's estate, very naturally took the side that his father espoused. When he came to set himself down to the practice of law at Rutland, his political predilections and his business interests as well, attracted him to the side of established law and settled institutions, and the connection with Murray was inevitable. Rutland, it may be remarked, was largely a colony of Concord, and many of our oldest Concord names are still prevalent there.

Mr. Bliss did not remain many years at Rutland; in the year 1772 he purchased from John Barrett a house in the centre of the village of Concord, on what is now Walden street, the second house from the corner of Main street, which has been torn down within the last thirty years. It was at this house that Capt. Brown and Ens. De Berniere of the British army were entertained by Mr. Bliss, when they visited Concord on the 20th of March 1775, in obedience to the orders of Gen. Gage, "to examine the roads and situation of the town, and also to get what information they could relative to what quantity of artillery and provisions" had been collected there. Situated in the very centre of the town, it was an admirable "coign of vantage" from which to observe a good part of what was going on. Capt. Timothy Wheeler's mill, where flour was being steadily manufactured for the use of the rebels, was not two hundred feet away; Reuben Brown's saddlery shop, where harnesses and cartridge boxes and accoutrements were making, was but a little further; the storehouse where the collected material for war was deposited was close by; Mr. Bliss was thoroughly alive to all that was going on about him, and knew every foot of the territory, in which he had lived almost all his life.

The spies had hardly need to step outside his door to find material for the report they made to Gen. Gage a few days after, which convinced that experienced commander that decisive measures must be taken without delay.

But if Mr. Bliss's house was an easy place to watch from, it was equally an easy place to watch, and the officers had not been there many minutes before their presence was known, and their errand more than suspected. Doubtless this visit was a great advantage to the patriots as well as to Gen. Gage, for it was an unmistakable hint to them that an armed expedition might soon be looked for, and that it behooved them to be in readiness to meet it. Thus far Mr. Bliss's family connections, and his own personal popularity, (which, apart from political considerations, was very great,) had shielded him from personal violence, but this last offence, of harboring spies in his own house, broke down the patience of the people, and they threatened to kill both him and his visitors. The two officers remained until late at night when the vigilance of the patriots was somewhat relaxed, and then accompanied by their host as a guide, went out of the town by a circuitous and unwatched road. His wife and children and all his personal possessions were left behind, but a few weeks later he sent his brother Samuel to Concord to make arrangements for saving what could be saved of his household effects, and for getting his family safely away. Like Daniel, Samuel was a loyalist, but he had been living for several years in Worcester county, and although Concord people knew him well, both personally and politically, they were not so much exasperated against him as against his brother. Still they were suspicious of him, and when the rumour had at length obtained credence that he had helped to pilot the British force to Concord on the 19th of April, and had given them suggestions as to where to search for contraband of war, and had even pointed out the dwelling places of the leading rebels, the townspeople arrested him, and brought him before Esquire Duncan Ingraham for examination, on the 12th of May. Ingraham himself was strongly sus-

pected of being a royalist at heart, but he was not only the wealthiest citizen of the town, but also the one most gifted with worldly wisdom for he had been a successful merchant and sea-captain, and had travelled all over the world with his eyes open. His influence was great, and he knew enough, moreover, to keep his usually rough tongue in check, and to wait until he knew which side was coming out ahead, before he committed himself. After the war was over he became a full-fledged patriot and talked much about the independence of his country. I may mention in passing, that he was the grandfather of that Capt. Ingraham of the U. S. Navy who attained some celebrity in the Martin Koszta affair a generation ago. Before this worthy magistrate, as I have said, Samuel Bliss was brought, but proved by the testimony of four witnesses that he had been in Boston all day on the 19th of April, and was therefore discharged from custody. He was fully persuaded, however, that the people would watch their opportunity to arrest him on some other charge, and so retreated immediately to Boston. Shortly afterward he received a commission as Lieutenant in the British army, and served with considerable distinction during the war, retiring after the war was over, with the rank of Captain, and settling in New Brunswick, where he passed the rest of his life. Daniel Bliss also joined the British army, in which he held the rank of Colonel and was attached to the commissary department and stationed at Quebec.

Thus it will be seen that two sons of the Rev. Daniel Bliss were in the British army. The other two joined the patriot army, and both held commissions. Of the latter two, Thomas Theodore, the one of whom his brother Daniel said to the English officers that he "would fight them in blood up to his knees," was a brave and efficient officer, but was unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner early in the war, and was not released until the British forces evacuated New York after the peace. It has been surmised that his brother Daniel used his personal influence to prevent his earlier release or exchange, in order to keep him out of harm's way, or restrain him from doing mischief to the royal cause.

The other brother, Joseph, was a clerk in Knox's book-store in Boston, and when his employer abandoned business in order to become Washington's Chief of Artillery, the boy accompanied him to the field, and served with credit in the successive grades of Ensign, Lieutenant and Captain.

Daniel Bliss's estate was the only one in Concord confiscated by the General Court, and on the 6th of March 1781, "Commissioners for the sale of the estates of Conspirators and Absentees lying within the county of Middlesex," of which Commission, Joseph Hosmer of Concord was a member, disposed of his house and lands by auction, for £278:2:10. The estates of his brother Samuel, and his father-in-law, Col. Murray in Worcester county came under the same Act of Sequestration.

In one of the Rev. William Emerson's letters to his wife from Ticonderoga in the summer of 1776, he speaks of his inability to forward a letter to her brother Daniel in Quebec, all communication through the lines being strictly forbidden. But I do not find that Col. Bliss kept up any communication with his relatives here after the peace. Indeed, so thoroughly had he expatriated himself, that even the portraits of his parents, specially bequeathed to him by his father, were never claimed, but remain to this day in Concord. The war being over, he resigned his commission in the Army, and settled at Frederickton, New Brunswick, where he entered upon the practice of the law. There was a large colony of refugees from New England there in New Brunswick, men who had been wealthy at home, but who had lost everything by their espousal of the royal cause. Many of them, like Col. Bliss, were men of culture and ability, graduates of Harvard College, or (less frequently) of Yale, representatives of what Dr. Holmes calls "The Brahmin Caste of New England." Among them all, there was not one who in natural force of character and in the ability that comes from education and training, was the superior of Daniel Bliss, and he very quickly built up a large and lucrative practice, by which he not only repaired his shattered fortune, but also gained a position at the head of the New Brunswick bar, and was in a few years appointed a member of His Majesty's Council for that

Province. Later in life he was raised to the Bench, and became Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He died at his country residence of Belmont in 1806. His sons inherited the family characteristics. The elder, who bore the name of his father and grandfather, entered the British army, and settled in Ireland, where his descendants still live. John Murray Bliss, the younger son, succeeded to his father's estate of Belmont. He was a lawyer, and became successively Solicitor General and Judge, and during an interregnum consequent upon the death of the royal Governor, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief and Administrator of the Province. Just before the war of 1812, and in anticipation of trouble with the United States, he was put in command of the provincial militia, there being at that time no English regular troops in the Province. Both these sons of Daniel Bliss were natives of Massachusetts. The descendants of the younger still remain in New Brunswick, and the family have been especially prominent there in the Church and at the Bar.

Col. Bliss is described as a man of fine presence, and engaging, though somewhat aristocratic manners; brilliant and witty in conversation, and a powerful public speaker; a fine scholar, a clear and logical thinker, a sound lawyer, an eloquent pleader, and a man of spotless integrity. We may well believe all this of him, when we consider his birth and his early training, and the high position he attained at the bar and on the bench, and we may well regret that his high qualities and brilliant talents were not devoted to the service of his native land.

As I have already said, a large proportion of the loyalists of the American Revolution were men of learning and culture, or men of wealth. I think it would surprise one who has not looked into the matter, to compare the list of those proscribed by the General Court in 1779, with the list of graduates of Harvard College for the twenty years immediately preceding the war. The ministers of the New England church were for the most part ranged on the side of the people, but the Episcopal clergy, and the laity too, were, almost to a man, royalists, and so were nearly

all the lawyers, and a large proportion of the physicians. These were men whom the infant State could ill afford to lose, and doubtless if the same course had been taken with them after the war, that was adopted by the United States toward her disloyal sons eighty-five years later, it would have been a wise and prudent policy, that would have strengthened rather than weakened the new and then experimental government. That these men were honest in their political convictions, and courageous in the maintenance of them, we can not doubt, now that we look upon them with clearer eyes and less impassioned judgment through the long perspective of more than a hundred years. Who shall say that Daniel and Samuel Bliss were less brave or less conscientious than their brothers Thomas and Joseph? They were all of one blood and lineage. If the younger two risked "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," so did the elder two, equally, and as the event turned out, still more hopelessly. I fancy it required as much courage, and exactly the same kind of courage, to be a loyalist in Massachusetts in 1775, as it did to be a Union man in South Carolina in 1861; — the courage to stand up for one's own conviction of right, in the face of a whole community filled with a burning sense of wrong, and fully determined to appeal to the last resort of armed rebellion.

Do not imagine that I think it would have been better had the war of independence failed. No:—God willed us free; God's will had to be done; and we can not for a moment doubt that not America alone, but the whole world as well, was beyond all measure the gainer, by the failure of the cause for which Daniel Bliss fought, and for which he suffered exile. I have only tried to give you some faint glimpse of the real character of the gentleman, scholar, soldier and jurist whom his native town remembers only by the opprobrious epithet of "Tory."

* * * * *

But we have wandered far from our starting point, the humble grave upon our hillside. Let us get back to it, and see how much we can reconstruct of John Jack's individuality from the materials accessible to

us. It is not much, for a life so unimportant as that of a negro slave leaves but few traces, even in village annals. Of his life as a slave we know nothing except that his master was Benjamin Barron. Slavery in New England was a very mild form of servitude, and Barron like most of his neighbors was a yeoman or farmer, so we may fairly imagine that Jack's life was not much harder or more laborious than that of a hired farm hand, or even than that of his master, in those days, when farming meant hard work, long hours and plain living for both master and man. That he was a good servant and a good Christian we may infer from the brief eulogy graven upon his tomb stone,—that “he practised those virtues without which kings are but slaves,” — a lofty testimonial indeed, that even the best of men might be proud to deserve.

Benjamin Barron, who was by trade a cordwainer, but had apparently been driven by advancing age to abandon that business, and devote himself entirely to his farm, lived half a mile east of the village, on the Boston road, in a little cottage known in our day as “the old Dutch house,” destroyed but a few years ago, and in a back room of which the marks of its use as a shoemaker's shop were visible up to the time of its destruction,—the four holes worn in the floor by the feet of the bench, and the deeper and wider hollow channelled out by the feet of the workman himself. He died in 1754 ;— is there another man of his time whose very footprints we of to-day have seen? His estate, which was a considerable one for those days, was administered by his daughter Susanna. In the inventory, after the customary list of household furniture and the like, appear these items :—

“One Negro servant named Jack.£120 : 0 : 0
 “One Negro maid named Vilot, being of no vullue.”

So we see what was the money value, to our revered forefathers, of a very superior article of human property (in the very best years of his life for he was then about forty two years old,) endowed with much more than the customary allowance of virtues. I hope our women's rights

friends will not take it hard that poor Violet, who was only four years older, was considered as not only of no value, but even as an encumbrance upon the estate; for when fifteen years later an agreement was made among the Barron heirs for the partition of the property, after the death of the widow, I find written upon the petition, in the hand writing of S. Danforth, Judge of Probate,—“Quære: about the negro,—whether the portions ought not to be made payable only on condition that the several heirs do their parts toward her support, or give security to do it;” and when a final settlement was made, Susanna, who took the homestead agreed “that she would take the negro woman belonging to the estate as her own, and that she would support her in sickness and health, she having the benefit of her labor.” But, after all, Violet outlived her mistress, and died in 1789, aged 80 years.

But to get back to John Jack: the first thing to be said about him is,—that that was not his name, except as he may have assumed it after becoming free. He stands on the church records as “Jack, Negro.” Our good ancestors would admit negroes, free or slaves, to the full communion of their churches, (though they did not allow them to sit among the white people,) the ministers would baptise the colored babies and give them their proper start in the way of life, but as for family names—what did the negro want of a family name? One name was enough, if you simply added the word Negro to it. We have seen that in the inventory of the Barron estate he is named Jack. He must have been very industrious in “his honest tho’ stolen labors,” and in a very few years acquired the £120 of “the source of slavery” which was the price of his freedom; for by the year 1761 he had not only done that, but had also bought for £16 from Susanna Barron, his old master’s daughter, “four acres of plow land in the great or common fields so-called,” and from another party, at about the same time, for £6 : 13 : 4, two acres more, in the same locality. In the deed of the first of these purchases he is called “a certain Negro man called John, a Free man, now resident at said Concord, a laborer.” The second deed runs to “Jack, a free Negro

man, late servant to Benjamin Barron, deceased." The great fields, where this property lay, were then, and until quite a recent period, held in common by the associated proprietors, and in their records, from that time until his death, I find him set down as Jack Barron. Later he bought a lot of two and a half acres in the great meadow, upon which he built his house, and the spot has been occupied by negro families ever since, until a very few years ago.

He supported himself by working out for the farmers at odd jobs, haying, pig-killing and the like, and by going around among the farms in the winter cobbling shoes. In December, 1772, being sick and weak in body, he made his will, by which he bequeathed "to Violet, a negro woman, commonly called Violet Barnes, and now dwelling with Susanna Barron of said Concord," all his lands, and also all of his "personal estate, with residue and remainder of all his worldly goods and effects whatsoever, his funeral charges and just debts being first paid." Beside his real estate the inventory comprises, among other things, a cow and calf, a good pair of oxen, some farming tools, a bible and psalm book and seven barrels of cider. His will appoints Daniel Bliss Esq. as executor, and is signed John Jack, in the writing of the person who drafted it, and a tremulous and straggling cross, his mark. Perhaps he was too weak to write, perhaps he did not know how, though the bible and psalm book would seem to indicate the ability to read, unless indeed he kept these books, as so many of our more modern Christians do, for exhibition purposes, rather than for practical use. The seven barrels of cider looks like a large allowance for the private use of a man without family, and gives confirmation to the tradition that the vice to which his gravestone tells us he was a slave, was one which he shared in common with a good many of his white neighbors, in those days when "the temperance cause" had not been invented. Whether his old fellow-servant Violet benefited anything from his estate I know not, but being still in law and in fact the slave of Susanna Barron, it was not possible for her to own real estate, a circumstance that seems to have been overlooked both by Jack

himself, and the person who drafted his will. Probably neither Violet nor her mistress, nor any one else, remembered that Violet was a slave; but when the title came to be transferred to the negro woman, that fact had to be considered, and Jack's small holding became again the property of Susanna Barron. Here Jack's record stops, and we know no more of him. His old mistress survived him, and died in 1784, still unmarried. Her grave and the graves of her parents are unmarked and unknown, while by the irony of fate their old slave rests beneath a stone that bears an epitaph that will never be forgotten.

* * * * *

And this epitaph: — is it not also an epigram? Can we not read in it something more than what it says? It appears to me that there is in it the suggestion of a caustic satire upon the ideas of our revolutionary forefathers, who were clamoring for liberty for themselves, while they held in servitude and bought and sold the natives of Africa, who were born free in a land of slavery. "Liberty" was the one word of all others that Daniel Bliss heard the oftenest, among his neighbors; the one subject that took precedence of all others in every public meeting and in every private conversation. Can we not find in the words, "a land of liberty" where a freeborn man could be compelled to live a slave, a sneer at what he felt was the hollowness and insincerity of the popular craze of the day? Is not the same idea further carried out in the suggestion that the slave could honestly steal from him by whom he was himself stolen? To Mr. Bliss and his fellow royalists, the struggle that the patriots were making, was simply a resistance to taxation; merely a question of pounds, shillings and pence; the rebels were determined that they would not put out any of their hardly won cash for the support of a royal government, whose protection they still enjoyed. Can we not see this idea in the allusion to "the source of slavery"? Does not the very opening line, "God wills US free," and the solemn aspiration that follows it, "God's will be done," at once convey a sneer at the liberty-loving slave-holders,

a rebuke of slavery itself as morally a sin, and a prophecy that that sin should yet be expiated?

This epitaph of an American slave, by an American tory, is the oldest of anti-slavery utterances; the first statement that I have been able to find anywhere, of the fundamental thesis of the later abolitionists, that slavery is in itself a sin, contrary to the will of God. It must be borne in mind that in 1773 slavery was a state recognized by every country in the world, as a part of the law of the land; an established feature of society everywhere. It was not until twenty years after John Jack's gravestone was set up, that any nation abolished slavery by law, and then it was France that did so, in the hysterical fury of her great revolution. In the year of grace 1773, not the state only, but the church as well, sustained slavery; it was part not alone of political constitutions and social institutions, but of religious systems also: a necessary and fundamental part of the divine economy; a feature of God's eternal purpose. Christianity was the bulwark and defence of slavery. It was not until the year 1775 that any body of Christian believers proclaimed its sinfulness; in that year the Quakers resolved that no member of their faith should hold slaves. But the Quakers were heretics, (if not lunatics) in the eyes of all branches of the Christian church. In 1773 it was seditious to doubt the political lawfulness of slavery, and blasphemous to call in question its moral rightfulness. Daniel Bliss's bold thesis,—God wills us free,—was as shocking to the political and moral ideas of his time, as was Wendell Phillips's "God damn the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" to the political and moral ideas of some eighty years later.

In the public square at Concord stands a monument to the memory of her sons who, in the late civil war, gave up their lives in defence of the principle of national freedom and unity; by the side of her quiet river her noble Minute-man keeps his unceasing watch over the spot where her sons stood to defend the principle of national independence. Both of these monuments are typical of political, and, in a sense, local and restricted ideas, narrow principles touching merely institutions and policies.

But earlier than either, over the grave of a nameless slave in her ancient burying ground, stands the plain gray slab of slate that typifies the far higher idea which is of the constitution of humanity itself,—the principle of individual personal liberty.

We look in vain in the writings or speeches of our patriot fathers for any enunciation of this principle, for any condemnation of slavery as a sin against the moral government of the world. *That* was reserved for the man they called a Tory,—the man who believed that personal freedom was the God-given birthright of humanity, and whose clear and intelligent vision pierced through the mists of future years to the glorious time when that birthright should be everywhere acknowledged.



ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York
1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards,

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

**Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.**

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MGMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electricians in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

MRS. L. E. BROOKS, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, = MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot.

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES. SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,
Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

CONCORD, - MASS.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and
Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

CONCORD, MASS.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., CONCORD, MASS.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—
Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—
CONCORD, - MASS.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

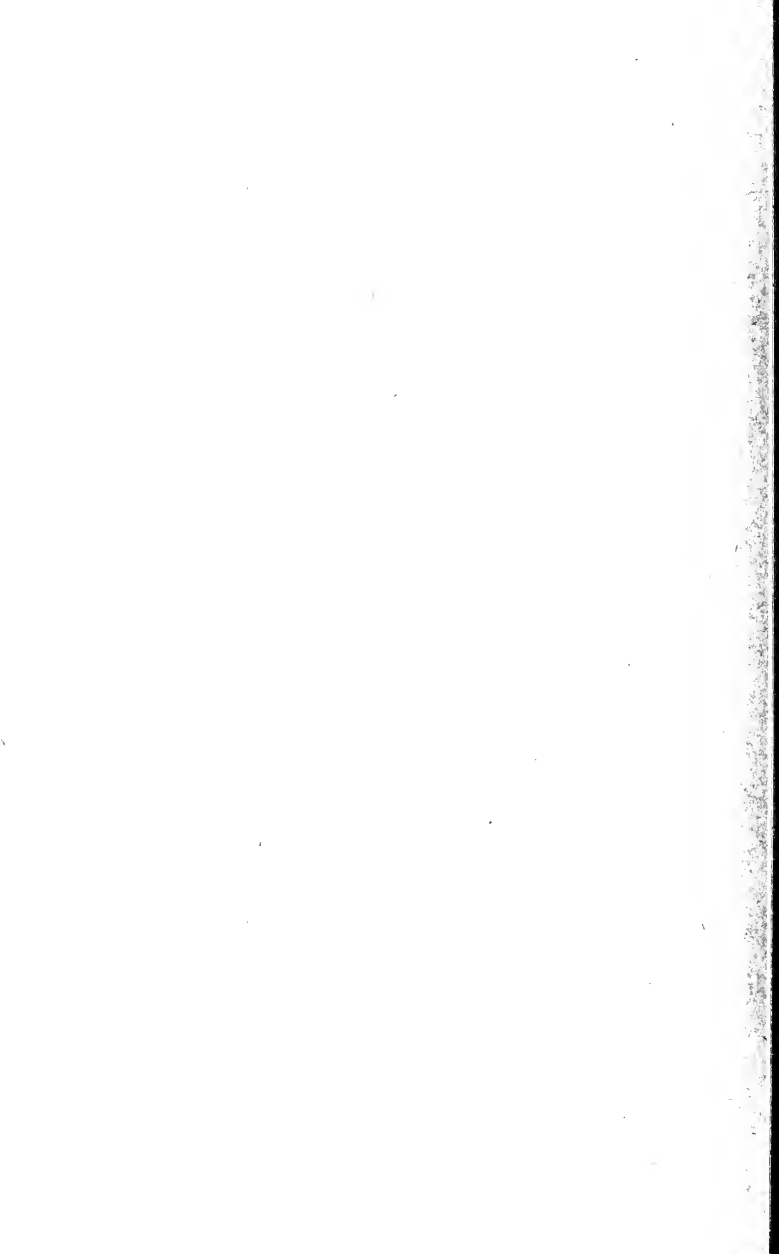
Has published in one volume of 500 pages, large 8 vo. the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the Town to the close of the year 1850.

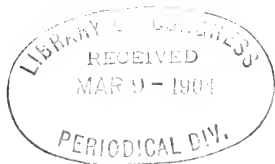
A very limited number remain and can be bought for \$5 each. 32 cents for postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk



THE PLANTATION OF MUSKETEQUID

BY ALBERT E. WOOD, C. E.



“A truly great historical novel.”— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party — the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

“It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great.”

Price *With Colonial Decorations* **\$1.50**

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.** Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA,
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS



Fold-out Placeholder

This fold-out is being digitized, and will be inserted at a future date.



Fold-out Placeholder

fold-out is being digitized, and will be inserted at a future date.

THE PLANTATION AT MUSKETEQUID

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY ALBERT E. WOOD, C. E.

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.

Plantation at Musketequid.

PROBABLY the first surveyor, and perhaps the first Englishman, who trod upon Concord's original six miles square, was William Wood. He came over with the first settlers, probably in 1629, and remained with the Colony till some time in the year 1633. During that time he must have made quite a careful survey of that part of New England then settled, and must have extended that survey as far into the wilderness as the Concord River. The map that he published in connection with his book, *New England's Prospect*, is a wonderful production when we consider the short time he was here and the accuracy with which he describes and locates the principal parts upon it. I have examined it with considerable care to satisfy myself just how much of his surveying was done by chain and compass, and how much by the eye. My first thought was that he might have been guided by Captain John Smith's map of the coast, made a few years before, but a comparison of the two maps shows that no part of the coast line so carefully shown by William Wood is upon Captain Smith's map at all. One of Wood's methods in map making commends itself to me as worthy of notice, and that is that in showing a river he shows it as far as he knows about it and no farther; but when he comes to the end of his knowledge, he carefully rolls it up in a ball—like a fern leaf in Spring—and leaves it for future explorers to unfold. The

Merrimac River he shows as far as Lowell, and the Concord a little above the present site of this town, and then he rolls them up. That he visited our river at this precise point, his very mistakes show us, and they show us also that he did not cross it. He gives us Nashawtuck Hill as an island, and he leaves out the North Branch entirely. This is a very natural and easy mistake for one to make who did not cross the river, especially if the water was high at the time of his visit. It shows that he saw it upon this aide, and did not go over it. The accuracy of his directions and distance from Watertown goes strongly to show that a survey was actually made from that place to some point on the river in this vicinity. And as he was the first man to mention the Musketequid, either as a river or as an Indian settlement, we may reasonably give him the credit of being its discoverer. That he was the first Englishman to come over here, there can be little doubt.

I would like to say a few words further about William Wood. Mr. Shattuck says, in his History of Concord, that he was probably the William Wood who settled here in 1638, and the ancestor of all the Woods in this vicinity, and, in fact, of nearly all of the name in the country. Now, however desirable it may be to place William Wood's book in the Concord Alcove in our Public Library, and to enroll his name among the Concord Authors, and however gratifying it would be to me personally to be able to claim him as my Grandfather of eight generations back, yet with all this to open my eyes, I have not yet been able to find proof sufficient to do so, and there is beside, much to convince me to the contrary. The William Wood who settled here in 1638, was born in 1583, as is shown by his will, and was therefore about fifty years old when *New*

England's Prospect was published. The work required to write and publish such a book, and to make the investigations preparatory for such a map, is most often done by younger men. And again, a man with the talent and energy shown by the author of this book, would hardly have settled down and lost himself so completely in the poor complaining farmer, as never afterward to have been mentioned as the author, and I fail to find the Concord William mentioned as such, either in manuscript record or in tradition. And again, a man who had been considered worthy to receive the vote of thanks that was passed to him by the General Court in September 1634 for his services to the Colony (probably his flattering account of it in his book) would hardly have been forgotten when he came back here to live. Lynn claims that he settled there after his return to New England, but she has no better proof than Concord has, and I am inclined to doubt if he ever returned hither at all.

Whatever surveys were made by William Wood were made before or during the year 1633. Within the next two or three years following there were, doubtless, a great many adventurers traveling through the wilderness in search of new and strange discoveries,—as Johnson says, “expecting every hour to see some rare sight never seen before.” Among these adventurers, but with a fixed purpose and a knowledge, evidently, of what he was looking for, was Simon Willard, with his brother-in-law Dolor Davis, William Spencer, or some others of those instrumental in starting the new settlement at Musketequid. Fortunately we have an account of the trials and adventures of this party, written about fifteen years later by Edward Johnson of Woburn. Shattuck says that Johnson’s busi-

ness connection with the citizens of Concord gave him good opportunity to become familiar with its early history. Being a Military man and also a Deputy to the General Court for a good many years, he must often have met Major Willard and other leading citizens, and could easily have gotten from them the story he tells us of the adventures of this party. The fact of his receiving it at second hand, and probably from a good many different persons each telling his own story and applying to it his own coloring, added to the fact that the narrative had fifteen years to *grow* in before it was recorded, will account for the slight discrepancies we find in it, and also will explain how he comes to get somewhat mixed in his story before he gets through with it. Mr. Johnson's account is, in part as follows:—

“Upon some inquiry of the Indians who lived to the Northwest of the Bay, one Simon Willard, being acquainted with them by reason of his trade, became a chief instrument in erecting this town [Concord]. The land they purchased of the Indians, and with much difficulties, travelling through unknown woods and through watery swamps, they discover the fitness of the place.”

This covers all of Johnson's story of this matter, and so far is a simple statement of facts. Mr. Willard having found out from the Indians that there was a desirable place for a settlement at Musketequid, came hither with a small party of men, and found the Indians' story to be true. This account of Johnson's is supported and supplemented by the fact that immediately after the expedition of which it tells, the General Court was petitioned for a grant of land and a charter for a Plantation, and the location was granted here at Musketequid. All the facts go to show that some-

body had looked the ground over carefully, and that the projectors knew what they were asking for. That Simon Willard was the leader in this work we have no reason to doubt, for we know he was the acknowledged leader in all other enterprises of this kind that he joined in. Who the others were who shared with him in this particular undertaking, we have no means of finding out. Of the first settlers, who came here in the autumn of 1635, and a little later, Robert Fletcher was in the Colony as early as 1630; John Ball was at Watertown before 1635, with his family; Simon Willard and Dolor Davis and William Spencer were in Cambridge in 1634, but I can find no other names of the first settlers of Concord recorded as being in the Colony in season to have joined him at the inception of the enterprise, and we know that most of them did not come over to New England until late in the summer of 1635, and so could have had no part in it.

Continuing that portion of the story I have just quoted, Johnson goes on to elaborate it, by giving details of the adventures and hardships of this little surveying party in their attempt to reach this land that the Indians had described. They evidently had a hard time, according to his story, but if they attempted to come in a straight line from Watertown to this place, any one familiar with the topography of the country they would have to pass through, will be prepared to believe almost any tale of hardship. I shall have occasion to quote further from Johnson's narrative later on. One thing, I think, is certain, — that Simon Willard and his party accomplished what they attempted; that they discovered the fitness of Musketequid for a Plantation.

After this discovery, the next item of local history of interest to us is found in the records of the Great and Gen-

eral Court of the Colony, under date of September 2, 1635, [Old Style] as follows:—

“It is ordered that there shall be a Plantation at Musketequid, and that there shall be six miles square to belong to it, and that the inhabitants thereof shall have three years immunities from all public charges except trainings. Further, that when any that shall plant there shall have occasion of carrying of goods thither, they shall repair to two of the next magistrates where the teams are, who shall have power for a year to press draughts at reasonable rates to be paid by the owners of the goods to transport their goods thither at seasonable times. And the name of the place is changed, and henceforth to be called Concord.”

At the time this order was passed, nearly all of the settlers that came to Concord that Fall had arrived at Cambridge or Watertown, and they had probably organized for the Plantation and joined in the petition to the General Court. There is no other order of the Court, for the first ten years of its existence, that compares with this in the conciseness of its wording, or in the expressing so exactly what was wanted by the petitioners. It shows that wise heads had already joined in finding out just what they did want, and that they boldly asked for it, and although some of their requests were quite without precedent, they were granted apparently without hesitation.

Shattuck says that traditionary authority asserts that the Settlement was first projected in England, but a moment's thought will show that this is impossible. Major Willard could not have discovered the fitness of the place for a settlement soon enough for our colonists to have heard of it before they started, and nothing that William Wood says in his book could have started the idea of a new plan-

tation at Musketequid, for he does not mention the place except as the site of an Indian village. Besides, our colonists came from many parts of England, and could hardly have come together there in any one place. Peter Bulkeley and some, certainly, of the Wheelers, were from Bedfordshire, George Heywood was from Yorkshire, Thomas Flint from Derbyshire, Humphrey Barrett from Wiltshire, James Hosmer and the Meriams from Kent; all parts of the Kingdom, almost, were represented in the first little band of permanent settlers upon the plain of Concord. It seems evident to me that the settlement was a natural growth from the condition of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and that we need to look no further for an explanation. Emigrants were coming over upon every ship. Of course they wanted land, and they could not get it in the plantations already started, without paying for it, as even at this early date they were beginning to feel distressed for want of room.

This statement perhaps seems a little absurd, but let me quote a vote passed August 30, 1635, by the voters of Watertown, then the *least* crowded of all the settlements in the Colony. It stands upon the records, as follows:—

“Agreed by the consent of the freemen, in consideration that there be too many inhabitants in the Town, and the Town thereby in danger to be *incited*, that no foreigner coming into the Town, or any family arising among ourselves, shall have any benefits either of commonage or land undivided but what he shall purchase, except that they buy a man’s right wholly in the Town.”

Watertown at that time, according to Bond, had about one hundred land owners. The territory owned by them included all of what is now Watertown, the greater part of

Waltham and Weston, and some parts of Lincoln and of Belmont. Poor fellows, — what a cramped condition they must have been in, and what imminent danger they were in to be “ruinated” by too many inhabitants. It is a relief to know that at the next session of the General Court the inhabitants were granted the privilege of moving out of the town if they wanted to. It is noticeable that this vote of Watertown was passed at *just the time* our Concord colony was forming, and it doubtless expresses the feeling of all the towns toward new comers, or “foreigners.” So that, in order to get land, a new colony had to be formed, and as Simon Willard, as we have seen, had just discovered a fit place for such new colony, the Concord Plantation was the natural result. This same greed for land existed in Concord only a few years later, as is shown by a petition to the Court in 1643, when six citizens, [four of whom were Wheelers], asked for more land, and complained that when they came here in 1639 they had to pay for all the land they had. This petition, by the way, was the entering wedge that finally gave what is now Acton to Concord for a feeding ground. And the division of this land, later on, between the new comers and the old settlers, gave the people a problem in fractions that they ciphered upon for almost a hundred years before they solved it.

Another point I wish to call attention to, before we change (by order of the General Court) the name of this place from Musketequid to Concord, and that is the spelling of the Indian name. Upon the original records of the General Court it is spelled as I have here given it, Musketequid, and it is spelled in the same way in the printed copy. It is spelled in the same way in the beautiful copy in Concord Town Hall, and indeed I fail to find any other orthography

for it since the Court established it, until Mr. Shattuck printed his History of Concord. He spells it Musketaquid, and others since have followed him. If he had any authority for this change, I fail to find it. It certainly could not have been for the sake of euphony, for I think the *e* gives it a much smoother sound than *a*. It seems to me that the General Court should be the authority in this matter. Our grant was doubtless written out by somebody who knew how the Indians pronounced the name, and who did his best to spell it just as it was pronounced. In remembrance of these old Indians we have named one of our streets after their old village. Perhaps we can not twist our tongues to pronounce its name just as they did, but we can at least do our best to get as near as possible to their pronunciation by retaining the spelling that represented it for two hundred years, from the time of good old William Wood, to the days of Shattuck, and that has moreover the authoritative sanction of the Great and General Court.

But, to continue our story, whatever gave rise to the settlement here, one thing is certain, the General Court had granted them a charter, and not far from the first of October 1635 they were gathered together, men, women and children, ready to go forward and take possession. Of this matter of going forward I wish to speak at some length. No historian of that day has given us any account of this progress out into the wilderness. The Concord colony was the first so to go out. All the other Towns were near neighbors; they were within sight of one another, and of the sea. There is a certain companionship with the sea that they all felt. They had spent months upon it. Their greatest pleasure had been in the arrival and departure of the ships, and it gave to them a

certain feeling of nearness to the Fatherland. But our Concord company were to leave all this behind them. They were moving out into a wild woods filled with wild Indians and the still wilder beasts, and with the nameless spiritual and supernatural horrors with which the superstitious imagination of the Puritans peopled the gloomy shades of the forest, and this at the beginning of a winter the hardships of which they could only conjecture. Yet they had the courage to go forward, and I do not believe that, even for a moment, they were cast down or discouraged.

I have said that no historian of that day has given us an account of this going out into the wilderness. *All* the later historians of Concord, however, from Shattuck to the present time, refer to it as a hardship, and quote, in full or in part, that narrative of Johnson's of which I have spoken, as a proof of it, leaving the reader to understand, either by direct statement or by inference, that Johnson's story relates to the journey hither of those sixty or more men women and children that we have just left all ready to move. Now the blood of at least eight of these brave fathers and mothers of Concord runs in my veins, and I think I have the right to protest against the injustice done them by this inference. I will quote the rest of Johnson's story, and I think you will join me in the protest.

But before going on with Johnson, let me give you the names, as far as they can be ascertained, of those brave people who, facing all these hardships and dangers, came hither not for their own comfort or aggrandizement, but for the sake of the freedom and prosperity of their children and their children's children down to us, their descendants of to-day. We know circumstantially who the most of them

were. I may possibly mention names of persons who were not of the *first* party but who came later, and I may perhaps omit others that *did* belong to it, but about the most of them there can be no question. I will give them by families.

THE REV. JOHN JONES came in the ship *Defiance*, landing in New England October 3, 1635; with wife Sarah, aged thirty-four, and children Sarah aged fifteen; John, eleven; Ruth, seven; Theophilus, three; Rebecca, two, and Eliza, six months. Of these children, Sarah married Thomas Bulkeley. The family removed a few years later to Connecticut. So far as is known they were not related to the family of the same name who came here later.

WILLIAM JUDSON, with wife Grace, and son Joseph, aged sixteen; Jeremiah, fourteen, and Joshua, probably younger. This is the "Goodman Judson" whose name appears but once in our town records, in the order that "the meeting house shall stand on the hill near the brook, on the east side of Goodman Judson's lot." He is said also to have gone to Connecticut.

WILLIAM SYMONS, (or SIMONDS) with wife Sarah, and three daughters; Judith who married John Barker; Sarah who married John Heywood; and Mary, who married Roger Chandler. Descendants of all three daughters are now living in Concord. Shortly after the death of his wife (in 1641) William SYMONS removed to Woburn.

ROBERT FLETCHER, a Yorkshireman, with wife and three young sons, Luke, William and Samuel. Another son, Francis, born here a little later, was probably the first child born of English parents in Concord. The descendants of Robert Fletcher are still numerous in this and the adjoining towns. The Family Genealogy, printed a few years

ago, counted up four thousand Fletchers born in this country.

RICHARD GRIFFIN, with wife. He died in 1661, childless.

WALTER EDMONDS, with wife Dorothy, and four children, of whom Mary became the wife of Luke Potter, and was in one line or another, a grandmother to about all of us scions of the old Concord families; John, Joshua and Daniel, the sons of Walter Edmonds, left no trace upon our later records, and probably left the Town.

WILLIAM FULLER and wife Elizabeth, probably with no children, though children were born to them here later.

GEORGE TOWLE with wife Mary and son John. He removed to Charlestown.

JOHN EVARTS with wife and son James. Removed to Connecticut. Ancestor of the Honorable William M. Evarts.

JOHN BALL with wife and sons, John and Nathaniel. He had been living at Waterown. His descendants have been numerous in Concord.

SIMON WILLARD, age thirty, with wife Mary and two infant daughters. He was from Horsmonden, Kent, England, and had come to New England in 1634.

JAMES HOSMER, aged twenty-eight, with wife Ann aged twenty-seven, and two daughters, Mary aged two years, and Ann aged three months, from Kent, came to New England in the summer of 1635. Many of his descendents are still here.

JONATHAN MITCHEL, with wife and two sons, David, a young lad, and Jonathan aged ten years. This Jonathan Jr. was afterward the Rev. Jonathan Mitchel of Cambridge. He succeeded the Rev. Mr. Shepard in the pulpit, and

married his widow. He was also a Fellow of Harvard College.

There were, beside these, the following unmarried men, William Buttrick aged eighteen, James Bennett, Richard Rice aged twenty-six, [these last two sailed with the Rev. Mr. Bulkeley], John Scotchford, William Hunt, and probably others. I might mention Thomas Brooks with wife Grace, and several children, George Hayward, John Fox, Henry Farwell with wife Olive, John Heald with wife Dorothy and son John, all of whom came, if not with the first party, at least shortly afterward. But without these, we have the names of nineteen men, fifteen women, and twenty-nine children; sixty-three souls all told.

And now, knowing what we do about the party, let us read the continuation of Johnson's narrative and see if it can in any way be applied to them. After the paragraph I have already quoted, which speaks of the finding by Simon Willard and his party of a fit place for a Plantation, he goes on:—

“Sometimes passing through the thickets, where their hands are forced to break way for their bodies' passage, and their feet clambering over the crossed trees, which when they missed they sink into an uncertain bottom in water, and wade up to their knees, tumbling sometime higher and sometimes lower. Wearied with this toil, they at the end of this meet with scorching plains, yet not so plain but that the ragged bushes scratch their legs foully, even to wearing their stockings to their bare skin in two or three hours. If they are not otherwise well defended with boots or bushkins, their flesh will be torn,—some of them being forced to pass on without further provision, have had the blood trickle down at every step. And in time of Summer, the sun cast such a reflecting heat from the sweet fern, whose scent is so very strong, that some herewith have been very near

fainting, altho very able bodies to endure much travel. And this not to be indured for one day, but for many; and verily did not the Lord encourage their natural parts with hopes of a new and strange discovery, expecting every hour to see some rare sight never seen before, they were not able to hold out and break through. * * * After some days spent in search, toiling in the day-time, as formerly said, like true Jacob they rest them on the rocks where the night takes them. Their short repast is some small pittance of bread, if it holds out; but as for drink they have plenty, the country being well watered in all places that are yet found out. Their further hardship is to travel, sometimes they know not whither, bewildered indeed without sight of sun, their compass miscarrying in crowding through the bushes. They sadly search up and down for a known way, the Indian paths being not above one foot broad, so that a man may travel many days and never find one. * * * This intricate work no whit daunted these resolved servants of Christ to go on with the work in hand, but lying in the open air while the watery clouds pour down all the night season, and sometimes the driving snow desolving on their backs, they keep their wet clothes warm with continued fire till the renewed morning gives fresh opportunity of further travel."

So far you see it is but a continuance of the story of Simon Willard's party which is in search of Musketequid. The next line goes on to say that after they had "found out a place for abode," they built their houses under the hill, etc. You can see that Mr. Johnson's story of itself, if read carefully, confutes the idea that he had any reference to our sixty-three men, women and children that we are talking about. Whether the faintness caused by the heat of the summer sun on the sweet fern, and the chill experienced from the melting of the snow upon their backs in the night season, were veritable incidents of the expedi-

tion, or whether they are merely graphic touches, put in for pictorial effect, we can only conjecture. If they are to be accepted as part of the true history of the exploring party, it must be concluded that the party was in the field for many weeks, if not months.

I have been thus particular in giving the names, ages etc., of these people, that I may the more forcibly impress upon you the difficulty of the task that these nineteen young men had before them in moving from Cambridge or Watertown out here. Sixty-three (more or less) persons, with at least six months' provisions, and all the furniture, bedding, clothing etc., absolutely necessary to begin house-keeping with and to carry them through the winter, which was just setting in, were confronted, that October morning, with the task of moving all this into an unbroken wilderness. These men afterward proved themselves to be of more than ordinary intelligence, sagacity and courage. Let me ask you—descendants of these men—did they with their families start at once to walk hither, with no path to follow, no guide but the compass, no clothing but what they had upon their backs, no food but what they could carry in their hands; traveling through swamps over fallen trees, or through water up to their knees, over scorching plains, and through brambles that scratch the clothing from their limbs, and the flesh perhaps with it; lying in the open air with the rain pouring down upon them; and all this for many days ere they reach their destination; and when there, with nothing to protect them from the cold October weather until they could build their cabins under the hill? Can you imagine a worse condition than all this would bring upon them? Take the family of the Rev. Mr. Jones, brought up in comfort in their old

home, weakened by a long sea voyage, Mrs. Jones with an infant six months old, and five other children, three of them too young to walk over the rough ground; entirely unused to the hardships of a pioneer life; and imagine, if you can, what their condition would necessarily have been at the end of a week of such privation and exposure.

No long argument is needed, to convince you that such a journey *was not undertaken*; but that the helpless ones remained at Cambridge or Watertown, while the stronger went forward to build a road for them, and to erect their simple huts under the hill, and when all this was done, the principal part of the colony, by means of the teams which we have seen the General Court helped them to, moved out to Concord like sensible men and women.

This question being settled in our minds, the next one that appears to present itself is — where was the first road to Concord located? I have spent a good deal of time in looking up old records etc., in regard to this matter, and here follow the results of my investigations.

The primeval forests of 1635 were not much like the forests of to-day. The trees were large and wide-spreading, and consequently far apart. There was no underbrush and but few small trees. An ox-cart could probably have been driven for miles over the cleared corn-fields of the Indians, or through the forests, winding between the trees with little obstruction, except perhaps an occasional fallen tree, or a hanging limb that could be easily removed. This was true of the dry plain land. But in the swamps and along the streams it was different. The cedar and spruce swamps were mazes of indestructible trees of those varieties, from the green and standing trees of the day, to the fallen veterans of all the years numbering backward for

centuries, piled one upon another in inextricable confusion. These swamps were the haunts of bears and wolves, and continued to be so for a long time after the country was settled, and they were almost impassible with teams or even on foot. Of course no attempt was made to construct a road through or across such places. Streams of any size also had to be avoided, as our road-makers could not spend much time to build bridges, and these streams, moreover, were in most places bordered by soft meadows that could not be crossed any more than the swamps. If they were bordered by hard land, then the trees were covered with grape vines and brambles that made them difficult of access, or the hill sides were steep or stony, and so had to be avoided.

Now, if a line could be found where all these disagreeable things could be kept clear of, then a road could be built at little expense and in a short time. And is it not certain that a line approximating this was found, when we consider that some fourteen miles was, without doubt, built in about a month? The location and building of this road must have been the first step toward moving here.

Streams are the natural guides to travelers into an unknown wilderness. Did our settlers follow up Charles River and Stony Brook, and then upon one side or the other of Walden Pond find their way hither? A strong argument could be made against the possibility of building a road upon this line in so short a time, but it is not necessary, as the records come to our aid. The records of Watertown show us that the first road built westerly from that place was what is now Main Street in Waltham, and that it was built several years later than 1635 by Watertown. Another possible route that has been mentioned is

the old road through the northerly part of Waltham to Lincoln, (anciently called Trapelo Road, now North Street,) and so on by the present road to Concord. There are many natural objections to this route. It crosses two considerable streams. The first is Beaver Brook, which at that time must have been much more of a stream than it is now, for in the year 1663 a fulling mill was built on it. The second is Hobbs's Brook; this had for a long time a mill upon it, and must in 1635 have been crossed only with great difficulty. Even after crossing it, there were swamps and much exceedingly rough ground to contend with before the site of Concord could be reached. But there is a still stronger argument against this route. The records of Watertown tell us that on March 24, 1641, a road was ordered by the town to be built to accommodate the farmers who were rapidly taking up the land in what is now the northerly part of Waltham and the southerly part of Lincoln, and was then known as "the Great Dividends". This road is nearly identical with the present North Street, and was then named "Trapelo Road". As this road was not constructed until 1641, it is evident that it can not be the one we are seeking, built by our Concord folk in 1635.

A third possible way is:—starting from Watertown, and going northerly through what is now Waverley, almost to East Lexington; then bearing off to the left, and passing through the entire length of Lexington, by what is now called Middle Street, to the Lincoln line; then turning a little to the right, so as to avoid Hobbs's Brook, upon a road which tradition declares to be very old, and crossing the present Lexington Road, coming by the Virginia Road to Concord. I think I can show that this was the route laid out and built in the autumn of 1635. And first, let

us look at its natural advantages, as presented at that time to our anxious road-makers. We have recognized the necessity of avoiding swamps and streams. This route does not cross a stream in its whole distance. Going directly back from the Charles River, it strikes the ridge that divides the basins of the Charles, and its tributaries Stony Brook and Hobbs's Brook, from the branches of the Shawshine, and keeps upon this ridge all the way to Virginia Road, without once striking a swamp or low ground of any kind. Another fact is, that at no point between the Trapelo Road, before mentioned, and this line, could a road have been laid out without crossing large swamps and steep hills, neither could a road have been laid out much farther north without meeting the same kind of obstructions.

But setting aside for the present all these natural advantages, let us see what the record shows us. Upon the Town records of Watertown, under date of December 1638, is found the following, — "Voted that the highway leading to Concord shall be six rods wide." Bond says in his *History of Watertown*, that the road now called Lexington Street, beginning at Belmont Street and extending north, by Elbow Hill, was anciently called Concord Road. This is the street that goes through Waverley on to East Lexington. You will notice that this order was not for the laying out of a road; neither was it for the building of one, but simply the granting of land for one that was *already built* and named. This order was voted a little more than three years after Concord was incorporated. Now, who laid out and built this road? Watertown had no interest in constructing it, for she owned no land in that direction. We know that our Concord settlers had made a road three

years before this, from Watertown to Concord, for we have record that they drove their teams over it, and it is not at all likely that two separate roads between these two settlements were made in the same three years. I think that this vote of the Watertown people settles the question of the first road to Concord as far as the ancient bounds of the former, and carries us well out into what was then Newton, afterward Cambridge Farms, and now Lexington.

Upon the records of the Quarter Court under date of June 4, 1639, is the following. (It must be remembered that the year before this date the name of the ancient town of Newtowne was changed to Cambridge, and that Cambridge extended as far northwest as to the present Bedford line, and included all of what is now Lexington, and a part of Lincoln.) The record reads:— "Cambridge was enjoined to repair her ways at Long Swamp and Vine Brook leading to Concord, upon pain of five pounds." On December 3, of the same year:— "Cambridge for defect of ways at Vine Brook and Long Swamp are refered to the former fine of five pounds." And on December 1, 1640:— "the town of Cambridge upon proof that the ways at Vine Brook and Long Swamp are repaired was discharged of the fine of five pounds." This proves that four years after the first road was needed, a road to Concord, and so named, had been built by somebody, and had been used long enough to need repairs, and that the Court had been appealed to, to oblige Cambridge to repair it. Up to this time nobody had needed this road but the Concord people, and it must have been built for their accommodation originally. Surely there could not have been two roads, and there is no room to doubt that this road, repaired by Cam-

bridge, in accordance with the Court's order in 1639, is the one that was laid out and made by our Concord settlers.

Let us see where this road runs. If you will consult the map of Lexington, you will find soon after you enter upon the Watertown road, a large swamp or meadow, upon the east of East Lexington; this was the Long Swamp spoken of. The next point is Vine Brook. This, you will see, is a branch of the Shawshine, rising from two different sources in the southerly part of Lexington and running northerly through the town. The records I have quoted show that our road must have run near some part of it. Any one familiar with the topography of Lexington will know that it could not have crossed the stream in any place in the northerly part of that town, and common sense shows us that having arrived at the high land between the Charles and the Shawshine, our road-makers would strike as near a straight line as they could; but we need none of these arguments, as the records again come to our aid. Mr. Charles Hudson says, in his *History of Lexington*, that the first farms, called "Cambridge Farms," were taken up in the southerly part of the town, all that section of country having been cleared by the Indians or by fires. The recorded description of several of these farms bound them upon Vine Brook and upon the Concord Road, and we are able to locate some of them on or near the present Middle Street, and at what is now called Grape Vine Corner, and near the source of Vine Brook, so that there is no doubt that this was the road repaired by Cambridge in 1639, at just the site of the Lexington reservoir of today. From this point, until the Bay Road was built, which was a good while after the Town was settled, there was no way to get to Concord except by the Virginia Road. It only needs

to ride over the road to show that starting from Middle Street, a road could not have been made in any other place without great difficulty.

As to the distance by this route, it is to be remembered that Concord was not built; these settlers were not steering for the exact site of the present centre of Concord, but for the great meadows upon Mill Brook, and for the cleared corn-fields between here and Bedford. These were what Simon Willard and his party had seen when they first came hither and discovered the fitness of the place for a plantation, and this road is the shortest one to-day from Watertown to these lands. The location of the houses "under the hill" was probably not decided upon until after the pioneers arrived here, and found out for themselves that the southerly side of the ridge offered them more advantages of shelter from the north and east winds. So the "house lots" of a few acres each were allotted there, (as was required by law) within half a mile of the meeting-house, while the "farms" were laid out further away. All these facts and records, therefore, have convinced me that the first road to Concord was over Middle Street in Lexington and our own Virginia Road, which latter is thus our oldest highway.

Several pages back we left sixty-three men women and children upon that October morning, all ready to go forward and take possession of the land the General Court had granted them. I said that history gave us no story of how these people came here to Concord. But it seems to me that between the lines of History we can now, if we try plainly read the story. We can see our first surveying party laying out, by marked trees, the route to be followed; then men with axes and shovels following, not long behind them, to smoothe the way and prepare it for the teams that

the magistrates had authority to "press" for them. We can see them building their rude huts under the sheltering hill-side, and we may well believe that with every log raised to build these poor homes, there went up a hope and a prayer that they would soon be able to provide better ones. And when all this work is finished, we can see them, with their wives and children, moving in and taking possession of the land and the homes they have come so far and suffered so much to obtain.

I think if we look with care we can also read many touching stories of courage and forethought of these men who thus took their lives and the lives of all that were dear to them, in their hands, braving sea and wilderness to come here and establish these homes. And plainer than all can we read wonderful stories of the courage and devotion and love that led these wives and mothers, leaving behind, perhaps, their own fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; leaving all the old associations of their childhood and youth, and all the places made dear to them by these associations; leaving all that had gone to make up their lives and happiness heretofore, to come hither with their husbands to an untried life in a new country. I think all these stories can be seen, if we look for them.

Broadening our view a little, to include the settlers of all New England, I think we can see that the fact of their coming here, and the knowledge of why they came, prove to us that they were a Natural Selection of the best and the bravest of the stock of Old England, and that with them, (the mothers even more than the fathers, for we all concede that the best in us comes from our mothers,) there came an element of self-reliance, an English grit, and with it a love of freedom and justice and honor, that has spread,

as they have spread, and that is seen and felt to-day from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate.

One picture more, and we will leave them for the present. I think we can imagine them well sheltered under the sunny side of the hill; with at least warm houses, with ample fire-places, and with a twenty-six thousand acre wood-lot to supply the fuel for them; and believing, as being Englishmen they must believe, that to possess much land meant wealth and honor in the future; with provisions in store for the winter; with a chance to hunt all sorts of game in their very door-yards, and with the best of fishing in their back lots; with a strong faith in the Divine Protection, and an especially strong faith in themselves. And thus seeing them with our mind's eye, I think we can be sure that they were neither uncomfortable nor unhappy during their first winter at the Plantation at Musketequid.



ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York

1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards.

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electrics in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

MRS. L. E. BROOKS, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, = MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES. SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

CONCORD, - MASS.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

CONCORD, MASS.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., CONCORD, MASS.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

CONCORD, - MASS.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

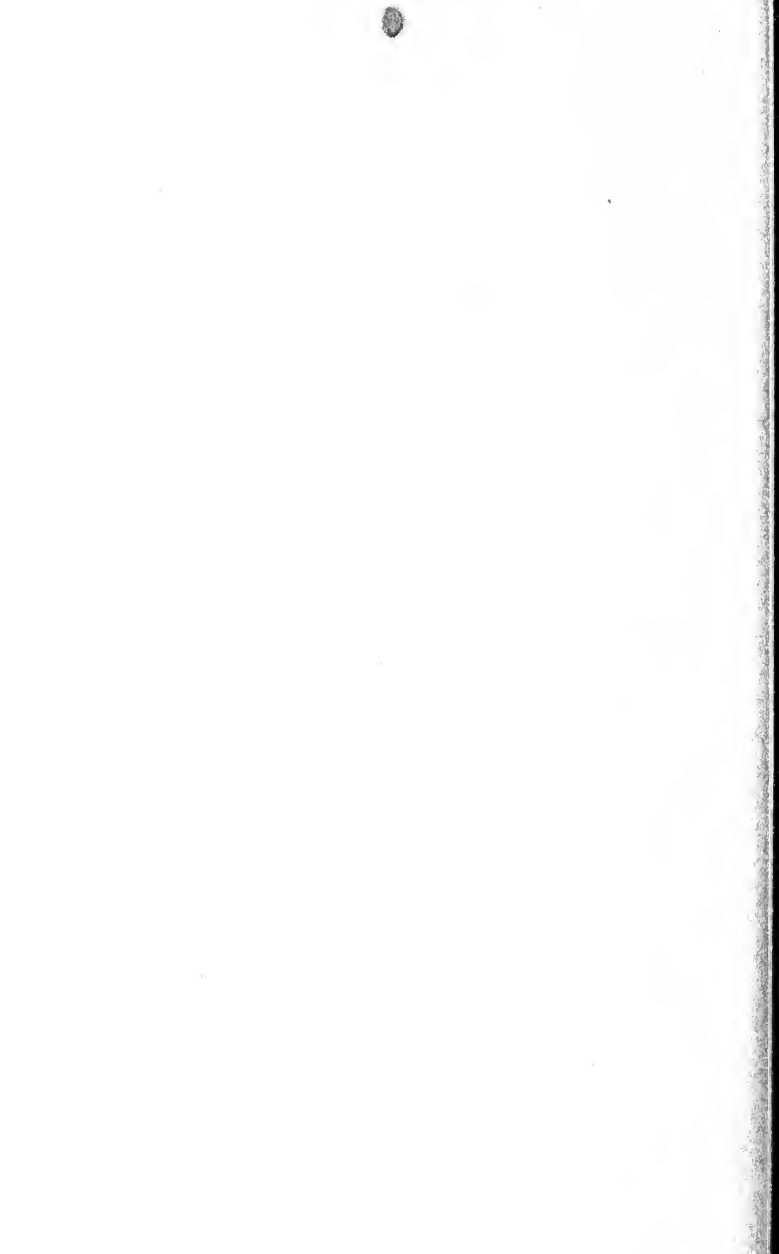
Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

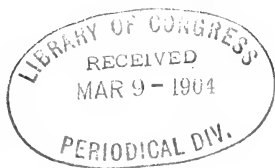
CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk



3283
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

EVENTS OF
APRIL NINETEENTH

BY GEORGE TOLMAN.



"A truly great historical novel."— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

By ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party — the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price

With Colonial Decorations

\$1.50

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

By ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.**

Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

Concord, - Mass.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM F. RAND,

Proprietor.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.

J. W. CULL, Manager.
P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electrics in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

Mrs. L. E. Brooks, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, - MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

EVENTS OF APRIL NINETEENTH

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY GEORGE TOLMAN

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES *President.*
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ. } *Vice Presidents.*
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD }
THOMAS TODD *Treasurer.*
GEORGE TOLMAN *Secretary.*
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.



Events of April Nineteenth

IT has been well said that "Patriotic memories are the strength of a nation,"—and certainly to a son of Massachusetts there is no day of all the three hundred and sixty-five, that is so full of patriotic associations as is the day that the old Commonwealth has but lately recognized as being worthy of special commemoration, — the 19th day of April. It seems almost as if Providence had set aside this date to mark the three great crises of liberty and free government, which we have been called upon to meet. It is surely a remarkable coincidence that all three of these crises should have come upon that particular day, and perhaps still more remarkable that the interval between the first and the second should have been exactly equalled by the interval between the second and the third. It was on the 19th of April 1689 that the people of Massachusetts, exasperated beyond measure by the petty exactions and more serious usurpations of Sir Edmund Andros, the royal Governor, drove him from his chair of office, and forced him to abdicate. *This* was "the first forcible resistance to British aggression," for it assumed the proportions of war, and the militia of Boston and the surrounding towns were in arms to enforce the will of the rebellious people if a resort to arms became necessary. In this movement old Concord bore her part, for before sunrise on that day her militia company under command of Lieutenant John Heald gath-

ered on the green in front of the old meeting house, and took up their march to Boston, where they arrived before noon.

Eighty-six years thereafter, to a day, to an hour, the militia and minute men of Concord again gathered on the same spot to hear the tidings of the advance of a strong force of British soldiers that was directed against them, and against them alone. Upon their courage and decision hung the issue of a rebellion and a war the end of which no one could foresee, and the consequences of which to the liberty and progress of the whole world, not even the most sanguine could imagine. That decision was final and unhesitating, and like good soldiers and earnest patriots, they proceeded at once to put themselves in a defensible position and calmly to await the shock of battle that a few hours later was to transform them from British subjects to American sovereigns. Even while they stood there upon the green, their neighbors at Lexington were fired upon, and many of them were killed, by the invading column, the first martyrs to the cause of American freedom, but Concord knew that it was upon her own soil that the battle was to begin, that it was here that America should begin to advance.

Eighty-six years again to a day, and on the 19th of April 1861, the militia company of Concord, under command of Lieutenant George L. Prescott, and then attached to the 5th Regiment M. V. M., hastily summoned by orders from the Governor, at midnight of the 18th, gathered on the same ground, twice hallowed by the footsteps of their patriotic ancestors, and from that spot began their march to the relief of the national seat of government, then threatened not with foreign invasion, but with the reckless violence of a domestic foe. And even while they stood there upon the

green, their neighbors of Lowell, belonging to the 5th regiment, were fired upon by rebels in the streets of Baltimore, and two of them were killed, the first northern soldiers to fall in defence of the cause of American unity.

So the 19th of April is peculiarly a Massachusetts day. In the great rebellion the honors and dangers of every day after the 19th of April 1861, were shared by other States; in the American revolution, even in the siege of Boston and in the battle of Bunker Hill, soldiers from her sister States stood shoulder to shoulder with her own, and shared her glory; but the honors of the 19th of April belong to Massachusetts, and to her alone. It was she alone who withstood the galling tyranny of a royal governor on April 19, 1689; they were her sons who were the first to fall in the great struggle for American liberty on April 19, 1775; they were her sons who first gave up their lives in the still more momentous contest for American unity on April 19, 1861. Eighty-six years again, — one could almost believe that it is the decree of Fate that on April 19, 1947, some momentous crisis shall again come in the affairs of our country, some great danger shall again call her citizens to arms. Not many of us can ever know, but I think we can be sure that whether it come or not, the grand old Commonwealth will be found ready, as she has been before, to march in the front rank in war, or to point out the way in peace.

I do not flatter myself with the notion that I can shed any new light on the events of the 19th of April 1775, nor that I have any new facts to disclose or novel considerations to urge as to the respective shares of the glory that belong to the different towns that participated in those events. This last question has unhappily been the occasion of much

acrimonious controversy. To my mind such controversy is trivial and unreasonable. The glory of the day belongs, not to Concord, nor to Lexington, nor to Acton exclusively, not even to them collectively; it belongs to Massachusetts, and in a larger way to New England, and to all the Colonies of the Old Thirteen. All were ready, all knew that war was coming, and the moment the alarm was given that hostilities had actually begun, all sprung to arms at once. The shot fired at Concord was indeed "heard round the world." The day was yet young, when all the Province was in arms, and on the march. None faltered, none hung back. Before the unlucky column of British soldiery could again gain the shelter of their ships at Boston, all Middlesex and Essex were at their heels; soldiers from Worcester and Berkshire were on their way; New Hampshire's yeomen and Rhode Island's mechanics were hurrying toward Boston. The echo of the first musket-shot at Lexington had not died away when Israel Putnam in Connecticut left his plough in the furrow, and converting his plough horse into a battle charger was spurring his way hitherward. Virginia and the Carolinas started as soon as the news could reach them. The spirit of liberty was everywhere alive, and would have been equally so had the first blow been struck anywhere else than in Concord.

It was however almost inevitable that the first blow should have been struck here. The Provincial Congress, in February, had voted that provisions and military stores and equipments sufficient for an army of fifteen thousand men should be collected and deposited at Concord and Worcester, then the two most important inland towns in the Province. But few of these supplies were stored at the latter place, but a large amount was already accumulated at

Concord, and more was constantly being added. Cartridges, cartridge-boxes and arms were being made there; the mill in the centre of the town was running night and day grinding the grain that was pouring in from all parts of the country round; almost every house was a storehouse of provisions and military stores, and the town was the headquarters of all sorts of committees and agencies for the furtherance of the designs of the patriots. It was the principal and practically the only depot of commissary and subsistence stores. The place was well chosen for that purpose. The royal forces were practically shut up in Boston less than twenty miles away, and between the two places was a thickly settled and intensely patriotic bit of country, through which, as the event proved, no body of troops, however strong or however secretly despatched, could force its way without the patriots being given a good opportunity to assemble for the defence.

One thing was evident to everyone, — that when General Gage should conclude to act, as he must eventually do, he would strike at Concord, the vital spot of the whole impending rebellion, the only place where he could do the patriotic cause any material damage. Concord's glory in the affair is not that the fight took place within her borders, nor that it was there that the war of independence actually began; it is that, months before, she willingly and enthusiastically accepted the responsibility of offering her soil as the stage upon which the first act of the bloody drama of war must inevitably be enacted.

While all this collecting of war material and supplies was going on, the personnel of the prospective army was carefully looked after. The regular militia was exercised and instructed as carefully and as frequently as possible and

finer were rigorously exacted for absence from drill and inattention to duty. There was no lack of old soldiers in the community, for the French war was not long past, and its veterans were to be found in every village, men who had faced the soldiers of France in the open field, and who had hunted down her murderous Indian allies in the dark forests. These men had met danger and knew what fighting meant, though not what would have been considered trained soldiers in any of the armies of Europe. The niceties of military drill and the strict punctilio of martial courtesy were unknown to them; they had never had to use these things, but they had learned the value of organization, to a certain extent, and the necessity of obedience to orders,—only they recognized that in the kind of warfare to which they had been accustomed, and in the opening scenes of the struggle that was to come, there might be such a thing as too much organization and too many orders. So their drill was more elastic and less irksome to the younger soldiers, than that of European armies. The New England people were a fighting people; they had been for nearly a hundred and fifty years, ever since the first settlement of the Colony, almost constantly engaged in war with Indians or French, and their fighting had been done, not as in the older countries, by a class of men set aside and paid for that duty, but by the people themselves, the farmers and artisans, who, when need required, abandoned plough or work bench and became soldiers for the nonce, and until the emergency was over. It was this lack of appearance of organization that led General Gage to think that the Yankees would not fight. Brought up under the conditions of European warfare, he did not see how it was possible for them to fight without an army, and

no army was visible. The Yankees might collect stores and munitions and all that sort of thing for an army of fifteen thousand men, and welcome; after they had got all these things collected, and while the army was still non-existent, he would close his hand upon them and put a stop to the whole business. He tried the experiment, and found to his surprise that the whole country was an army, and that within a few hours of his first attack upon it, he was securely bottled up in Boston along with his ten thousand disciplined troops, by soldiers who seemed to have dropped from the clouds or sprung up from the earth to confront him.

On Tuesday the 22d of March, the Provincial Congress assembled at Concord, and remained in session until Saturday the 15th of April. It was evident to the Congress that General Gage would soon move to seize upon or to destroy their stores here, and that Concord Fight might be looked for in a few days, or weeks at most. They knew it was coming, and that it would come right here. Bradford says: — "It was the great object of the Congress at this meeting to support the Committee of Safety in the measures they had adopted, and to urge the people to prepare for a firm and united resistance should the crisis require it." They particularly urged upon the militia the necessity of discipline, and ordered several companies of artillery to be immediately organized. "On the 8th of April it was voted to raise an army with all possible despatch for the defence of the Province against any attack which should be made by the British troops, which had a short time before been much increased."

Now, plainly, was Gage's time to act. He had the full plans and maps of the country for which he had been wait-

ing, all prepared by this time ; he knew all he could hope to know of the amount of stores then in stock, the places where they were deposited, and the means by which they could most easily be destroyed ; and more important yet, he knew that the scattered mob of militia and minutemen were now to be organized into an army, and that necessarily the headquarters and principal post of this army would be at Concord where the commissary department was. Concord Fight *must* take place in time to forestall this movement ; the conspiracy must be checked before it had opportunity to come to a head ; the rebel army must be strangled at its very birth.

Accordingly, on the very day that the Congress closed its session at Concord, the Commander of the British forces at Boston detailed about 800 to 1000 of the troops, giving out that this detachment was to be instructed in some new exercises, a very shallow pretence that deceived nobody. There were then in Boston ten regiments of infantry, the 4th, 5th, 10th, 23d, 29th, 38th, 43d, 47th, 57th, and 59th, and a battalion of six hundred marines, and the detachment consisted of the grenadiers and light infantry companies, the right and left flank companies respectively, of each of these regiments, and two companies of the marines. The 10th Regiment had been longest in New England, having been sent hither in the summer of 1768, seven years before, and as a matter of courtesy and military right, its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith, was given the command of this the first important military expedition, and the grenadier company, the 6th, of the 10th Regiment had the place of honor at the head of the first British column that advanced with hostile intent against the rebels of New England. Of course the manœuvres of

this new detachment were closely observed by the Sons of Liberty at Boston, and as Paul Revere says in his own narrative of his famous ride:—

“On the Saturday night preceding the 19th of April (the night of the 15th) about twelve o’clock at night, the boats belonging to the transports were all launched and carried under the sterns of the men-of-war. They had been previously hauled up and repaired. . . . On Tuesday evening the 18th, it was observed that a number of soldiers were marching towards the bottom of the common. About ten o’clock Dr. Warren sent for me, and begged that I would set out at once for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement and that it was thought they were the objects of it.”

There were two roads to Lexington and Concord, the one most travelled by the country folk leading out over Boston neck, through Roxbury, Brookline, Watertown and Waltham,—the other through Charlestown or Cambridge, Menotomy (now Arlington), to Lexington, which required ferriage across Charles River, for there was then no bridge. William Dawes had already been sent out over the former route and Revere was to take the other, but it was important that he should know which road the soldiers were to take, so he made arrangements to wait on the further bank of the river until he should receive notice by a signal light from the tower of the old North church; one light if the soldiers took the route over the neck, and two if they crossed the river. This signal *was not to determine his route*, but merely that he might be able to inform the waiting and expectant patriots of Middlesex county, as far as possible, of the operations of the enemy. But before he started from Charlestown, he learned from Adjutant Devens that the move-

ment of the enemy had a larger object than merely to capture the two revolutionary leaders; that the force that was being despatched was larger than could be needed for such a purpose, and that a little earlier in the evening, a woman with whom some of the Forty-third Regiment were quartered had unguardedly mentioned that some of the troops were off for Concord that night. Revere was at the same time notified by Devens that since sundown, he (Devens) had come down from Lexington and had met ten British officers all well armed and mounted, going up the road. Thus forewarned that the road had been picketed in advance, Revere rode off quietly on his dangerous mission. He met the first picket up on Charlestown neck and came quite near being captured, but he put his horse to the gallop, and changing his route a little turned off to Medford, and escaped them, one of his pursuers falling into a clay pond. "At Medford," he says, "I aroused the captain of the minute men, and after that I alarmed almost every house till I got to Lexington." That was Paul Revere's famous ride. The popular idea appears to be that Paul Revere started from Charlestown and rode up through Medford and Lexington to Concord, yelling all the way like a Dago fruit peddler, to wake up the people along the road. Paul Revere was not an ass, to go braying about under people's windows on a road which he knew was picketed by watchful enemies who were posted for the purpose of intercepting him, nor did he blow any bugle blasts nor do any other stupid thing that would be sure to defeat the very object he was riding for. He wasn't doing a theatrical act; he was out for business, and his own modest story shows that he performed his dangerous errand with caution and silence. At Lexington he met Dawes, who arrived

but a few minutes behind him, and after a short consultation with Adams and Hancock, started for Concord, being joined by Dr. Samuel Prescott of Concord who was on his way home. Three miles from Lexington, just half way to Concord, they were intercepted by a British picket, who captured Revere while Dawes and Prescott were just off the road arousing the people at a house. The two latter, coming to the assistance of their companion were also captured, but Prescott, knowing the country very thoroughly, made his escape by a by-road to Lincoln, where he aroused Captain Smith of the minute men of that town, and then pushed on to Concord. Revere also made a temporary escape from his captors, but had the misfortune to run against another guard of six mounted officers, who took him prisoner again. They threatened him with death if he should make any attempt to escape, took away his horse, which, by the way, was a borrowed one, and conducted him back to Lexington. The main column of the regulars had not yet come up to Lexington, but her minute men had assembled and as the guard and their prisoner neared the village they heard the firing of musketry, which, says Revere, "appeared to alarm them very much." This firing was probably the signaling of the patriots, but the officers knew it meant business, and having got from Revere all he cared to tell them, — among other things that the whole country between them and Boston on the one side and Concord on the other was aroused and in arms, — they released him and he made haste to rejoin Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. He accompanied them to Woburn, and then returned again to Lexington, which he reached, for the third time that night and morning before Colonel Smith and his force came in sight.

The contemporary accounts of the events of the day are principally the official report of General Gage; the narrative prepared by a committee of the Provincial Congress within a few days after the fight, and containing the depositions of citizens of Concord and Lexington, which may also be considered as official; a manuscript narrative of the Rev. William Emerson, who was out under arms early in the day, and who witnessed the action at the North Bridge in Concord; a brief narrative of the principal transactions of that day, which was appended to a sermon preached a year later by the Rev. Jonas Clark, minister of Lexington; the diary of Amos Barrett, a Concord minuteman; and the diary of an officer of the 4th or King's Own Regiment, who participated in the expedition. These, with the letter of Paul Revere from which I have quoted are the testimony of eye witnesses or participants. The account given by the Rev. William Gordon of Roxbury in a letter dated May 17, 1775, to a friend in England; the accounts printed in the *Essex Gazette* of the 21st and 25th of April and the 5th of May, the account printed in the *Massachusetts Spy* of May 3; and the so-called *Coffin Handbill* printed at Salem in 1775, and containing a list of the Americans killed and wounded, are the best of the testimony of the second rank. A committee of the Provincial Congress also made a report on the damages done by the King's troops on their line of march. Then there are very many private letters and diaries of the time, that have, from time to time since, been discovered, and printed more or less obscurely, brief accounts in some of the almanacs for the year 1776, and letters and statements in the foreign newspapers of the time. These accounts do not entirely agree, and it is difficult to reconcile them in some particulars.

The only thing that can be done is to get a general average as to the broader aspects of the affair. Any of you who has read at all extensively in the history of the civil war of a generation ago will recognize how entirely impossible it is to find two historians who can tell the same story in the same way, or who can agree in every statement of fact, and even the official accounts, reports made to the war departments of the respective combatants, always differ from each other, *toto callo*. For instance, did any one ever hear of an official account of a fight in which, whichever side tells the story, the enemy did not greatly outnumber the side that tells it ?

Let us try to get as near the average as we can. The diary of the Captain in the 4th Regiment, agrees perfectly with General Gage's account and Paul Revere's, with regard to the setting out of the expedition, but supplies some little incidents that General Gage could not well insert, and that Revere could not have known. Under date of April 16, he writes :—

“Last night between ten and eleven o'clock all the grenadiers and light infantry of the army, making about 600 men, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith of the 10th, and the marines under Major Pitcairn, embarked and were landed on the opposite shore on Cambridge marsh. Few except the commanding officers knew what expedition we were going upon. After getting over the marsh where we were wet up to the knees, we were halted in a dirty road, and stood there till 2 o'clock in the morning, waiting for provisions to be brought from the boats and to be divided, and which most of the men threw away, having brought some with them ; and at two o'clock we began our march, wading through a long ford up to our middles.”

Each man, it may be said here, had thirty-six rounds of ammunition ; they carried muskets longer than themselves ; they were in full uniform, and the uniform of those days was apparently designed to hinder freedom of action and ease of motion ; the grenadier companies wore a heavy sabre in addition to their musket. Thus burdened, wet up to the middle, and weary with standing three hours in the mud of East Cambridge, which I think you will agree with me is the nastiest mud on the surface of this planet, they were at the very outset heavily handicapped for a march of eighteen miles into a hostile country, a day's labor in the destruction of the enemy's stores and munitions, and a retreat over the same eighteen miles of road, all of which they were to accomplish before they could get any rest. This, for soldiers who had not been used to long marches, or to any marching except what they could do on Boston Common, was a pretty stiff opening of the campaign.

But while they were stuck in the slime of Lechmere's Point, Revere and Dawes were quietly making their several ways into the country in advance of them, and insuring a reception for them. The minute-men of Lexington, nobly true to the terms of their enlistment, to turn out at a moment's notice at any hour of the day or night, had assembled before the tardy march of the regulars from Cambridge had even begun, and remained under arms for three hours or more, awaiting further developments, when no news of the advancing column having come to hand they were dismissed for a short time, but were soon called together again, "not" says the Rev. Mr. Clark, "with the design of opposing so superior a force, much less of commencing hostilities ; but only with a view to determine what to do, when and where to meet, and to dismiss and dis-

perse." This was good strategy under the circumstances, and in view of the utter impossibility of this handful of men, standing off or even delaying the advance of so strong a body of troops. They had previously sent a few unarmed men down the road towards Cambridge to gather information, but the regulars were sharp enough to suspect even unarmed men whom they met on the country roads at any such hour of the night, and had quietly gathered in these apparently inoffensive citizens. Captain Parker had just called the roll of his Company, at half past four o'clock and had ordered those of his men who were short of ammunition to supply themselves at the magazine in the meeting-house, when the head of the enemy's column appeared, only a few rods off. At that moment, according to the Rev. Mr. Clark's narrative, — and I always like to have a good Christian minister to fall back upon as a truthful witness:—

"Some (of the Minutemen) to the number of fifty or sixty, or possibly more, were on the parade, and others were coming towards it. When within about half a quarter of a mile of the meeting-house, they (that is, the British) halted, and command was given to prime and load; which being done, they marched on till they came to the east end of said meeting house, in sight of our militia collecting as aforesaid, who were about twelve or thirteen rods distant. Immediately on their appearing so sudden and so nigh, Captain Parker ordered the men to disperse and take care of themselves and not to fire. Upon this our men dispersed, but many of them not so speedily as they might have done. . . . No sooner did they, (the enemy) come in sight of our Company, but one of them, supposed to be an officer of rank, was heard to say to the troops 'Damn them, we will have them.' Upon which the troops shouted aloud, huzzaed and rushed furiously towards our

men. About the same time three officers advanced on horseback to the front of the body, and coming within five or six rods of the militia, one of them cried out 'Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse, damn you disperse,' or words to that effect. One of them said 'Lay down your arms; damn you, why don't you lay down your arms.' The second of these officers about this time fired a pistol at the militia as they were dispersing. The foremost, who was within a few yards of our men, brandishing his sword and then pointing towards them, with a loud voice said to his troops, 'Fire! by God, fire!' which was instantly followed by a discharge of arms from the said troops, succeeded by a very close and heavy fire upon our party dispersing, so long as any of them were within reach. Eight were left dead upon the ground; ten were wounded."

So far I have quoted verbatim from a pamphlet by the Rev. Jonas Clark, then minister of Lexington, the man at whose house Adams and Hancock had been met by Revere and Dawes a few hours before the occurrences just detailed.

The pamphlet is entitled *A Plain and Faithful Narrative of Facts*. There is about it so evident an attempt to state matters truthfully and down to the minutest detail, that we must accord confidence to it as being as exact a statement as the Reverend and worthy gentleman knew how to make, of matters that he had himself witnessed. The saving clause "or words to that effect" that he attaches to the quoted imprecation of the British officer, is just delicious, and the "sai'ds" and "aforesai'ds" that he introduces show his anxiety to be explicit. Paul Revere did not see much of the Lexington affair. He says he was at the tavern trying to secure a trunk of papers belonging to Hancock, when the enemy came in sight. Having got hold of the trunk he and his companion started with it for Mr. Clark's house, and, he says :—

“On our way we passed through the militia; there were about fifty of them. When we had got about one thousand yards from the meeting house. In their front was an officer on horseback. They made a short halt; when I saw and heard a gun fired, which appeared to be a pistol. Then I could distinguish two guns, and then a continual roar of musketry; when we made off with the trunk.”

In an investigation by the Provincial Congress on the 23rd of April, Captain Parker made and swore to the following statement in writing:—

“I, John Parker, of lawful age, and commander of the militia in Lexington, do testify and declare that on the nineteenth instant, in the morning about one of the clock, being informed that there were a number of Regular officers riding up and down the road, taking and insulting people, and also was informed that the Regular troops were on their march from Boston in order to take the Province stores at Concord, immediately ordered our militia to meet on the common in said Lexington to consult what to do, and concluded not to be discovered nor to meddle or make with said Regular troops, if they should approach, unless they should insult or molest us; and upon their sudden approach I immediately ordered our militia to disperse and not to fire. Immediately said troops made their appearance and rushed furiously to and fired upon and killed eight of our party without receiving any provocation therefor from us.”

(Signed) JOHN PARKER.

Sworn to before three Justices of the Peace.

Pretty nearly all of the survivors of Captain Parker's little company, at the same time made oath to substantially the same effect.

The British officer whom I have before quoted, tells the story as follows:—

“About five miles this side of a town called Lexington, which lay in our road, we heard there were some hundreds of people collected together intending to oppose us and stop our going on. At five o'clock we arrived there, and saw a number of people, I believe between 200 and 300, formed in a common in the middle of the town. We still continued advancing, keeping prepared against an attack, though without intending to attack them; but on our coming near them they fired one or two shots, upon which our men without any orders rushed in upon them, fired and put them to flight. Several of them were killed; we could not tell how many, because they were got behind walls and into the woods. We had a man of the 10th Light Infantry wounded; nobody else hurt. We then formed on the common, but with some difficulty: the men were so wild they could hear no orders. We waited a considerable time there, and at length proceeded on our way to Concord, which we then learned was our destination, in order to destroy a magazine of stores collected there.”

These are all the accounts that I know of, of the affair at Lexington, from the pens of eyewitnesses or participants, written at or near the time the events occurred. Some testimony of survivors taken fifty years after seems to throw doubt on the statements of both Captain Parker and the Rev. Mr. Clark, but the exaggeration of the memories of old soldiers is proverbial, and I am inclined to believe that the stories of both the military and the spiritual leaders of the Lexington soldiers are as true as those two conscientious and trustworthy witnesses could make them.

That the Englishman's story as to the number of the

provincials, the order to fire, or rather the firing without orders, as he has it, and the side that made the attack, should differ from the American account, although it agrees substantially upon these points with the official report of General Gage, is easily accounted for. Only the first two Companies of the British column, the grenadiers and light infantry of Colonel Smith's own regiment, the 10th, deployed upon Lexington Common and fired upon the militia. This diarist, belonging to the 4th Regiment must have remained with his company in the column, and very likely out of sight of the actual firing. Colonel Smith had received explicit orders, before setting out, not to provoke a fight with the rebels, and to perform his duty, if possible, without bloodshed. It was his cue to make it appear that he had done his best to carry out these orders, and that he, and through him the royal authorities, was not to be blamed for beginning the war. The officer whom I have quoted, and who seems to have been a pretty honest fellow, doubtless heard, later in the day, the particulars that he records, from Colonel Smith, or from some other officer who had helped the Colonel fix up his official version of the affair, and had agreed to back him up in it.

But the expedition did not tarry many minutes at Lexington. The commander had a certain and definite object before him at Concord, six miles farther on. He was late already, owing to the long and needless delay he had been obliged to make at East Cambridge, and now that he had found out that the Yankees were not afraid to turn out, and had begun to realize that the whole country-side was in arms, he knew that it was necessary for him to hasten. He found the Lexington men in his way; he had no time to waste in parleying or in threatening, and unmindful of

his orders not to begin a fight, he merely brushed them away and pushed on, despatching at the same time to the General at Boston an urgent call for the reinforcement that he was now convinced he would need.

Col. James Barrett at Concord had been notified the day before that an expedition of a British force might be looked for almost any day, and had received instructions from the Committee of Safety, to send away, farther into the country as many of the stores as possible. These instructions were of course given for the reason that the defensive army was still in a chaotic condition; probably not one of the new regiments of Minute-men had ever been brought together in one body; even the Colonels had never seen their commands, and the Generals had not only not appointed their Staff officers, but were even, in many cases, unacquainted with the Line officers by name. In such a state of things it was the most prudent course to remove the warlike stores to more inaccessible places. So from noon of the 18th all through the afternoon and night, every man and every team that could be raised in the town was engaged in this paramount duty. Old men who had passed the fighting age, and young boys who had not yet come to it, took their parts in this service, and if tradition is to be believed, many of the women also aided to conceal more effectually some of the ammunition and such articles as it was important should be retained on the spot for possible immediate use. It appears that up to that time there had been very little concealment of the material that had been collected, the provincials relying for the safety of such material principally on the distance of the depot from Boston, the only place from which a raid upon it could be made.

Before the British force had arrived at Lexington, Doctor

Prescott, who had escaped from their guard between that place and Concord, had ridden around through Lincoln and notified Captain Smith, and, pushing on to Concord, had given the alarm here to the sentinel on duty at the Court House, and had kept on his way five miles farther to Acton. Thompson Maxwell, a New Hampshire farmer on his way home from Boston, carried the alarm from Lexington to his brother-in-law Captain Jonathan Wilson of the Bedford Minute-men. So even before the firing at Lexington, Captains Smith of Lincoln and Wilson of Bedford, with parts of their respective Companies, had reached Concord and joined the one Company of the Concord Minute-men that had gathered on the green near the meeting-house. This was called "the Alarm Company" and its members were bound by the terms of their enlistment to remain always, at night, within a short distance of their "alarm post," the Court house. The men of the other Concord Companies were scattered here and there through the adjacent towns or on the roads, transporting to less exposed places the stores and munitions that the expedition of the "regulars" had been sent to destroy. This was the first thing to be considered; the second was to alarm the country-side, and messengers were sent in all directions for that purpose, while the little force on Concord Common were slowly gathering strength as the men from the outlying farms hurried in, and those who had been away with their loads got back to the town, and recognized that the time for saving the precious supplies by carrying them away, had gone by, and that their safety was now to be insured by forcible resistance.

A messenger was sent to Lexington, and reached there just in time to witness the encounter there, but hurried

back with the news only that there had been a volley of musketry fired. He did not wait to learn the result of that volley, and for all the good his journey did, he might as well have omitted it altogether. It only served to prove that the soldiers were really out, and to enable the officers here to form some idea of the numbers of the invading force, and the probable time of their arrival at Concord. They could come in only over the direct road from Lexington; there was no possible circuit that they could make so as to approach the town over any other. This was an advantage to the defenders, since they were called upon to establish but one outpost, and that not necessarily a strong one, for its line of retreat to the main body was perfectly secure. A few men, however, were posted beyond the bridges, principally to meet and direct the militia who should come in from the towns north and west, and Wright's Tavern, in the centre of the village, was fixed upon as the headquarters where reinforcements were to report.

The road from Lexington enters the town from the east under the edge of a low sandy ridge, which begins a mile below the village, and extends, parallel with a little brook, to the public square; here the ridge turns sharply toward the north, and the road follows its course. Half a mile beyond the public square the river approaches quite near the ridge, and is there narrower than for a long distance above or below, so the road turns sharply westward again to the Old North Bridge. On the further side of the river the land is higher, and the road, as it then was, after crossing a narrow meadow, divided and followed the course of the river in both directions on the high ground, up the stream toward Acton, and down the stream, over Punka-

tasset Hill, to Bedford and Carlisle. A mile or more up the river was the South Bridge, the way to Marlboro, Groton, and the whole country west and northwest.

Amos Barrett, a young man then 23 years old, a nephew of Colonel James Barrett, and a private in Capt. David Brown's Company of Minute-men, has left in writing his account of the day, which I quote here, partly because it is the testimony, at first hand, of one who bore a part in those events, and partly because it has only been once printed, and that privately, and has not been "staled by often repetition." He says:—

"The bell rung at three o'clock for alarm. As I was a minuteman I was soon in town and found my captain and the rest of my company at the post. Before sunrise there were, I believe, 150 of us, and more of all these were there. We thought we would go and meet the British. We marched down towards Lexington about a mile or a mile and a half, and we saw them coming. We halted and staid till they got within about 100 rods; then we were ordered to the about face and marched before them with our drums and fifes going, and also the British. We had grand music. We marched into town, and over the north bridge a little more than half a mile, and then on a hill not far from the bridge where we could see and hear what was going on."

This retreat, which seems to have been a very orderly one, and without precipitation, was good strategy, in view of the disparity of numbers. All their immediate reinforcements were to come from that side of the river, and it was a good thing just then to have the river between themselves and the enemy. But Colonel Smith lost no time in attempting to dislodge them. As far as they were concerned it was enough to post a guard of three companies

under Captnin Laurie at the bridge to prevent them from crossing ; a force amply sufficient, if well handled, to hold the bridge all day. Captain Pole with one company was detailed to hold the South Bridge, while to Captain Parsons was given the particularly hazardous duty of crossing the river with two companies and moving two miles farther into the country to seize upon the stores deposited at the farm of Colonel Barrett who was the ranking officer of the militia, and was responsible to the Provincial Congress for all the stores that had been collected. He was an old man sixty-five years of age, and suffering from a disease that made walking almost impossible to him, though he was quite at home on horseback. He was with the little column on the hill for a time, leading it from its first position (a little more than half a mile beyond the north bridge as Amos Barrett tells us,) to a point on the brow of the hill much nearer the bridge, where it would be in a much better position to make an advance to the town when it should have become strong enough to do so. Then, after giving a few general orders, especially charging them to let the enemy fire first, he turned over the active command to Major John Buttrick, of the Minutemen, and rode away to look after the safety of certain pieces of artillery that were stored on his own farm. Tradition has it that these cannon were concealed by laying them in a furrow and ploughing another furrow over upon them, and that this was done after Captain Parsons's detachment that had been sent to sieze them was actually in sight.

Among the Minutemen and Militia on the hill, there was naturally some confusion. Men were continually coming in, and were assigned to places in the ranks by Lieutenant Joseph Hosmer, acting as Adjutant, without wasting

much time in discussing the question as to whether they were or were not placed in the particular Company to which they belonged. Captain Isaac Davis came in from Acton, with his Company of about forty men, to which a few moments later Lieutenant John Heald with the Carlisle contingent of sixteen men was joined, and at Captain Davis's own instance this Company was given the post of honor, the right of the line. In their march to Concord they had, without knowing it, passed very near to Captain Parsons's detachment which was at Colonel Barrett's farm only a few rods beyond the point at which their line of march joined the main road.

While the body of patriots on the hill were thus momentarily increasing in strength, that part of the British force that had remained in the village was busy with the work of destruction, but so great had been the activity of the town-folk during the past few hours, (since noon of the 18th) in removing or concealing the precious stores, that the amount of damage done to public property was comparatively trivial. They managed to destroy some fifty barrels of flour; knocked off the trunnions of three iron cannon; burned the cannon carriages and a few spare wheels; threw about five hundred pounds of cannon balls into the mill pond and into wells, from which the provincials later recovered the most of them; burned a few barrels of wooden spoons and trenches; cut down the rebellious "liberty pole" and set fire to the Court House and to Reuben Brown's saddlery shop, neither of which, however, suffered much injury. Colonel Smith would have done better if he had retreated from Lexington with his purpose unfulfilled, for even if he had not lost a man, the object for which he set out was thoroughly defeated, the damage he had been able

to do to the cause of the revolutionists was not worth even the march hither and back again.

Of what happened at the Bridge I will let Amos Barrett tell the story. He says:—

“While we were on the hill by the bridge, there were 80 or 90 British came to the bridge and there made a halt. After a while they began to tear the plank off the bridge. Major Buttrick said if we were all his mind we would drive them away from the bridge,— they should not tear that up. We all said we would go. We, then, were not loaded. We were all ordered to load, and had strict orders not to fire till they fired first, then to fire as fast as we could. We then marched on. Captain Davis’s minute company marched first, then Captain Allen’s minute company, the one that I was in, next. We marched two deep. It was a long causeway round by the river. Captain Davis had got, I believe, within fifteen rods of the British, when they fired three guns one after another. As soon as they fired them, they fired on us. The balls whistled well. We were then all ordered to fire that could fire and not kill our own men. It is strange there were no more killed, but they fired too high. Captain Davis was killed and Mr. Hosmer, and a number wounded. We soon drove them from the bridge. When I got over, there were two lay dead, and another almost dead. We did not follow them. There were eight or ten that were wounded and a running and a hobbling about, looking back to see if we were after them. We saw the whole body coming out of the town. We were then ordered to lay behind a wall that run over a hill, and when they got near enough, Major Buttrick said, he would give the word fire. But they did not come as near as he expected before they halted. Their commanding officer ordered the whole battalion to halt and officers to the front. There we lay, behind the wall, about two hundred of us, with our guns cocked, expecting every minute to have the word,— fire. Our orders were, if we

had fired, I believe we would have killed almost every officer there was in front, but we had no order to fire and they were not again fired on. They staid there about ten minutes and then marched back and we after them."

This is an admirable piece of history writing, as clear, direct and unimpassioned as the multiplication table itself, omitting everything that verges on the melodramatic, even to the fact that the column of Minute-men marched down the hill with the fifes playing *The White Cockade*, an old Jacobite march intensely galling to the Hanoverians, and "the all-irrevocable order" of Major Buttrick, "For God's sake, fire!" We shall never have another so good account of what took place that April morning at Concord North Bridge.

With this advance down Punkatasset Hill, the war of the revolution began. The Americans *had invited it* now; they were fired upon, not as they were in the act of dispersing; not wantonly and needlessly as the men of Lexington had been but a few hours before, but while they were advancing with arms in their hands in act of war. *They were the attacking party this time.* If Captain Laurie's men had not fired, the Yankees perhaps would not, but they would have walked over those soldiers and crushed them into the earth, if need were.

It may be said here, that the British soldier whom Amos Barrett says he saw "almost dead," was quite dead a few moments after. His musket was taken by one of the minutemen who gave it to Abijah Pierce, the Colonel of his Regiment, who had come to Concord without a gun. That musket, together with a cutlass carried by Samuel Lee, a grenadier of the 10th Regiment, wounded and taken prisoner, and also the clumsy old broadsword of Colonel

James Barrett, are now in the collection of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

The English officer from whose diary I have before quoted, adds some little details to the story of the fight at the bridge, as he saw it. He says:—

“Captain Laurie who commanded these companies, sent to Colonel Smith, begging he would send more troops to his assistance.” (This was just before the Provincials began their advance.) “The Colonel ordered two or three companies, but put himself at their head, by which means he stopped ’em from being time enough, for being a very fat heavy man he would not have reached the bridge in half an hour, though it was not half a mile to it. In the mean time the rebels were coming down upon us, when Captain Laurie made his men retire to this side the bridge, which he ought to have done at first, and then he would have had time to make a good disposition, but at this time he had not, for the rebels had got so near him that his men were obliged to form the best way they could. As soon as they were over the bridge the three companies got one behind the other, so that only the front one could fire. The others not firing, the whole were forced to quit the bridge and return towards Concord.”

Plainly Captain Laurie was not the man to be entrusted with so important a duty as that of keeping the rebels on the further side of the river. But it was “all of a piece” with the rest of the affair, which, in a military way was a series of blunders all through, from General Gage’s idiotic strategy in sending out his feeble little column into a hostile country without making any decent arrangement for their relief in case of disaster, or for their support in case of difficulty, down to the foolish weakness of poor Captain Laurie in minor tactics.

The Provincials having driven away the force from the bridge, and having waited for ten minutes, as Amos Barrett tells us, lying behind Elisha Jones's stone wall in hopes of getting in two or three more shots at them, did not immediately pursue the advantage they had gained, nor did they even leave a guard at the bridge to intercept Captain Parsons's detachment on its return from Colonel Barrett's, two facts in the history of the day's events that seem to be regarded with wonder by most of the historians. I think however that they really show good military judgment on the part of the rebel leaders. It was reasonably to be expected that Captain Parsons hearing the firing at the North Bridge would march his men back over the other road by way of the upper bridge, which he knew had not been attacked and could not well be attacked as the forces were then posted. Our friend the English officer says, however, that Captain Parsons had not heard the noise of the skirmish, and knew nothing of it until his return, when instead of finding, as he expected, Captain Laurie's detachment still on guard, he found the bodies of the slain soldiers lying in the road, with other evidences that trouble had begun. He was closely followed from Colonel Barrett's to the bridge by the two companies from Sudbury, whose natural line of march into the town was by way of the south bridge. But finding this bridge guarded by Captain Pole, they made a long detour so as to avoid precipitating a conflict there. But it would not have been worth while for the little body of Provincials that had just been engaged at the north bridge, to await Captain Parsons's detachment there. The sooner he got back to the village and rejoined the main body, the sooner would the whole column retreat from the town, for it was plain that

it must retreat very soon. The patriots were still greatly inferior in numbers, and were in no condition to risk a general engagement with his entire force. But not only were they growing stronger every moment, but in addition to that, the British commander must have recognized fully, that the whole country was aroused, and that the longer he remained in Concord the more rebels he would be called upon to meet on his way back to Boston. So it was good strategy for the rebels here in arms, to go across the fields behind the ridge as they did, and find a position from which they could harrass him on his retreat. They knew that if he were not attacked in the village, he would not be likely to do any more harm there, but would devote his energies to getting out of the situation with all despatch.

The Rev. William Emerson says that for half an hour after Colonel Smith had got his men together again, "the enemy, by their marches and counter-marches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind, sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating to their former posts." Naturally Colonel Smith and his officers disliked to abandon their expedition while they had so little to show for it in the way of results, and possibly had hopes for a time that the reinforcements for which he had sent from Lexington might yet come up in time to save the fortunes of the day. But this hesitation could not last long, and he appears soon to have come to a realizing sense that the raid was a blunder from the very beginning, and that General Gage was not competent to help him out of it. He must extricate himself and do it quickly before this elusive enemy should finally overwhelm him.

So arrangements were hurriedly made for the transportation of some of the wounded, and before noon the col-

umn that had entered the little town so proudly a few hours before was in full retreat, marching, however, in orderly and soldierly fashion and without apparent haste, as became the soldiers of the best army in the world. But they were not to get even so far as the boundary of Concord without further loss. The provincials had prudently kept the ridge between themselves and the enemy, and although Colonel Smith maintained a strong flanking party on the ridge, still this party had to be drawn in when the hill came to an end, at Meriam's corner, a mile or more below the village. Here a second skirmish occurred, of which we will let Amos Barrett tell the story in his delightfully concise fashion:—

“After a while we found them marching back toward Boston. We were soon after them. When they got to a road that comes from Bedford and Billerica, they were way-laid and a great many killed. When I got there, a great many lay dead, and the road was bloody.”

No heroics and no dramatic touches from private Amos Barrett. Not even a brag as to how many of these dead men fell to his own gun, or how prominent was his own share either in this second event or in the earlier affair at the bridge. As an example of self-restraint in a story of exciting events told by a participant in them, it is remarkable, and impresses one, at once, with its absolute truthfulness.

With this second attack upon “the invading army,” almost at the edge of Concord's territory, “Concord Fight” came to an end. “The first forcible resistance to British aggression” was an accomplished fact, and the war was actually begun. Hereafter Massachusetts was to seek peace in liberty, with her sword. How the orderly retreat

of the British force became converted into a scrambling flight with hardly a semblance of military discipline, before, faint and exhausted with their long march, and incapable of self-defence for want of ammunition, they came in sight of Lord Percy's Brigade of more than a thousand fresh soldiers, that had just reached Lexington for their relief, it hardly needs to tell. They had been on duty for almost twenty-four hours, during which they had by that time marched twenty-five miles (some of them much more), and had labored like galley-slaves in hunting for and destroying an almost insignificant amount of rebel property; harrassed for the last three or four miles of their retreat by an almost unseen enemy that practised a style of tactics to which the oldest veteran among them was a stranger,—of firing from cover and scarcely appearing at all in the open; disheartened with the failure of their expedition and disgusted with the incompetency of the General who had sent them on it, they knew that their only salvation from surrender or utter destruction lay in this column of Percy's, which under a competent General would have been despatched to their relief early enough to have reinforced them at Concord, instead of having simply to cover their retreat from Lexington. But even Percy with his fresh troops and his artillery was unable to change the fortune of the day, or to give to the affair any semblance of victory. It was a defeat and a disaster to the British arms, and one, the magnitude of which no one recognized at first. Boston and safety were still a long way off, and the road was becoming more and more difficult every moment. By far the greater part of the losses of the day were still to come, and though the retreat was resumed as soon as possible, and in good military order, it was not long before it became again an almost

headlong flight. Minutemen and other armed Provincials sprung up on every side, every wall or thicket offering them cover from which to pour in their fire. It is still a matter of wonder and surprise how far some of the Minutemen had marched that morning, when we consider the small facilities of communication, and the condition of the country roads. That whole companies of men from points as far distant as Lynn and Salem and Danvers should have been notified and assembled, and then marched over the roads on foot, arriving at the scene of action in time to get a hand in the fighting, proves that the organization of the Minutemen, loose and unmilitary as it was, was still actually effective, and that its members were true to the terms of their enlistment,—to be ready at a minute's warning.

It was Concord Fight that made the siege of Boston and its final evacuation possible. Good generalship on the part of the British commander would either have avoided the raid on Concord, or would have so ordered it as to make its failure impossible. This single day's events aroused the courage and enthusiasm of the rebels, converted the doubters among them, and convinced the half hearted that they had now gone too far to retreat. Not only they, but the royal commander also, learned that their strength was not in their army, but in the people themselves. This was a new and hitherto unknown factor in warfare. The old soldier could understand, and perhaps contend with, an organized and disciplined army making war by rule, but a whole people in arms was something he was not accustomed to, and this unprecedented condition of affairs so paralyzed him and his army that he was unable to conceive of any measure that would prevent this people in

arms from cooping him up for a year in Boston. It was Concord Fight that broke down forever military rule in America. Not all the King's horses nor all the King's men could ever set it up again as it was before, but thenceforth the people themselves were to rule, and the people themselves, through their volunteer militia, were to be the only military force.

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER
Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York

1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards.

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

Concord, - Mass.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

Concord, Mass.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., Concord, Mass.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts."—*Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'"—*American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk



8083

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

HOW OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS LIVED

BY ALBERT E. WOOD, C. E.



"A truly great historical novel."— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

By ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price

With Colonial Decorations

\$1.50

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

By ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.**

Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER
Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York
1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards.

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.

Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

Concord, - Mass.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

Concord, Mass.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

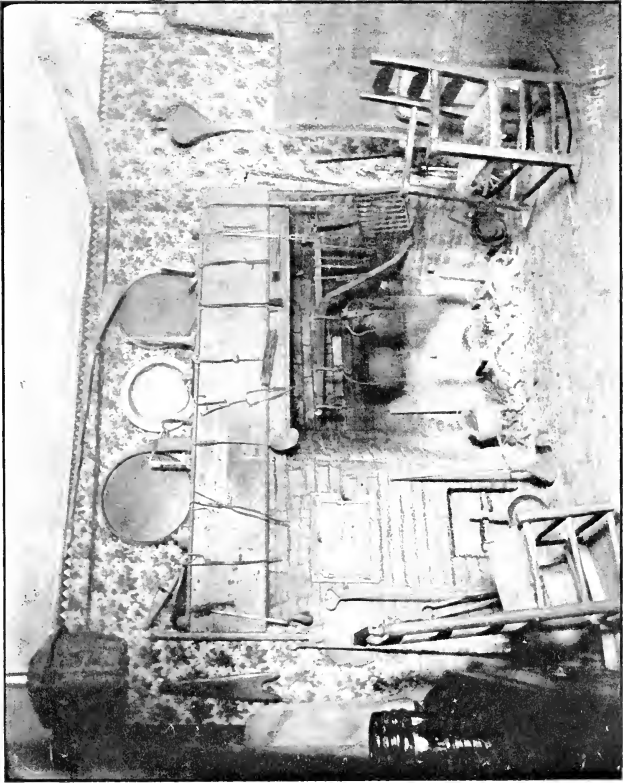
Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., Concord, Mass.



KITCHEN OF CONCORD ANTI-QUAKERIAN HOUSE

HOW OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS LIVED

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY ALBERT E. WOOD, C. E.

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.

How Our Great-Grandfathers Lived

In his History of Concord, Shattuck says, under date of 1777, "Efforts were often made, during the Revolution, to regulate the prices of labor and merchandise. In 1777, a committee, chosen by the town for the purpose, reported the prices of various kinds of common labor, etc., etc. All who varied from these established prices were prosecuted, and treated as enemies." I have before me the original records of the doings of that committee, kept by the secretary, Nathan Stow. It reads as follows:

"The prices of the necessaries, as fixed by the Selectmen and Committee of Correspondence etc., of Concord, as ordered by the Great and General Court of this State, in an amendment of the late act entitled 'an act to prevent monopoly and oppression.'"

Then follow the prices in shillings and pence, six shillings being equivalent to a silver dollar. "Farm labor, 3s. 8d., per day; Carpenter's wages, 3s. 10d., per day; Cordwainers: Men's shoes of the best sort, 8s; Women's shoes, 6s. 4d., per pair; Making men's and women's shoes, finding thread, wax, and heels, 3s. 6d., per pair, and smaller sizes in like proportions. Woman's labor: Spinning linen, 5d., per skein, 14 knotted; and other spinning in proportion: Weaving plain common cloth, yard wide, 4 pence half penny per yard; Striped ditto, 5 pence per yard.

Woolen, ell wide, 5 pence half penny per yard. Good oak wood, 13s. 4d., per cord. Good split pine wood, 10s., per cord. Charcoal, 4 pence half penny per bushel. Live Shoats, 3 pence half penny per pound. Pigs, under two months, — per pound. (This piece was torn off.) Horse hire, 3 pence per mile, to ride out. (That is, on horse back.) To go in Chaise, 4 pence per mile out. Chaise hire, 3 pence per mile out. Good upper leather, hides weighing 55 lbs., green, well tanned and curried, 34s., per hide, [\$5.67]; and other hides in proportion, according to their weight. Good calf skins, weighing 10 lbs., green, well tanned and curried, 9s., and other skins in like proportion, according to their weight. Best plain saddles, complete, with crooper, etc., 4£. Double, or full welted saddles, 4£ 6s. A good bridle, with good common bitt, 6s., and other work in the saddlers way, in like proportion. Entertainment: Keeping a horse, or a pair of oxen a night, or 24 hours with good English hay, 2s., or grass in a good pasture, 1s. 8d. Oating a horse with two quarts of oats, 4 pence. Dining a man with a good common boiled dish, 1s. Boiled or roasted meat, 1s. 4d. Good common supper or breakfast of coffee or chocolate with good toast, 1s. If meat with the same, 1s. 4d., and a supper or breakfast of bread and milk, 6 pence. Flip or toddy of West India rum, or other spirits, not to exceed 1s., per mug. Flip or toddy made of good New England rum or other spirit distilled in New England, 10 pence per mug, and larger quantities of mixed liquors in like proportion. Butter by the firkin, 9 pence per lb., 11 pence by the single lb. Milk 2 pence per qt. Rye, or rye meal 5s. 8d., per bushel. Indian corn or meal, 3s. 8d., per bushel. Dressing woolen cloth, twice shaving, not dying the same, 5 pence 3 farthings per yard. Ditto, with dear color, dressed in the best manner, not to exceed 1s. 6d., per yard. Shoeing a horse round with plain shoes, 6s. [\$1.00]. Moving shoes, and setting round, 1s. 4d. Ox shoeing in proportion to shoeing a horse according to the

usual custom as heretofore practiced. A good axe, 10s. Laying an axe, 6s. 6d. All other smithing work in like proportion. Salted pork, 9 pence per lb. (This price for salt pork at first surprised me; but, seeing upon another paper, the price of salt at that time, 7s., per bushel, it explained it.) Mutton, hind quarters, 4 pence per lb., fore quarters, 3 pence half penny per lb. Veal, hind quarters, 4 pence per lb, fore quarters, 3 pence half penny per lb. Cheese, 5 pence per lb., this year's make."

The paper is dated, Concord, June 9, 1777.

Below the date is this:

"N. B. The above regulations are to be in full force two months from the 16th of June inst., agreeable to the order of the General Court. It is signed by Ephraim Wood Jr., Nehemiah Hunt, Nathan Merriam, John Buttrick, Isaac Hubbard, Joseph Merriam, Ephraim Potter, David Wheeler Jr., Abishai Brown, and Nathan Stow.

Selectmen and Committee."

The first three named were the selectmen, and the others, the Committee of Correspondence. It seems to me there are a great many ways of looking at this paper, the first and most serious one arises from the fact of its bringing to our minds, so forcibly, the exceedingly trying and critical times that made such an effort necessary. I think the year 1777 to Concord, the most trying one in history. Her people were engaged in a war, the final results of which were at that time *very* doubtful. Mr. Emerson had died, and they were without a pastor. It was after two years of hard fighting. Concord had then, about sixty men in the army, and was liable soon to have another large call. The pay of the soldier was small, and hard to get, and the currency rapidly depreciating. One dollar in currency, at the beginning of 1777, was worth

32 cents at its close. A month before, Danbury, Conn., (like Concord, two years before) had been attacked to destroy supplies stored there for the army. But, *unlike* Concord, the town was partly burned, several of its inhabitants murdered and thrown into the flames. There were destroyed, at the time, 1800 bbls., of beef and pork, 800 bbls., of flour, 2000 bu., of grain, clothing for a regiment, 100 hhds., of rum, and a large number of tents. It is easy to imagine the terror this spread over the minds of the Concord people. Burgoyne was marching down from the North, and likely to cut New England off from the rest of the Country. They were liable to be shut in upon all sides, by sea and by land, and, thus fenced in, what spite might not the English soldiers vent upon them, as *the starters* of the Rebellion.

With these facts before us, can we not see with what *serious earnestness* this Committee of Concord entered upon this duty, assigned them by the General Court! And although this effort to regulate the prices of merchandise and labor was a failure, or perhaps worse, this does not detract from the earnestness of the men, or from the interest of the paper before us; and yet, looking back through the mist of one hundred and twenty-five years, upon the action of this Committee, knowing, as we do, that *through* this very earnestness, with patient long suffering, the victory was at last gained, and that the whole story of the Revolution, though dark in many of its chapters, has a bright ending, knowing also that these wise founders of the government, however wise and however far seeing, and with whatever high ideal of a perfect government they may have had, yet were "wiser than they knew," in laying that foundation, and that we today are enjoying the benefit of

it, we can *afford*, I think, now, to look upon the *ludicrous* side of the picture. Imagine, if you can, these ten dignified men, than whom no men in town had more dignity, or influence, or power, the Selectmen and Committee of Safety of the town, met by order of the Great and General Court of the State of Massachusetts Bay in New England, with great deliberation, and much study, doubtless, deciding what price a poor woman should charge for spinning a skein of yarn, or how much Boniface might demand for a good common boiled dish or a glass of toddy.

But to me, the most interesting fact to draw from this paper is the manner of living in those days: that is, what did they eat? What did they drink? And wherewithal were they clothed? The question that strikes me the most forcibly is, with the prices given, how could a laboring man with a large family (and most of them had large families), live at all? Take for instance the carpenter with 3 s. 10d., per day, how could he support a wife and say eight children (about the average) — ten in family? Feed, clothe, shelter, and educate them on 64 cts., per day? The carpenter of today, and generally with a small family too, gets four times this. It is true provisions are higher, but they do not average twice as high. The man who lived upon 64 cts., then, by living *in the same way*, could easily live on \$1.00 today. Thoreau was not the first man to figure out the problem of cheap living. What he figured out for amusement, our great-grandfathers, yes, and their great-great-grandfathers before them, had figured out from pure necessity — the art of living economically.

This is a relative term. What would be economy for a man worth a million, would not be economy for the carpenter receiving \$3.00 per day. And what would be

economy for this man, would not be the same for the carpenter of 100 years ago, working for 64 cts., a day. And again, the way of living of those carpenters of 1777, in the eyes of the poor Indians, whom our forefathers of Concord (I am proud to state) honorably bought out, was the height of extravagance. A story to the point. In 1855, I was building a portion of a railroad in the northern part of the state of Georgia. A young man came to me one day, and said he was just married, and if I would set him up at housekeeping, he would build himself a shanty, and work for me. I asked him what he would require to start him. After consulting his wife, he said if they had two good blankets, one baking kettle, one boiling kettle, and a long handled spider, they could live happy. I furnished these and from what I saw, think they kept their word. This shows how little is required, if but love go with it.

Let us leave the question of cheap living for a short time, while we read other papers, giving more light upon the living at that time. And first, I will quote a part of the will of one of my great grandfathers, James Barrett, Esq., son of Col. James of revolutionary fame. He was the eldest son, born Jan. 4, 1734, and, though later in life, he turned the scales at 250 pounds, and stood more than six feet in his stockings, the day he was born he was measured in a quart tankard, and did not fill it. So says Tradition.

He was eminently a religious man. His will shows a devout, unquestioning faith, that is refreshing. In that part of his will which provides for the support of his wife, Millicent, Mr. Barrett gives her what she *did* actually live upon in comfort for a good many years, and it gives what Judge Wood, in his will (a portion of which I shall read

later on) calls special and honorable provision for her support.

The will begins as follows.

“In the name of God, Amen!

The eighth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety two.

I, James Barrett of Concord, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Esqr., enjoying a comfortable measure of bodily health, and of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given to God therefor, calling to mind the mortality of my body, and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this, my last will and testament. That is to say, principally and first of all, I give and recommend my soul into the hands of God that gave it, and my body I recommend to the earth, to be buried in a decent, Christian like burial, at the discretion of my executor, *nothing doubting*, but at the general resurrection, I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God.

And as touching such worldly estate as it hath pleased God to bless me with in this life, I give, and devise, and dispose of the same in the following manner and form:

Imprimis—

I give and bequeath unto Millicent Barrett, my dearly beloved wife, all my household furniture, to be at her own disposal, excepting one bed to each of my daughters, that shall remain unmarried at my decease; also the use and improvement of that part of my now *dwelling house* that I have lately built, with the front room and front chamber in the westerly part of the old house, as long as she remains my widow. Also the free use and improvement of my chaise, as long as she remains my widow.

And my will further is, that my eldest son, his heirs and assigns, pay to my said wife, and *to her only*, six Spanish milled silver dollars, each and every year of her natural life, for which her annual receipts shall be his dis-

charge, whether she be married or unmarried. I also order that my said son, James Barrett, provide for my said wife, a good horse for her to ride, either in the chaise or otherwise, when and where she pleases, and that he provide and keep for her two good cows and one good farrow cow in the winter season. Also a sufficiency of firewood for her to burn, cut fit for her fire, and carried into the house. Also ten bushels of rye, and ten bushels of Indian corn, one hundred and twenty weight of pork, and one hundred and twenty weight of beef, four *bbls. of cider*, twenty weight of flax, eight lbs. of sheep's wool, and two lbs. of cotton. Also a sufficient quantity of sugar, tea, *spirits*, and every other necessary of life for her to live according to a woman of her station in life, and to *treat her friends as usual*. All to be provided by my son, James Barrett, annually, as long as she remains my widow."

And this is the special and honorable support spoken of, and for the times, it *was* an honorable support. If it seems meagre to us, it is because times have changed, and not because the support was not sufficient and satisfactory.

I have copies of other wills, written about the same time, by the first men of the town, and they all give their wives about the same support. Judge Wood, a little later, gives his wife Millicent, (and by the way it is the same Millicent spoken of in Mr. Barrett's will) fifteen bu. of grain, half rye, and half Indian corn, ground into meal, one hundred and eighty lbs., of beef and pork, well fattened and salted, half a bu. of salt, and as much malt, fifteen lbs. of flax from the swingel, two lbs. of cotton, and two lbs. of sheep's wool, twenty-one lbs. of good brown sugar, and six lbs. of loaf ditto, three lbs. of tea, a sufficient quantity of spirits, of such sorts as she may desire to enable her to treat her friends and relatives as heretofore, and two barrels of cider. Sauce of every kind brought to her hand, par-

ticularly apples, forty lbs., butter, and fifty lbs., cheese. She is also to have six dollars in money.

Although these papers cover a period of twenty-five years, there is little difference in the articles of food mentioned. In the first paper, are named the articles that were considered by the Selectmen and the Committee actually necessary to live upon; in the wills, it is the support, given in the most generous spirit, by men standing high in the town, to their wives, who were in the very best society. So I think we can take them as fair exponents of the living of the day.

For bread, we have nothing but rye and Indian corn mentioned, and this not the fine bolted meal and flour of today, but coarse and unsifted, direct from the mill, and what does this represent? Coarse brown bread, johnny cake or hoe cake, hasty pudding, rye bread and rye biscuit, yes, and rye pastry, that I am afraid would give us *wry* faces, if we attempted to eat it today. But the brown rye and Indian bread was the standard, and but little else was used. Wheat flour was obtainable, and was classed with sugar as a luxury, and only used upon especial occasions. Of meat, in the wills, only salt beef and pork are mentioned. They were dependent for meat entirely upon their own raising, and could not, as we can today, draw upon the whole country for a supply. Consequently, most of it was killed and salted in the cold weather, and kept through the summer. Once in a while, and upon especial occasions, a lamb was killed, and in the fall, at the end of harvest, chickens and turkeys were offered up in Thanksgiving, and the killing of the fatted calf had great significance, but the standard dish for every day was fried salt pork, or boiled dish.

Mr. Barrett furnishes his wife Millicent, 240 lbs., of salt pork and beef, two thirds of a lb. for every day in the year; and this for a gentlewoman in her declining years. No tenderloin steak, nice spring chicken, or lamb chop to coax a delicate appetite; no lamb broth, or carefully prepared beef tea for a sick chamber, but coarse salt beef and salt pork alone. As for drink, Mr. Barrett gives Millicent four bbls. of cider — 128 gallons — 512 qts., — about 3 pts. a day for the 365 days in a year. This seems strange to us, yet I do not believe it was anything uncommon. At that time, everybody drank cider, and the constant use of it increased their capacity for it in a wonderful degree. I have often heard my father tell the story of a family living in the southerly part of Carlisle, consisting of an old man and his three sons. They owned a large farm, covered all over, as most farms were in that day, with wild apple trees. Every fall they put 100 bbls., full of cider in the cellar, and they managed to have them all empty for the next year's harvest. This would give them about two and one half gallons apiece daily. In this family, the old rule, that the last one up in the morning should be tapster for the day, was strictly adhered to, so that one of them, at least, was sure to be busy every day. This was, of course, an extreme case. But cider was the common drink at meal times, as well as between meals, and probably the quantity of hard cider, drunk daily by many of them, would make any man today boozy for a week. The question is, were these people so inured to it by constant use, and by an active out of door life, that it did not affect them, or was booziness their common condition, and therefore not noticable?

Mr. Barrett's will also provides that Millicent shall have

sugar, tea, and spirits for her to live according to a woman in her station in life, and to *treat her friends as usual*. Fashion held the same cruel sway over the people then, that it does now, although perhaps under a slightly different code of laws. Hospitality required and Fashion dictated that every caller should be treated to some kind of spirit, and rum at a funeral was absolutely necessary. I have often heard old people speak of how indignant Dr. Ripley would be if he found it wanting upon such occasions.

The Antiquarian Society has in its collection some fine specimens of decanters, demijohns and glasses, handed down from "ye olden tyme," that help bring to our minds pictures of these entertainments when fashion and hospitality were so happily united.

We have seen that Mr. Barrett's will furnished his widow with spirits to treat her friends as befitted her station. How is she furnished with clothing, befitting that same station? Twenty weight of flax, eight lbs. of sheep's wool, and two lbs. of cotton. This is all. Can any lady see how these three items can represent so much? Perhaps you can picture to yourselves the days, weeks, yes, even months of hard work this means; the carding, spinning, and weaving, then hours and hours over the horrid dyepot, kept in the chimney corner; and all this, before one stitch could be taken to make a garment. This was the work expected of almost every woman at that day. I think we shall all agree in saying, that whatever a woman may look forward to in the future, she can certainly congratulate herself upon her already improved condition in *this* particular. In old portraits, and sometimes in magazines of a later day, we see pictures of dresses of that time.

If they are a little scrimped in some of their dimensions, as compared with the dresses of today, can we at all wonder?

There is a curious law in Nature that the moment a flowering plant is furnished with a superfluity of nourishment by the liberal hand of a gardener it begins to apply it to the beautifying of its blossoms by adding leaf after leaf to its already beautiful covering of petals. Compare the showy, double dahlia with the single one, or the magnificent double rose, of whatever name, with the modest, old fashioned, half starved, scrumpy single one, growing, as we remember, in the hedges of our grandfathers, and I think you will see the point.

If the dresses of that day, as compared with the present fashion, are typified by the single rose, with no superfluity about it, have we not a full explanation of it? Mr. Barrett also furnishes Millicent with six Spanish milled silver dollars, each year, and this was all the pin money she had. It is hard for me to imagine a condition of things where a lady could get along comfortably with this amount. I can see that she could pay for her shoes, and perhaps for a few other articles necessary for a lady's toilet, and put a few cents in the contribution box of a Sunday. But, with but six dollars a year, and all these things paid for, and no other purse to go to, where did her bonnet come from? I give this conundrum to the ladies.

From what I have said, I think it is easy to solve the problem of cheap living of that day. Everybody had a farm, and almost every farmer had a trade. Even ministers and doctors lived by farming. Dr. Ripley, with a salary of less than \$333 per year, *had* to live largely from his farm, and Dr. Hurd was one of the most extensive farmers in town. Almost nothing of the actual necessities of life

had to be bought. A newly married couple required furniture, but furniture, once procured, lasted for a life time, and much longer, but for food and drink, the farm furnished it all.

The desire we have today for sweets, is an acquired taste, not much indulged in by our great-grandfathers. Coffee and tea were mostly for company. A brown bread crust, or some rye, or barley, browned to a nice shade, made a drink good enough for every day, for the grown up folks, or that part of them who did not drink cider, and bread and milk was the universal food for children. Bread and cider was a very common dish, especially for Sunday. The cider was prepared in a way similar to flip, either with a loggerhead, or over the fire, and toasted brown bread crusts crumbed into it. I remember eating a dish of it, one Sunday, prepared by my father, in memory of old times. All the rest of the family had gone to meeting, to stay all day, and this was our dinner. I then thought it was excellent. How much of this was attributable to a hungry boy's appetite, and how much to the excellence of the dish, I am unable to say.

As for clothing, everybody kept sheep, and almost everybody raised flax. No young woman was fit to marry, till she was able to convert these into clothing and household goods; and but few did marry, till they had, with their own hands, manufactured a supply of such things for heir own wear. Give a thrifty housewife at that time, the wool from a few cossit sheep, and with a little help, the whole household would be comfortably clad, if not elegantly. One article of clothing, however, she could not furnish, viz: the shoes. For the children, during the long summer months, Nature furnished out of untanned

leather, a shoe, softer, better fitting, requiring less mending, and (as many of us can testify) altogether more satisfactory to the boy, than any shoe ever tanned by man. But for the winter months, and all the year for the grown-up folks, shoes had to be manufactured by the cordwainer, and paid for. The trade of shoemaking, like its name, was, about this time, in a transition state. The custom had been for the cordwainer to go from house to house shoeing the whole family, from leather furnished from the farm, and tanned at the nearest tannery. Later on, shops were more generally used, and the Spanish name of "cordwainer" was changed to the better English one of shoemaker.

Let me quote a few extracts from an old account book kept by my grandfather David Wood. He donned his freedom suit Oct., 23, 1781, and immediately after started in business for himself. The book covers a period of six years, from his becoming of age, to the time of his going with Capt. Brown's company in 1786-7, to suppress "Shay's Rebellion." This book shows that at least one man followed pretty closely the prices fixed by the selectmen, and committee of safety in 1777. As a specimen of book-keeping, it is certainly unique. As a rule, in ordinary book keeping, the third person is used; but in this, the first person is used, the creditor addressing the debtor personally, thus :

Taking the account of Charles Miles, a butcher.

Capt. Charles Miles to me Dr.

Charles a pair made	3sh	8d
Samuel a pair mended	1 "	4 "
Your shoes mended	1 "	4 "
Ruth and Polly a pair	7 "	2 "
Mrs. Miles a pair	3 "	8 "

This work must have been done at Mr. Mile's house, as the charges are all made under one date, and simply for the making and mending. In the account of Ezekiel Miles, in August he charges for "work at Mr. Miles six days and a half, at four shillings per day." Charges like this are quite common, showing that the old custom of working from house to house, or "whipping the cat," as it was then called, was not entirely done away with. An account that may be of interest is found on page 29. It must be remembered that the Rev. Dr. Ripley had just married Mrs. Emerson with a family of five young children.

Mr. Ezra Ripley Dr., to me

Your boots foxed	7sh
Billy Emerson a pair made	3 " 8d
A pair of girl's shoes made	3 " 4"
Yourself a pair made	3 " 8"
A pair of little shoes mended	10"
The little negro's shoes mended	1 " 2"
Billy a pair soled	1 " 2"
Mrs. Ripley a pair mended	1 " 4"
Phebe a pair mended	1 " 2"

[“Billy” was Ralph Waldo Emerson's father.]

In this account, you will see that Dr. Ripley found his own leather. This old book shows how universal the practice was, and that, as far as possible, this expense, like the others, was paid for from the farm. The account against the Town is the only one where the whole stock is furnished by the maker. The charges for the year 1782 are as follows :

Nabby Flag a pair	8sh
Thomas Cook a pair	10“
Blood girl a pair	8“
Nab. Flagg a pair mended	2“ 8d
A pair for Submit Flagg	6“
Nabby Flagg a pair	7“
Nabby a pair mended	2“ 8“
Work one day and half	6“

This account shows who the town's poor were for that year, and in fact the book might almost be called a Genesis of the town; as they all had to have shoes, and most of their names will be found in it.

I have several times mentioned the use of spirits at that time. We have seen how necessary and important it was considered by the selectmen and committee in 1787. We have seen that there were 100 bbls. of rum stored for the use of the army at Danbury, and we have seen how important a place it held in the provision a thoughtful husband made for his widow.

How was it used, later on?

I have an account book kept by Stephen Wood, another son of Ephraim Esq., covering a period from 1803, to 1817. Mr. Wood kept a country store and sold, as the book shows, almost everything that was bought by the people at that time. The most profitable trade of all country stores was in spirits, and his was not an exception.

The study of this book for a few hours, has been to me the most impressive temperance lecture I have ever read. Probably at no time in the history of the Country, have there been more rapid changes in the condition of the people than the period covered by this book. Still, the fashion for toddy did not change, and with the increasing

ease and wealth of the people, is it strange that some men fell victims to it?

Many of us can call to mind stories told by mother or grandmother of family secrets and family sorrows of that day; of husband, father, or brother that brought grief and poverty upon a household. There was a skeleton in many a family closet, a spirit of evil, and that spirit materialized, was the rum jug.

This book shows just where that rum jug came from. In it, can be pointed out the names of many men of wealth and standing, who ended their days in poverty and sorrow.

But this is not a temperance lecture. My object is to point out the great change in the habits of the people since then. I will quote a few extracts to show this. Bear in mind that this store was not considered a rum shop, but was a common country store, selling to families all the necessaries of life, dry goods as well as wet. Everything that the farm did not furnish was kept here. Compare your dry goods and grocery bills of today with the charges in this book, which differs in no essential particular from the books of all country store keepers of that time, and you will be astonished, and perhaps shocked. And in making the following quotations, I have aimed to pick out fair average bills, not exceptional ones, and to give *all* the articles bought during the times mentioned, just as they are charged, not, however, carrying out the prices. We will look at the account of Peter Wheeler; at random, we will take his account for April 1806. The articles bought are as follows: 1 lb. coffee, 1 gal. N. E. rum, 1 iron shovel, 1 gal. W. I. rum, 1 gal. N. E. rum, 1-2 peck salt, 1qt. brandy, 1lb. coffee, 1 gal. N. E. rum, 1 gal. N. E. rum, 1 gal. N. E. rum, one gal. rum, 1qt. brandy, 1 gal.

W. I. rum, 1 lb. coffee, 1 gal. W. I. rum. All this, in the month of April. Of course, Mr. Wheeler did not drink all this himself, as, at that time, he kept a good many men at work for him, and bought his rum by the gallon. But he was a hard drinker, and kept a still harder set of men at work for him. Although at one time one of the richest and most successful business men in the town, and a member of the Social Circle, he died in poverty.

Take Dr. Prescott's account beginning June 1, 1805: 2qts. rum, 3oz. snuff, 2 lbs. sugar, 1-4 lb. tea, 1 pt. gin, 1 gill rum, 3 3-4 yds. silk, 2 qts. rum, 1-4 lb. tea, 2 1-2 oz. snuff, 1 sk. silk, 2 qts. W. I. rum, 1-4 lb. tea, 2 lbs. sugar, 1 lb. candles, 2 qts. rum, 1-4 lb. hyson tea, 2 lbs. sugar, 1-2 doz. lemons, 1 bottle snuff, 3 pts. rum, 5 lemons. All this from the 1st to 17th of the month, and a fair average for the year.

Take Dr. Hurd's account, May 3, 1805: 5 qts. molasses, 1 qt. W. I. rum, 1 qt. N. E. rum, 7 lbs. sugar, 1 qt. wine, 1 qt. N. E. rum, 1 qt. rum. 1 qt. wine, 1qt. W. I. rum, 1 qt. molasses. All these charges from 3rd to 24th. A fair average of his account through the book.

Take the Rev. Dr. Ripley's account for November 1810: 1 gal. N. E. rum, 1 gal. wine, 1 gal. W. I. rum, 2 mackerel, 4 lbs. cotton wool, 1 gal. W. I. rum, 2 lbs. coffee. For November, 4 gals. of liquor! These extracts are fair samples of the whole book. The word "rum" appears oftener than every third line. Farmers, "butchers, bakers, and candle makers," ministers, doctors and all used it at about the same rate.

A pint of rum today, makes a man a fool and a brute. Why didn't it then? I asked this question, a few days ago, of an old man, who was a boy living in Concord

during the time from 1800 to 1820, the latter part of this time with the second Nathan Barrett upon the hill; and from his answers I draw the following conclusions: first, the rum was entirely different from the liquor used today. There was perhaps as much alcohol, but less poison, and it did not make a man as crazy. Another reason was, they were drinking it all day. He had seen Mr. Barrett drink six glasses before breakfast, in haying time. They drank often, and worked hard, and in this way, worked off the effects of it.

It was in this way the *temperate* man drank most of his rum, and it was the *intemperate* man who drank during his leisure. Another reason, they were used to it from childhood, and became inured to it. It was as much of a disgrace to be habitually drunk then, as now, and a man felt more his own responsibility in the matter, if he got drunk. He felt it was *his* sin, and no part of it belonged to the rum seller, or to his minister, to his wife, or to the neighbor, who drank with him, or to the Commonwealth that made the laws; his manhood stood out, and was a greater protection than any law could have been. I asked the old man how much rum a man could drink at that time without hurting him, and he said he thought Mr. Barrett drank, upon an average, two quarts per day, and he never saw him intoxicated. He was considered a temperate man by the community. I inquired if the word "drunk" had the same significance then as now. He thought it had not. There were few men not under the influence to a certain extent, of the liquor they drank, and but little notice was taken of it; so long as his legs could be trusted, he was all right, and not considered drunk.

Such was the old gentleman's answer to my question;

and yet I do not think it answers it. It corroborates the story of the old account book, as to the amount of liquor that was drunk, but it does not tell us why it did not make brutes of the drinkers. I must leave this question for the Temperance Society to answer. Surely these men of a century ago, almost without exception, drank lots of rum; surely also they were not all brutified by it.

I have made mention of the wills of James Barrett Esq., and of Ephraim Wood, both of whom made generous provision for a "beloved wife Millicent," Judge Wood having married James Barrett's widow. There is quite a little romance in this connection, the story of which I would like to tell. In Mr. Barrett's will, after making honorable provision for her support, as I have said, he goes on:

"And my will further is that if my said wife should marry, that she relinquish all that is to be provided for her by this, my last will and testament, excepting the furniture, and the six dollars a year. And if she is left a widow again, she may return to the house again, and have everything provided for her, as when she was my widow. I also order, that, at my said wife's decease, she have a decent, Christian-like burial, and a handsome pair of grave stones set over her grave by my said son, James Barrett."

Can you see anything in these provisions more than a husband's tender care for a loving wife, who has shared his joys and sorrows for forty years, the faithful and honored mother of his ten children?

Yet, follow the story of their lives through, and you will almost say there is something prophetic in it. Dec. 22nd, 1788, Hannah Barrett, daughter of this James and Millicent, married Daniel Wood, son of Ephraim Wood Esq.,

and Mary his wife. This marriage knitted more strongly the already intimate friendship between the two families.

Dec. 21, 1799, upon his death bed James Barrett acknowledges his will (written by himself seven years previous) before Ephraim Wood Esq., and upon the 30th he joins the great majority, and Millicent enters upon the honorable support provided for her by his will.

July 18, 1807, Mary, wife of Ephraim Wood Esq., dies; and six months later, Ephraim, aged seventy-five, marries Millicent, aged seventy, widow of his life-long friend, James Barrett, and mother of his son's wife. Naturally this marriage of two such old persons, made a great deal of talk, and a broad smile spread itself way across the town, and across the border into the neighboring towns, even to the outer limits of the country; for Ephraim had been a judge in the civil courts of the country for more than twenty years, and was well known.

Millicent left the honorable support of James, and went to abide with Ephraim, taking with her what furniture she wanted, and that right yearly to the six Spanish milled silver dollars. They were married at the Barrett house, and I regret that we have no account of the wedding. But when we remember that Millicent was the mother of ten children—7 daughters and 3 sons—and Ephraim the father of an equal number—7 sons and 3 daughters—most of both families married and with families of their own, we can guess what a time it was. Ephraim took his wife home in his chaise, escorted by a large procession of chaises filled with people from the wedding party.

There is a little story handed down to us in connection with this procession. Mrs. Ephraim Wheeler, senior, sister of Dr. Heywood, was sitting in the old Ephraim

Wheeler house that still stands upon Sudbury street. The view was then clear from this point to Main street and as the procession was passing, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ephraim Wheeler, Jr., daughter of Deacon Parkman, ran in and said "Mother, don't you want to see the 'weddiners' go by?" Her answer was, "No, I wouldn't get out of my chair to see them; a couple of old fools, getting married at their age."

The curious part of the story is, that within a year after, this wise old lady, was married to Deacon Parkman, father of the daughter-in-law. After her wedding, her daughter asked her if she remembered calling these people fools, and her answer was, "Yes, I little thought I should make another.

Judge Wood, in taking Millicent home, carried out the second provision in the will of James Barrett. I have heard a good many old people speak of this marriage, and say it was a genuine love match, and the great social event of the season. Soon after this, Ephraim Wood makes a will. A portion of this I have already quoted; but in order to finish my story, I shall have to quote more of it. We have seen how he made provision for her remaining in his house, and provided for her support. It then reads as follows:

And whereas James Barrett Esq., late of Concord, deceased, the former husband of my beloved wife aforementioned, in his last will and testament, made special and honorable provision for his then wife's support during her widowhood, but that provision to cease if she married again; but if she should become a widow a second time she might return to her house again and enjoy everything as when she was the widow of James Barrett Esq.

Now my will is, concerning my beloved wife Millicent, that if it is her choice and pleasure, after my decease, to return to her former home, and enjoy the ample support there made for her as aforesaid, then my will is, that she have all the furniture that she brought with her when she came to live with me, and all I have done for her by way of clothing etc. Also two hundred dollars to be paid her as soon as may be after she has made her choice, and a seat in my pew in Concord meeting-house at her pleasure.

The rest of my story is soon told. Six happy years these people lived together, and she is again a widow. Soon after, she wisely takes her household goods, together with the two hundred dollars so generously bestowed, and returns to her former home and people; thus receiving *all* the provisions of the will, the necessity for which Mr. Barrett so strangely foresaw.

She lies beside her first husband in the family tomb in the Hill Burying Ground. And here we will leave them, knowing as we do, that that part of his will relating to "Such worldly goods as God had blessed him with," was faithfully executed. Hoping and trusting, for James and Millicent, that the unquestioning faith and hope so warmly cherished through a long life, and so devoutly expressed in the will, is lost in fruition. One word more. In what I have herein written I have made pretty free use of the names of some of our ancestors. Far be it from me to cast the slightest shade upon their honored names. If I have made a little merry at times, it is with the customs of their times, and not with the people. I hope I shall not be misunderstood.

At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

Concord, - Mass.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.

J. W. CULL, Manager.

P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electrics in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

Mrs. L. E. Brooks, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, - MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

PAINTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney"

Concord Antiquarian Society

pamphlets

For sale at

Miss E. A. BUCK'S, A. W. HOSMER'S, H. L. WHITCOMB'S

and by the Secretary of the Society

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH

Now Ready

- I Preliminaries of the Concord Fight
- II The Concord Minutemen
- III Wright's Tavern
- IV Concord and the Telegraph
- V The Story of an Old House
- VI John Jack the Slave and Daniel Bliss the Tory
- VII The Plantation at Musketequid
- III The Events of April Nineteenth
- IX How Our Great-Grandfathers Lived

Others in preparation

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk

me
the
int

(

lec
ha
tic
gi
et

lo
re

iv

p

-

]

l

Opposite Fitchburg Depot | MAIN St. opposite the BANK.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

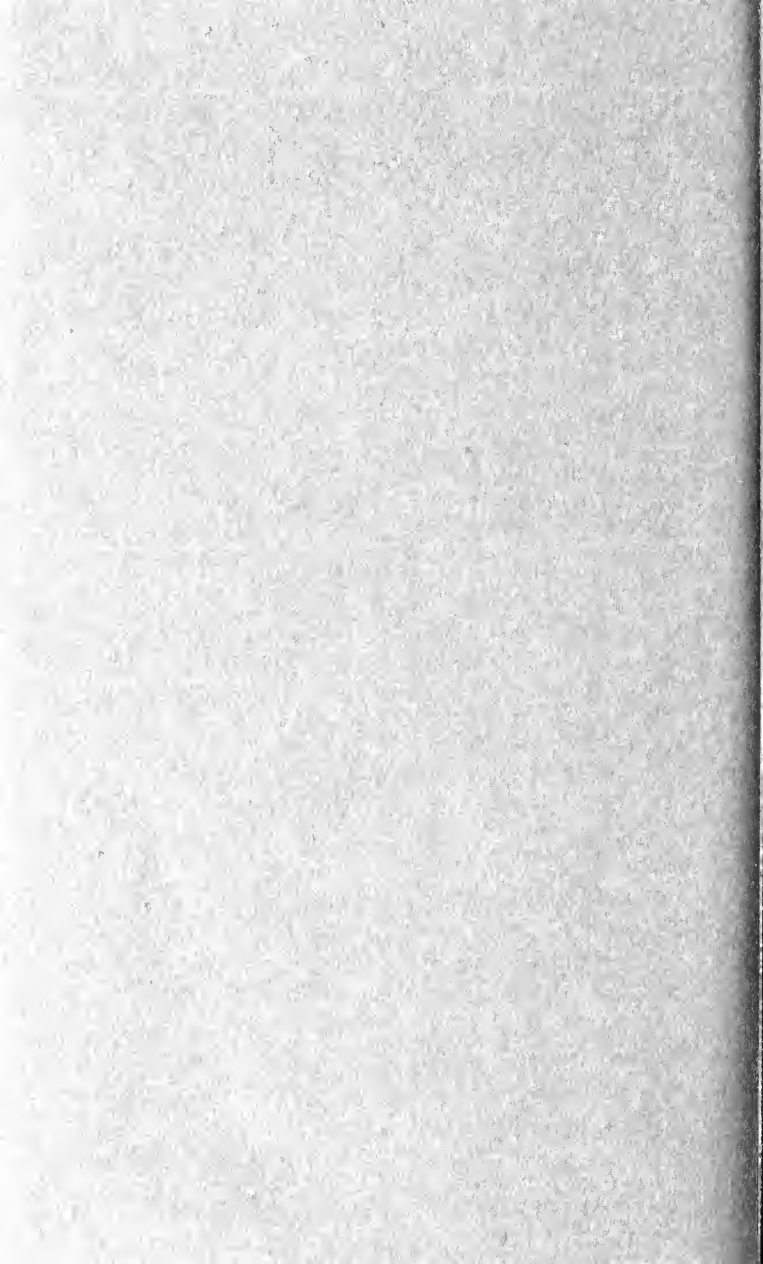
Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

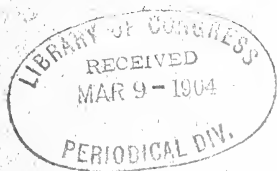
CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk



3283
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

INDIAN RELICS
IN CONCORD

BY ADAMS TOLMAN



"A truly great historical novel."— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price *With Colonial Decorations* **\$1.50**

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes **\$20 net.** Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA
ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York

1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards.

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

Concord, - Mass.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and
Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

Concord, Mass.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

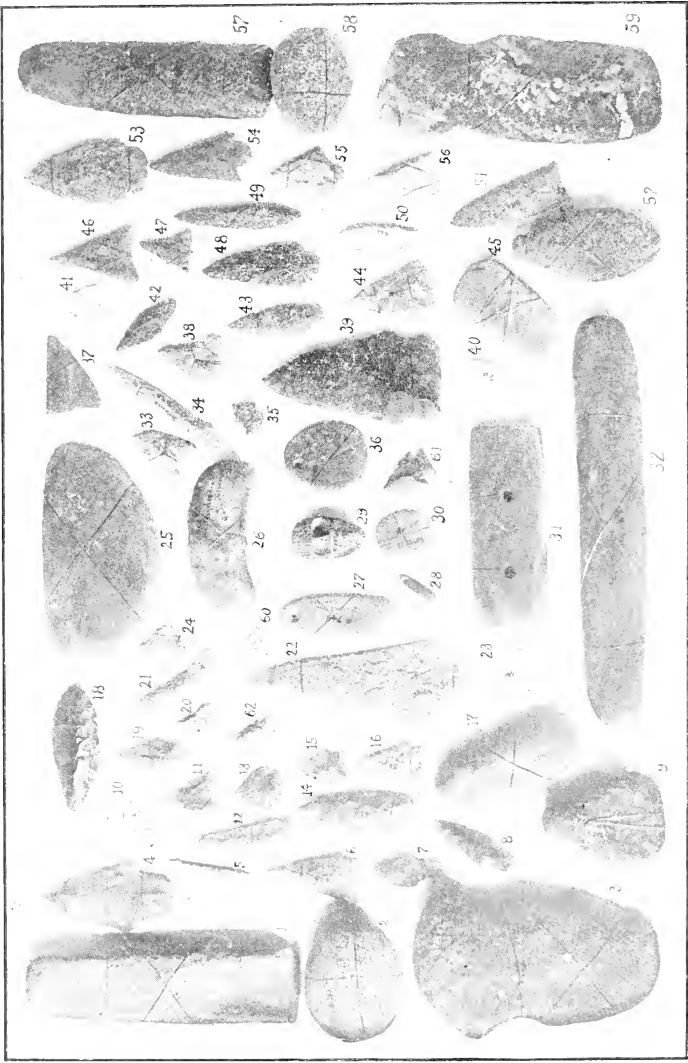
Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., Concord, Mass.



1-17-15 GROOVED PEBBLES. 31-59 TOMAHAWKS. 1-5-6-7-8-10-16-19-23-24-33-37-40-41-42-43-44-47-48-49
 50-51-53-54-55-56-60-61 ARROW POINTS. 9-52 PLUMB LINES. 20-21-34-35 DRILLS.

INDIAN RELICS IN CONCORD

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY ADAMS TOLMAN

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.

Indian Relics in Concord

About twelve years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, we are told, a great plague raged among the Indian tribes of Massachusetts with such fatal severity that ninety per cent of their numbers were carried off, and several of their villages were entirely depopulated. In the first chapter of the History of Concord, Mr. Shattuck remarks that "This great mortality was viewed by the first Pilgrims as the accomplishment of one of the purposes of divine Providence, by making room for the settlement of civilized man, and by preparing a peaceful asylum for the persecuted Christians of the old world." But we of the present day are not quite so sure as were our ancestors of two hundred and fifty years ago that we can interpret the purposes of Providence, if indeed there be any divine purpose properly so-called. We have substituted the rigorous law of Nature for the special operation of a personal ruling power; the relentless dogma of "the survival of the fittest," for the doctrine that any race or any creed has a private and particular claim upon the divine aid and protection.

So we lay the ravages of the small-pox among the Massachusetts Indians in 1608, just as we do those of the yellow-fever among the white inhabitants of Florida in 1888, to their own invincible ignorance, and their habitual disregard of elementary principles of hygiene and medicine

rather than to any special purpose of Providence that it is within our power to comprehend, much less to formulate.

But after the white men once got here, the gradual destruction of the red men was inevitably to follow, just as when any superior race has once entered upon the territory of an inferior; for whether we adopt the Providential doctrine or the Darwinian theory, we are alike forced to accept as being substantially true, the dictum of Dr. Holmes' *Little Boston*, that the Indians were "a provisional race, — nothing more; exhaled carbonic acid for the use of vegetation; kept down the bears and catamounts; enjoyed themselves in scalping and being scalped; and then passed away, or are passing away, according to the programme."

Of this "red crayon sketch of humanity, laid on the canvas before the colors for the real manhood were ready" only a few traces remain, but, of those few, the most fixed and the most likely to endure, are those which at the first thought would seem the most ephemeral, mere words of an unwritten language which no one now alive can speak, or could understand if spoken. How many of these Indian words, modified more or less, have been adopted, not only into our colloquial New England speech, but even into the English language itself, I do not know; but the list is certainly a long one, and many examples will readily occur to everyone. But there are other words from the same source, but more conspicuously showing their savage origin, that applied as proper names to our hills and rivers have become as fixed and unchangeable as the hills and rivers themselves, and will continue to the latest day as our immortal and imperishable legacy from our Indian predecessors, the lingering traces of the red crayon sketch, that can

never be wholly effaced from the canvas of the great picture of History.

I have spoken of the language as unwritten. True, some devout souls, anxious for the Christianizing of the fast fading remnant of the aborigines, did make the attempt to manufacture a written and grammatical language out of their uncouth speech, but, at the best, it was only a lame and halting attempt to express the harsh gutturals and semi-articulated consonants of their half brutish utterances, by means of the literal symbols already in use to indicate the softer and more harmonious tones of civilized tongues. The spelling, of course, was phonetic, as nearly as might be, but as there were sounds and tones that the English language did not possess, and had no letters for, these had to be expressed approximately. Accordingly we find in Roger Williams's "Key into the Indian Language," in the Rev. Josiah Cotton's "Vocabulary," and in Eliot's Bible, the same word spelt in two or more different ways; that is, the English letters which at one time or to one person appeared most nearly to represent the sound of the word, at another time or to another person appeared not to do so, and as there was no dictionary to serve as a Court of Appeal, the spelling necessarily was almost as irregular as was the spelling of the English language by those same ancient worthies.

Certain letters, B, F, L, and R, for instance, do not appear in any Indian word in Eliot's Bible, or in Cotton's Vocabulary, and we may infer therefore that those sounds were absent from the language. Roger Williams informs us that some of the northern tribes used the sound of R, and some of the southern the sound of L, but among the Massachusetts they were not heard. The title of Eliot's

Bible—Up Biblum God—which brings in two sounds they did not have, must have been almost as much of a jaw-cracker to the “praying Indians” as were some of their own hendecasyllabic words to the patient “apostle” himself. Where we find a B in Indian words as we have them to day, we shall find it represented in these old vocabularies by P, M, or W, if we can find it at all, which is very doubtful, for they are exceedingly incomplete, leaving out many of the common words in daily use, perhaps because these had come to be understood by all, but carefully noting down and preserving the formidable array of syllables which represented to the Indian mind the ideas of original sin, total depravity, regeneration, damnation and the like theological points, the impartment of which to the savages was the only reason the pious compilers had for troubling their own heads with their uncouth speech.

All Indian proper names, whether of persons or of places, were in some way descriptive. This, indeed, was originally the case among all peoples, though civilized man has for the most part left off applying descriptive names even to places, and, except in the way of nicknames, has entirely ceased to apply them to persons. Every Indian name meant something; more than that, it meant something individual; and where you find the same name applied to two different places, you may be certain that there is some one characteristic feature that belongs to both, in so prominent a degree that it fairly describes them both. This fact will sometimes be found of great assistance in conjecturing the meaning of an Indian place-name, where the vocabularies will not help us out.

Mr. Shattuck, on the authority of a manuscript letter of the late Samuel Davis of Plymouth, “derives Musketaquid

from moskeht, meaning grass, and ohkeit meaning ground." We need look for no better authority than Judge Davis, who in his time was better versed than any other man in the Indian Language; but if we were inclined to hunt for confirmation, we should find it in Cotton's Vocabulary.

So when the General Court on Sept. 12, 1635, "ordered that there shall be a plantacon att Musketequid," it is as if they had said "there shall be a plantation at the meadows," a description that fits this particular river valley better than it fits any other in the then limits of the Colony. The name Musketequid was probably first transferred from the meadows themselves to the river by William Wood, who delineates the river under that name in his "New England's Prospect" published at London in 1634 and containing a map of the country.

In some of the old maps I find the river we know as the Assabet, set down as the Elizabeth. Possibly the stream was so named by some early dweller upon its banks, and the Indians, unable to master either the L, or the t-h sounds, got as near it as they could. The Rev. N. W. Jones, in a pamphlet published in New York in 1867, translates Assabet by "miry place," but he gives no derivation and I am unable to find in any of the vocabularies, any authority or support for his view.

Personally I am inclined to derive it from Assim, meaning a fountain from which water is drawn for drinking, and so used in Eliot's Bible. Et, ut, it or at—the sound of T, preceded by an obscure vowel—was an inseperable particle, conveying the idea of place. Thus the Indian Bible was printed, according to its title page, "Boston-ut," or "at Boston." Assabet then I should translate as "the stream we drink from." Higher up on the river I find it

sometimes called Assabasset, which would mean "a drinking place where the water widens out."

Shawsheen is translated, by the same Mr. Jones, as meaning "shiny or glossy." Here again he gives no authority. The syllable Shaw, in the Massachusetts language, always conveys the idea of narrowness, the having two sides which may be seen at the same time, or, as Prof. Horsford phrases it, "parallel-sidedness." The rest of the word goes beyond me, nor can I get any light from Indian scholars. A friend who has spent two summers in the woods of north eastern Maine, writes me that his Indian guides gave the name of osheen to certain boggy spots at the head-waters of brooks.

Possibly this may be a clue to our Shawsheen, and I hazard it as a conjecture, that the word may possibly mean a long and narrow bog, though I should hardly like to insist on that interpretation.

Nashua or Nashoway, and Nashoba, I take to be identical, and in that I am supported by the authority of the Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull of Connecticut, the greatest living authority, indeed I may say the only living authority, on the Algonquin language. The name occurs in various places in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Cotton's Vocabulary has Nashuae, meaning between or in the middle. Eliot uses it several times in his Bible, with that meaning. Mr. Trumbull defines Nashoway as the half way place or possibly in some instances as the place between two great rivers, or two chains of hills. To render it as "the middle ground" would seem to express it exactly; a striking analogy to that Middlesex, or middle Saxon, in old England, that we still preserve in our place name here, without stopping to

think of its origin. Nashoba was also a half way place from somewhere to somewhere else, and just exactly as our old Concord settlers had their "Half-way Brook" on the road to Sudbury, so had their Indian neighbors their Nash-ow-bah, or half way place, on some one of their lines of communication.

This same word comes in again in Nash-aw-tuc, the final tuc being an inseperable verbal form, always meaning a river large enough for canoes, and appearing in countless river names. Nashawtuc, then, means simply "between the rivers."

Annusnuc, (for the letter R does not belong in it,) is a hill. The inseperable terminal nuc or noc always means hill, for instance Monadnoc, Cushnoc and the like. I find in Cotton's Vocabulary and in Eliot's Bible, the word An-noh-sin, meaning secure, or, to speak more accurately, conveying the idea of security, which includes the ideas of strength, safety and freedom from alarm. I fancy this is the word we want: An-noh-sin-nuc, the secure hill, just as Monadnuc means "the bad hill," that is — hard to climb, perhaps. Annusnuc, as the highest hill or elevation in the neighborhood, was particularly a place of security, for its summit affords a view of a wide stretch of country in all directions, so that the approach of an enemy could be seen afar off, and the hill itself could be easily defended.

The late Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, who had some pretensions to rank as an authority in the Indian language, considered this the true derivation and meaning of the name, and was by no means inclined to accept Mr. Shattuck's foot note on page 198 of the History of Concord, which, conjecturally, derives the name from "Qunnosnuck, signifying a *pestle*, from the circumstance that rocks

out of which the natives made their mortars and pestles were to be found there." Mr. Shattuck adds that "Porphyry, out of which the Indians used to make their arrow-heads, is also found there," an interesting fact, but not one that bears particularly on the signification of the word.

Ponkatasset. Gov. Wm. Coddington of Rhode Island, in 1640 writes to his worshipful friend Gov. John Winthrop of Massachusetts with regard to "a lewd fellow, one Thomas Savery", whom Winthrop had in durance, and who had some time before stolen Coddington's shoes. Perhaps if he had waited until the next gubernatorial election, he might have been elected to fill those shoes, instead of having to steal them. This lewd fellow had lived, when he was at home, "at a place on the main, called Ponkatasset." This was at the south end of Pocasset, now Tiverton R. I., and was forty years later the residence of Capt. Church the great Indian fighter. This terminal asset, appears in a great many names, and always conveys the idea of "widening out." Pocasset is the same word as Pequosset the original name of Watertown, and the first syllable po or pe always means water. Pequosset then meant "where the water (of Charles river) widens out," though when the Great and General Court of the Colony referred to it as "Pig's Gusset" they took what we must consider an inexcusable liberty with the Indian tongue. Ponka or Pompa, for it occurs in both forms, meant high or steep. So I should hazard "a high place that widens out," that is to say, a broad-topped hill, as the definition for Ponkatasset. This same pompa appears in the old name for one of the hills of Stow, Pompasiticut, which I should venture to translate as "a high or steep sandy place."

Nobscot, a hill in Sudbury, is nobsq, a stone, and the locative ut; that is, a "stony place", just as Penobscot in Maine is "a stony water place."

Singularly enough our ponds retain no trace of their Indian names, except in one case, Magog, which means simply "a lake"; unless calling it Nagog we derive it from Nayaug, a verbal form meaning "having many angles", but if we do that, we should properly attach the locative ut. We find Magog in composition, in many Indian names of lakes, for instance Memphre-magog. Of course we must dismiss as too childish for serious consideration, the story of Walden being derived from some mythical "Squaw Walden", for the name is pure Saxon, occurring in dozens of places in old England, and possibly our pond was named by some old settler in memory of one of these, familiar to him in childhood's home, for many of our first colonists came, it will be remembered, from "the Weald (or Wald) of Kent".

We find no other Indian place names in Concord, our good ancestors having apparently preferred to replace the uncouth but significant savage words by almost equally uncouth but far less appropriate names that perhaps reminded them, in their great homesickness, of the land they had forsaken. Many of the Puritan names, however, were modeled on the Indian theory, that is to say, they were *descriptive*; still we could almost wish that "Bateman's Pond," or "Mr. Flint's Great Pond" or "Nine Acre Corner" could have come down to us with their savage appellations unchanged, which may have been in actual meaning not one whit more poetic than the obtrusively prosaic and practical English ones. Indian *personal* names, apparently, were not translated by our good fathers, but

when they converted a savage, instead of turning his native name into its English equivalent, like Sitting Bull, or Standing Bear, or Young Man afraid of his Horses, they just baptised him with some good old Hebrew name, like Jethro or Jehojachim, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

I offer these philological speculations with some diffidence, and yet they are the result of a great amount of correspondence with Indian scholars, and such personal study as I have been able to give to all accessible authorities. The uncertainties of the original spelling of Indian names, discouraging as they are, are yet less of a stumbling block to the investigator of the present day, than are the corruptions which modern tongues have introduced for the sake of euphony or through ignorance of the value of the separate syllables of the word; so that, as Mr. Trumbull says, it is often necessary for the investigator to visit the spot himself, note down its distinguishing features, pick out the Indian words that are applicable, and then reconstruct the word or name, as nearly in the likeness of what we now know as the Indian name as we can get. Even this process is often entirely impracticable, for the genius of the Indian language is so utterly different from the genius of civilized tongues, the workings of the savage mind so entirely unlike the processes of thought in cultivated man, that it is impossible to make a translation sometimes, even when we know precisely what every syllable signifies.

“Their ways were not our ways, neither were their thoughts our thoughts.” To comprehend them fully we must be able to put ourselves in their place, to see with their eyes, to think with their thoughts. We notice the same thing with children. A child will string together a

lot of words, which to us appear without sequence or signification, but to the child himself that utters them, they are as logical in arrangement, and as pregnant with meaning, as are the Orphic utterances of a Concord philosopher — to himself alone of all the world.

To turn now from philology and philosophy, let us look for a few moments at the visible and tangible relics that Wibbacowet and Tanantaquick, Squaw Sachem and Old Jethro have left behind them here, and which may still be found, by careful searching along the banks of our river, almost every field high enough to escape the Spring freshets furnishing its specimen. In his *History of Concord*, Mr. Shattuck makes particular mention of two localities, instancing the shell-heap on the bank of the river south of Mr. Samuel Dennis's, and a place "across the vale south of Capt. Anthony Wright's", where, he says, "a long mound or breast-work is now visible, which might have been built to aid the hunter, though its object is unknown." Capt. Wright lived on the South Acton road, beyond the present site of the Reformatory, and the long mound is still to be seen, and still retains the traces of its artificial origin, though the plough of the white man has to a great extent effaced its lines. I am not aware that any scientific archaeologist has ever made an examination of it to determine the value of Mr. Shattuck's conjecture as to its purpose, so we will leave it as we found it, a puzzle yet unsolved.

The shell-heap, or "clam hill" as it is locally termed, is a more interesting object, as it is one of a class of the remains of primitive man that are found very widely diffused along the sea-shore and the banks of considerable rivers, not only in America, but in Europe as well, and to which archæolo-

gists have given the name of kitchen middens. It is situated on the left bank of the river (South Branch) a little distance above the F. R. R. bridge, just where the river makes a sharp turn. The bluff is perhaps fifteen feet high, and the heap contains (or did contain, the shells having been carried away as dressing for the land), hundreds of bushels of shells of the river mussel (*Unio (?) complanatus*). Among them have been found bones of the smaller wild animals (including even the deer), and of the game birds common in this part of the country, together with fragments of stone implements and the like. Evidently here was an aboriginal feasting ground, a sort of Indian Downer's Landing, where the savage picnickers used to resort for clam-bakes. It gives one a good idea of the appetite and digestive powers of the hardy sons of the forest, to find this visible witness that they could and did eat and relish the river mussel, the most utterly uninviting and nauseous of any of the living products of our river.

Besides these two localities, there may be mentioned the following, from which relics have been gathered in considerable numbers:—at Gulf Meadow in Sudbury, just over the Concord line:—on both sides of the river near Mr. George Wright's:—on the Lincoln side of Fairhaven Bay:—in a little piece of land between Egg Rock and the hemlocks; which is possibly the place where, according to Mr. Shattuck, the principal Sachem dwelt:—on land of Dr. Emerson and Mr. Dakin near the North Branch:—on the right bank of the river below Flint's bridge:—and on the left bank from Mr. William Hunt's to the Saw Mill or Wigwam Brook. There are several places away from the river, such as "the great fields", so called from the beginning of the settlement:—a spot in

the edge of Lincoln, on Mr. Samuel Hartwell's farm:— and another in the valley of Spencer Brook on the former Concord Stock Farm. These were at least camping sites if not permanent villages.

It is very evident then that the Musketequid valley maintained a large aboriginal population. But what has become of their mortal and personal remains? We know that they buried their dead rather than burned them, and stout old William Wood tells us that "it is their custom to bury with them their bows and arrows, and a good store of their Wampompeage and Mowhacheis; the one to affright the affronting Cerberus; the other to purchase more immense prerogatives in their Paradise." But I know of but two instances where human bones have been found in such places as to give reasonable presumption that they were the bones of Indians. One of these was in the Spencer Brook valley, and represented the remains of one Indian; the other in the R. R. cutting a little above Egg Rock representing two bodies. We may imagine that there is some peculiar quality in our soil or its drainage, that is unfavorable to the long preservation of buried bones, but it would seem that in some of our agricultural or road-making operations that have been going on for two centuries and have left hardly a foot of our soil undisturbed, some of these burial deposits of arrows and wampompeage and mowhacheis, imperishable in themselves, would have been brought to light. Still, I have never heard of even one such discovery (in this town) that could actually be identified as a burial deposit.

Of course arrow-points, or the chipped implements commonly so called, are the relics most commonly found. The Indian hunted far and wide; his arrow heads were

dropped in the field, or carried, sticking in the bodies of wounded animals far into the depths of the forest, so that, as Thoreau said, they may be picked up anywhere. But even Thoreau, fifty years ago, could hardly expect *always* to have the luck to pick up one at his very feet, exactly at the moment he was asked the question where they were to be found, unless indeed he had, as the boys say "faked it"; and to us who are not Thoreaus, and who are under the disadvantage of gleaning after him in the fields he worked before we were born, the finding of even a dozen specimens in a whole day's search, is a notable experience. In recent years, I think more specimens have been found on Mr. D. G. Lang's land below Flint's Bridge, than in any other single locality.

These chipped implements may be considered to be,— 1st. arrow heads:— 2nd. spear-points:— 3rd. knives:— 4th. drills or awls:— and 5th. hoes. The arrow-heads are of various shapes, sizes and materials: white quartz points are the most common, and the most common shape is triangular. These quartz points vary in finish, from the very rudest to almost the very finest. Hornstone (a variety of hornblende) points come next in abundance. Most of the larger ones are of this material and of a variety of slate. The hornstone seems to have been a very refractory material, and it is wonderful that the savage workman should have been able to give it so fine a finish. Jasper, in various colors, appears to have been a favorite material, but points made of it are rare here. Out of the 350 points I have found in the last three years, only six are of jasper,— a large one, of an orange color, from Gulf Meadow, and five red and mottled ones, from the left bank of the river below Mr. William Hunt's, and a

piece of land behind Mr. E. J. Bartlett's. Other materials are quartzite or granular quartz, and sand-stone, these latter, like the green slate points, being the most roughly finished of any. I have spoken of the points being of various shapes, they may however be divided into three general classes:—triangular, sometimes with and sometimes without a stem; lozenge or diamond shaped; leaf shaped etc.

Drills and awls for making holes in stone or leather are variously shaped chipped implements, from three-fourths of an inch to two inches or more in length, and about one-fourth inch in diameter, broadened at the base for attachment to a suitable handle. Like the arrow-points, these are made of various materials; flint, hornstone, jasper, and even the soft argillite or slate are used, but quartz never. It would seem to be almost an endless task to drill a hole two inches deep, even in so soft a stone as slate, with no better tool than one of these rude points, yet with the help of water a hole one inch deep and three-eighths inch in diameter may be made in an hour and one half. I have several specimens of these implements. One of them is remarkable on account of its size and the beauty of its finish; it was found in the Gulf Meadow district. Another is totally unlike it; it looks at first sight to be a rough triangular piece of light colored slate, but on closer examination will show evidence of its purpose, the sides of the point having been worn off by use. Other specimens here show no marked peculiarities. The Indians also used hollow reeds, for drilling stone; these were used with sand and water, cutting an annular hole, and leaving a core to be removed afterward. The

modern diamond drills, used in mining and tunneling operations, work in precisely the same way.

Chips, or flakes, detached from the stone in the process of making these chipped implements are frequently found, and would be likely to pass unnoticed by any but an experienced collector.

Mr. Albert E. Wood tells me that he once ploughed up a peck or more of them in one heap on his farm. Here was doubtless the site of a regular aboriginal manufactory, the ruins of one of the earliest of New England's great work shops, where centuries ago,

“In the doorway of his wigwam,
Sat the ancient arrow-maker,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony ;
And by him, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes.”

Another class of implements frequently found, comprises the Gouges, Chisels and Celts. These are generally made of a variety of slate, comparatively free from cleavage, and usually of a dark color, though sometimes the color is the effect of handling. The gouges are all sizes from two inches long and one inch wide, to eighteen inches long and four or more wide. No general description would cover the range of shapes that are found, so I will only describe a few specimens. A very pretty one, of about the medium size, found at Gulf Meadow, is of green slate, and very nicely polished: it has one peculiarity rarely seen,—a small knob on the back, probably to furnish a more secure hold. Another, from Bedford St., has a similar knob, but the implement itself is rather larger than those usually

found here. It was dug from a peat meadow, and was several feet below the surface.

The Society's collection has several fine gouges, some of them exhibiting peculiarities very rarely seen, and there are two or three excellent ones in the Public Library. Many of the specimens found here are very roughly finished except as to their cutting edges, which will in most cases be found to show great care in the finishing.

Chisels or Celts are of the same range of sizes as the gouges. Several fine specimens have been found here, though not equal to those found in Ohio and other western and southern states. These tools were undoubtedly used in fashioning log canoes and other wooden vessels, the method being to char the wood by fire, and then dig the coal off with these sharpened stones. A prominent Vermont archaeologist says that from the fact that many of these gouges and chisels show no marks of rough usage, he thinks they were used in dressing skins.

Slate knives appear to have been quite scarce, though many fragments may be found by careful search. Doubtless many were broken, on account of the extremely brittle nature of the slate, into irregular fragments that would soon lose, under the influence of the weather, all trace of their ever having been fashioned by hand of man. Mr. W. H. Hunt has a beautiful specimen; it is of black slate, about five inches long, and two wide at the widest part; it has a back like a joiner's tenon saw, about one-half an inch wide and perhaps one-fourth inch thick, and perfectly straight; close to this back the blade is about one-fifth inch thick and thins down regularly to the cutting edge, which is semicircular in shape. From the very nature of the material these knives could be whetted to a keen edge, and kept

sharp until worn out. I have a specimen, found near Wigwam Brook, of the same material as Mr. Hunt's and originally a little larger than it; it has evidently been broken and refinished, and has a peculiarity not exhibited by the other, the back being marked by deep cuts, perhaps to give a firmer hold, possibly as a mark of ownership, possibly for ornament. Without doubt the Indians used other things as knives, such as broken spear or arrow points, suitably hafted, or sharp fragments of stone. Abbott gives the name of knives to many of the perfect implements which we call arrow-points.

Grooved stone axes are not at all common. I have hunted for relics a great deal during the past three years, and have found only one axe, and a very poor one at that. Once in a while one of these is found with a double groove, and Mr. Hunt has a beautiful specimen of this description. These axes vary greatly in size; I have seen them weighing as much as ten pounds, and as little as seven ounces, the usual size being from three to five pounds in weight. Some of them are beautifully finished and polished, and show carefully worked cutting edges. In Sudbury I have seen a slab of sandstone in which a long and deep channel has been worn by its use as a finishing or sharpening stone for these implements. Mr. Samuel Hartwell found on his farm one of the best stone axes I have seen from this neighborhood; it is finely polished, the groove is deep and the cutting edge carefully finished; it is made from very hard stone, a porphyritic granite. There are quite a number of other good specimens in private collections, and in that of this Society.

The use of the so-called plumb-bobs or sinkers is problematical. The Indians were certainly not so far advanced

in architectural skill as to require the plumb-line in their building, but the name of plumb-bobs has been given to these wrought stones, simply because in shape they resemble the plummet used by the modern house builder. Mr. Abbott, in his work on the Primitive Industry of the Indians, says, "I have for some time considered them as representing, according to size, material, shape, and finish, either, 1st. Pestles, 2nd. Sinkers, 3rd. Spinning weights, or 4th. Ornaments". I venture another hypothesis which seems to me more likely than any of these, and that is that they were used as bolas or throwing-stones, one attached to each end of a fine cord or sinew, or perhaps three or four of them, each tied to its own string and the free ends knotted together; then the knot was taken in the hand, the bunch of stones was swung vigorously around the head, and the whole contrivance was sent skimming along at a duck or goose or heron; if it hit, the string would wind around the bird, and if it did not kill, would at least prevent the bird from getting away. The street boys use a bunch of horse chestnuts in just that way to capture sparrows. It is confirmatory of this theory, that most of the broken plumb-bobs we find are fractured at the end opposite to where the string is attached, as if that end had received a violent blow. Some of the larger ones might have been used as pestles, but the smaller ones could not, and we must find a use for these. Sinkers would not need to be made symmetrical, as these all are, for any stone that a string could be tied to would sink a net. Throwing-stones, to be used as I have indicated, would *have to be made* as nearly symmetrical as possible, in order to secure accuracy of flight. These implements are shaped like a pear or peg top, and are quite uniform in

size, generally with a groove for the attachment of a small string; though some lack the groove. They are made of almost any kind of stone, though I have seen but one of quartz. From their shape and size they are likely to escape the attention of the careless, and so would seem to be somewhat scarce, but I have known of three specimens being found in one hour, though I myself have found but six in the last three years, and never more than one in a day. They are always found near the river,—a circumstance that apparently gives some color to the sinker theory, though to my mind it is a still stronger confirmation of my own view, that they were used against the water-fowls.

Stone pestles, or rollers, are not very common. They are usually made of slate, and vary from seven or eight to thirty or more inches in length, and from one to three inches in diameter and are quite surprisingly perfect cylinders in shape. The Antiquarian Society's collection contains several, which Mr. Davis called war-clubs, a view of the matter which is not shared by any scientific archaeologist. It is quite certain that if you should grasp any one of these, as a policeman grasps his "billy", and strike a blow of ten pounds with it, it would break at once, for they are much more brittle than glass cylinders of the same size would be. The Indians of Colorado and the southwest still use the same tool, exactly identical, in shape, size and material, with these. There they remove the hull from the corn by soaking it in lye; a process, by the way, that has survived here in New England, among ourselves, as a legacy from the Indians. The corn thus hulled and softened, is rolled on a flat stone under one of these rollers, until it becomes a sort of pasty mass, which is then baked,

like a griddle cake, on a hot stone, and eaten under the name of tortillas. The same pestle is also used to pound up dry corn into a coarse meal, using for a mortar, a hollow log, or a depression in a big stone. One of these latter kind of mortars now surmounts the rock-work erection in Concord's Play-Ground. Many of the pestles show proof that they have been used in this way, by the battered condition of their ends. It can not for a moment be doubted that these were implements of peace, and not of war. Probably the most valuable of these pestles now in Concord, is one in Colonel Barrett's collection. It was dug out of the sand bank near the R. R. Crossing in West Bedford, by Mr. Henry Wood. It is small and badly weathered, but the smaller end is carefully carved to represent the head of some animal or bird. I have found but few specimens of this implement, but I think they may have been more common in years past.

Hammer-stones are round flattened pebbles, weighing from eight ounces to three or four pounds, and are usually simple beach stones in their natural condition, though sometimes we find a hollow pecked out in the flat faces, to give a firmer hold, and always the edges show evidence of the use to which they were put. Other hammers are grooved, for the attachment of a withe handle. The pitted and grooved forms are rare here, but are common in New Jersey.

In very many collections may be found some specimens looking a little like a hatchet, and which inexperienced persons call tomahawks. It is not often that a perfect one is found, owing probably to water getting into the holes and freezing, and so splitting the stone. These implements, as all archæologists agree, were in reality sceptres or insig-

nia of office, and we now term them "banner-stones." They are plainly too light and too fragile ever to have been used as weapons, and were plainly not the dreaded tomahawk, this name belonging to the stone axes. These things are usually made of some soft and easily wrought stone, like slate or soapstone. I know of but six perfect specimens found in this locality; halves and fragments are more common, but by no means plenty.

The Indians used cooking-pots and smaller vessels of soap-stone, but specimens of these are very rarely found, so rarely that I have never seen a specimen from this neighborhood. These vessels ranged in size from six to twenty inches in diameter, and from three to twelve inches in depth, and were usually furnished with two projections on opposite sides to serve as handles. Prof. Putnam has given a very clear description of the method of manufacturing these pots.

Among other relics found on the village sites, are small bits of soap-stone and roundish pieces of slate, sand-stone etc., drilled through the centre or near one edge. These are flat, and rarely more than two inches in diameter, and sometimes are ornamented with lines scratched on the surface, or with nicks in the edges. They were undoubtedly used as trinkets for personal adornment; worn perhaps dangling from the nose or ears of some dusky belle,—a barbaric custom not wholly disused by more civilized maidens. They are by no means common; in my own collection are three specimens. Another form or class of drilled stones are the gorgets or breast plates; flat pieces of slate, about a quarter of an inch thick, two or three inches wide and five or six inches long, with two or more holes drilled through them, at about one-third their length

from each end. They were more carefully finished than any of the other objects of which I have spoken. I know of no perfect specimen here. Doubtless these were also of an ornamental nature, or perhaps in the nature of military insignia, worn by the chiefs, fastened about the neck, and hanging in front of the throat, exactly as a similar gorget of brass or silver was worn by military officers a century or more ago, as is familiar to us all in the portraits of some of our own officers in the revolutionary army.

Pipes are very rarely found here, or elsewhere in Massachusetts, perhaps because our Indians, being obliged to get their tobacco by barter, from the more southern tribes, were not great smokers. I am inclined to think moreover that it was customary to bury a man's pipe with him, and if we ever do run across the graves of our old Indians, we shall find some of these.

Besides the articles here spoken of, many relics will be found, the use or purpose of which it is hard to determine. I am constantly picking up specimens that at first sight appear not worth stooping for, but on bringing them home they often turn out to be very interesting and important when placed beside specimens previously acquired.

In concluding this paper, I would venture to request members of this Society who have any Indian relics, to turn them over to its collection, or at least to take such care of them that they will not become scattered or lost or injured. A collection of ten or twenty or a hundred specimens does not amount to much in itself, but if all the small collections and scattered specimens now in the possession of individuals in this and adjoining towns could be gathered together, we should have a collection worth going

miles to see, and one that would be of importance and value to archæological students. At all events, if you have any such things, handle them as carefully as you would handle your best china tea-set, for they are fully as fragile, and once broken or destroyed, can never be replaced. The makers are dead, the factory is closed, no more are to be got except now and then a new find, more and more infrequent as the years go by.

Frail memorials of the first Americans, they are to us worth more by far than the shrivelled mummies of Egypt, or the sculptured tablets of Nineveh, or the golden ornaments unearched by Schlieman from the ruins of ancient Troy.





At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

Concord, - Mass.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

Battle, April 19, 1775.

OLD NORTH BRIDGE TOURIST STABLE.

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.

J. W. CULL, Manager.
P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS

HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electrics in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

Mrs. L. E. Brooks, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, - MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

BICYCLES SPORTING GOODS AND SUNDRIES

RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you ; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, HEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At MISS BUCK'S

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE

may be found

Unfading Pictures,

Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

**CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY**

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

Has published in one volume of 500 pages, large 8 vo. the complete record of the

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

from the settlement of the Town to the close of the year 1850.

A very limited number remain and can be bought for \$5 each. 32 cents for postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk

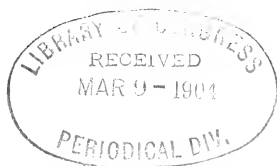


2803

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

“GRAVES AND WORMS
AND EPITAPHS.”

BY GEORGE TOLMAN.



"A truly great historical novel."— Omaha World-Herald.

THE COLONIALS

By ALLEN FRENCH

Mr. French, a native of Concord, Mass., has written a stirring romance of Boston at the time of the Tea Party—the Siege. Five editions in the first few weeks testify to the public's appreciation. The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is seldom that we are favored with so strong, so symmetrical, so virile a work . . . a work of romantic fiction of an order of merit so superior to the common run that it may fairly be called great."

Price

With Colonial Decorations

\$1.50

The Furniture of Our Forefathers

By ESTHER SINGLETON

The most complete work on this fascinating subject. Half vellum, with about 1000 pages, illustrated by 24 photogravures, 128 full page half-tones, and 300 drawings, from the most famous pieces from all parts of the country, a number of which are in the possession of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Two superb volumes \$20 net.

Write for prospectus.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 34 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

House on Lexington Road

Containing a large collection of

**LOCAL HISTORICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS, CHINA
ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ETC.**

is open every afternoon from May 1 to November 1
at which times the Secretary will be
in attendance

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

ERASTUS H. SMITH

Auctioneer, Real Estate
Agent, Notary Public.

Heywood's Block, Main Street,
CONCORD, MASS.

Kodak Supplies, Cameras, etc.

Negatives developed and prints made.

Special out-door photographs taken
to order.

Telephone Connection.

HOSMER FARM

Horses Boarded Summer
and Winter.

Excellent Pasturage.

The best of care.

References given if desired.

GEORGE M. BAKER

Proprietor.

CONCORD, MASS.

Off Elm Street.

The Letters of

HUGH, EARL PERCY,

from Boston and New York

1747-1776.

Edited by

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

In one volume, small quarto, with
portrait of Percy specially etched by
SIDNEY S. SMITH for this book. Net
\$4.00.

CHARLES E. GOODSPEED,

Publisher

5a Park Street, BOSTON.

H. L. WHITCOMB

Newsdealer.

Books, Stationery of all kinds,

Fancy Crockery, Photographs,

Wall Paper, Confectionery.

Fancy Goods, Guide Books,

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,

Souvenir Mailing Cards.

Brown's Famous Pictures,

Agent for Steamship Lines,

Laundry Agency.

Pictures of Concord's Places
of Interest.

Guide Books. Postal Cards.

Thoreau Penholders, 15c.
Made from wood grown on the old
Thoreau place.

A very few genuine Thoreau
Pencils, 25c each.
Stamped J. Thoreau & Son.

For sale by

H. S. RICHARDSON

PHARMACIST

Concord, - Mass.

N. B. We draw the Finest Soda
in town.

BUILT IN 1747

The Wright Tavern.

One of the few Historic Buildings
now standing in Old Concord.

Centrally located at corner of Lex-
ington Road and Monument Square.

Good service at moderate prices.

Public Telephone Station.

J. J. BUSCH, *Proprietor.*

HORACE TUTTLE & SON

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable

WALDEN ST. OPP. HUBBARD ST.

Concord, Mass.

Carriages meet all trains at R. R.
Stations, and the Electrics at the Pub-
lic Square.

Barges, with experienced Guides,
furnished for large parties, or may be
engaged in advance by mail or tele-
phone.

Concord

Souvenir

Spoons.

Minuteman

Stick Pins.

HOLLIS S. HOWE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Main St., Concord, Mass.



“GRAVES AND WORMS AND EPITAPHS”

READ BEFORE THE
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

BY GEORGE TOLMAN

Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Established September, 1886.

Executive Committee for 1901-02.

THE HON. JOHN S. KEYES	<i>President.</i>
SAMUEL HOAR, ESQ.	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD	
THOMAS TODD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEORGE TOLMAN	<i>Secretary.</i>
ALLEN FRENCH	
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.	

Publication Committee

THE REV. LOREN B. MACDONALD
ALLEN FRENCH
EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

House on Lexington Road.

“Graves and Worms and Epitaphs.”

TO the zealous antiquary, and especially to the genealogist, who is so often obliged to “seek the living among the dead,” the most interesting spots in all our older towns are those wherein

Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,

whose tottering and moss-covered grave-stones, from which “Time’s effacing fingers” are slowly and surely wiping away the tributes thereon graven by the hand of affection, and even the names and stations of those whom Love and Grief had so hopelessly hoped to commemorate, are now but the mute reminders to us that “to this complexion must *we* come at last,” and lie “the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” except as some mousing antiquary or some inquiring genealogist shall perchance scrape away the moss of years from our monumental headstones and find thereon only a missing link in a genealogy.

After all, that is the principal use of a gravestone. The world is for the living, and after the dead past has buried its dead, it is only the antiquary, who, when a few generations more have passed away, knows or cares much about their resting places. Each one of us had eight great-great-

grandfathers, and as many great-great-grandmothers, but it would puzzle any one of us to find the graves of the whole sixteen, and when we had found them they would hardly affect us with any other emotion than that of a gratified curiosity. We do well to leave money to the Town to take care of our cemetery lots after we shall have come into our eternal tenancy of the ground, for we may be very sure that our descendants in the coming centuries will be too busy living to waste much time or money in furbishing up our old tombstones, and if we are really anxious for such measure of immortality as a tombstone can confer, it is only prudent to make a business matter of it while there is yet time, and make it worth some one's while to do, for money, what nobody else will be likely to do, for sentiment.

In the two oldest burying grounds of Concord, in both of which interments virtually ceased more than sixty years ago, there are now only about 700 grave-stones, of course commemorating but a fraction of those who died here. In fact, for more than forty years after the settlement of the Town, no grave-stone was erected, or if there were any they have long ago vanished. In those early days such things were expensive, being all imported from England and not easily obtained by the pioneers who were located away out here in the wilderness. These earliest monuments are short and chunky in shape, and of a fine dense Welsh state that weathers well, and it is to these qualities that their long preservation is due. Later stones are of native slate, of a brittle quality, and liable to split or exfoliate so as in some cases to destroy the inscriptions. They were also made much larger, but also much thinner than the Welsh and so were liable to be broken off near

the ground. Some of these broken ones have been restored by the simple process of sticking the end into the ground, and covering up a part of the inscription, but most of them have either been further broken into pieces where they lay, or have been carried away for baser uses. Even whole unmutilated stones have been so carried away. One was turned up only a few years ago at "the Wayside," where it was doing duty as the cover to a cess-pool. Of course no one knows now where it belongs, and as far as poor Mrs. Dorothy Putnam, whose name it bears, is concerned, or as far as her bereaved relatives apparently know or care, she might as well have gone without a gravestone in the first instance. She died only about seventy years ago. Even those who have had official care of burial grounds have not scrupled to destroy or to remove or to misuse the monuments of the dead: for gravestones have been taken from their places and used to block the doorways of some of the old tombs; the flat stone at the gate of the Hill burying ground once marked the last resting place of one of Concord's most honored citizens; and I very well remember when a former sexton and funeral undertaker carried away two fine large gravestones to cover his well withal. In the year 1872, being impressed by the fact that so many of these stones had disappeared even during my own time, I made careful manuscript copies of the inscriptions on such as then remained, and these copies are now preserved in the Public Library. Since they were made, several more of the old stones have been broken down or removed, and the manuscript copies are now the only evidence that the stones themselves ever existed. Doubtless, however, those that have from time to time been lost were of the later, or thin slate period, and the

chunky little block with its rudely cut inscription that marks the grave of Joseph Meriam, (the second of that name) who died in 1677 aged 47 years, was the first gravestone erected here; at any rate it is the oldest one now standing, and Lemuel Shattuck, writing almost seventy years ago, had heard of none older. This is in the Hill burying ground; the oldest stone in the Main-street ground is that of Thomas Hartshorn who died in 1693 aged 14 years, though within the last fifteen years a stone has been set up in this ground in memory of Nathaniel Billing who died in 1673, and was probably buried there.

Mr. Shattuck in the *History of Concord* says that "tradition reports that the ground first used for interring the dead was on the hill east of the present one." I never heard of that tradition outside of the pages of Shattuck. Certainly the spot designated has been ploughed over and cultivated times without number, and a large part of the hill has been dug away and carted off, and not so much as a bone has been found there, so we may fairly dismiss that tradition as quite without foundation. A careful examination of the old records has convinced me that the burying-ground, after the old English custom, was the church-yard, the ground immediately surrounding the meeting-house, and that the fee of the land was, also according to the old English law, vested in the minister, the Rev. Peter Bulkeley. In 1663 his widow and executrix sold all his lands in the centre of the town to Timothy and George Wheeler, who divided them between themselves, so that, when George Wheeler in 1673 handed in to the Town Clerk a description of the lands owned by him, we find him claiming title to a lot of about nine acres, in which was included the territory now bounded by a straight line running over the hill,

as the walls and fences still stand, from the corner of Milo B. Stearns' house lot to Bedford Street, then on Bedford Street and Court Lane to Monument Street, then on Monument and Lexington Streets to the point of beginning. The meeting-house on the hill had by that time been deserted, and a new one had been built on the other side of the highway, and this claim of George Wheeler's covered the ground the old meeting-house had occupied, as well as the burying ground. In 1678 we find this entire lot of land in the possession of Thomas Pellet, who, dying in 1694, devised it to his son Samuel. Three years later Samuel Pellet conveyed it to his brother Daniel, who, in his turn sold it to Josiah Blood in 1706. All these conveyances transfer the title to the entire tract of land, by warranty deeds, and entirely omit any allusion to the use of any part of the same as a burying ground; and it appears to have been as late as the year 1710 before the Town took any measures to assert its own title to so much of the land as was actually used for burial purposes, and it was not until seven years later than that, that the matter was at length settled, and the Town came into the undisputed possession of "the Hill burying ground."

Dr. Lee, of Washington, who wrote a Genealogy of the Lee Family, speaks of the Main Street burying ground as "the Smedley burying ground," a name which it never bore in Concord, and which I think nobody here ever heard of until he so christened it, though it is, I think, the fact that James Smedley's house-lot bounded upon it in 1673. If the lot was once a portion of Smedley's holding, and if it was conveyed by him to the Town, such conveyance was not made a matter of record. Mr. Bartlett, in the Concord Guide Book, mentions a tradition that this piece of ground

was given to the Town, for burial purposes, "by two maiden ladies." Now *this* is something like. True, the maidens are not identified in any way, but we know there have always been more or less maiden ladies in the neighborhood, and it is really quite a stimulus to the imagination to try to pick out these early two, calling for "living men" to "come view the ground." We must, however, for lack of further evidence, allow these shadowy maidens to take the same apocryphal place to which we have had to assign Smedley.

Somebody, I know not who, in a recent Directory of Concord, speaks of this Main street lot as "one of the seven oldest burial places in New England," implying therefore that it is the oldest one in Concord, since no such claim is made for the Hill ground. This brings us to still another tradition, which is, in brief, that the original settlers of Concord, the men who came here with Peter Bulkeley, laid out this ground as a burial place for themselves and their families, and carefully excluded therefrom those who came later, who were obliged to make a resting place for themselves upon the hill near the meeting house. Now, there were, or at least are, no gravestones in either yard earlier than 1677, and every gravestone now standing bearing an earlier date than 1713, with one exception only, is in the Hill ground. The theory of this tradition being good, we should expect to find that the oldest monuments of the original families are in the Main street ground, for they would hardly have shifted to the other just at the very time they began to mark the graves. We should, also, not expect to find here the monuments of the newer families, but should look for them upon the hill. We know the names of most of Peter Bulkeley's companions

and parishioners. Humphrey Barrett was one, and all the oldest Barrett gravestones are in the Main street ground. All of Hayward and Buss and Miles and Potter and Stratton are also to be found there. But Buttrick and Fletcher and Flint and Heald and Hunt are names as old in Concord as any of these, and not a gravestone to any one of them is to be found outside of the Hill ground. The oldest Hartwell stones and the oldest Hosmers, all of the Bloods and all of the third generation of Wheelers are found upon the hill. The first Robert Meriam, and all the descendants of his brother the first Joseph are buried on the hill, but the son and grandson of their brother the first George are buried in the Main street ground. Of later comers, Dakin and Jones who came in 1650, Davis who got here in 1659, Prescott in 1675, Hubbard in 1680, Conant in 1712, all succeeded in getting buried in the exclusive precincts of the Main street ground and hardly a gravestone to any one of these names is to be found elsewhere. Brooks and Wheat who came in 1638, Stow and Ball about 1640, Heywood and Temple and Taylor in 1650, Chandler and Clark and Minot and Melvin who came here later in the 17th century, are rigidly confined to the hill, and not one of any of these names is to be found in the other ground. I think, considering these things, that the "original settlers" theory will not work, and that no claim of the Main street burying ground to be "one of seven" can be maintained. The probability, I think, is rather that the Hill was the older place of burial. It was close to the meeting-house, and our puritan ancestors had not yet grown out of the English custom of interring their dead in the church-yard; fourteen out of the fifteen oldest stones are there, and the fifteenth, (in the Main street

yard,) curiously enough, marks the grave of a child of a man who did not get into Concord until after 1690; and more than two thirds of all the monuments bearing the family names of the original proprietors of Concord are to be found inside its enclosure.

Since Concord's dead for the first two centuries of her municipal existence are commemorated by only 713 monumental inscriptions, it is evident that the great majority of her decedents "died and made no sign," and although on the most of these monuments,—

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply,—
 While many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die,—

there are still, I think, an unusual number of epitaphs, properly so-called; that is, very many that were specially written to describe the characters or to testify to the virtues of their subjects. The holy texts that the unlettered Muse has strewn around, are often repeated either in the very words of Scripture, or paraphrased into the uncouth rhymes by which that goddess of tombstone literature establishes her right to Gray's qualifying adjective. Occasionally we meet with St. Paul's triumphant ejaculation—"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith,"—or his consoling promise that "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Sometimes we are reminded that "We have here no continuing city," or by the grave of some good matron we are called upon to remember that "Her price is far above rubies." Over the last resting place of some promising youth we are led to reflect that "He cometh forth like a

flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not," or upon the tombstone of an infant we read again the tender words "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The comforting words of the Psalmist "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," or the still more confident assurance of the Spirit "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them" express the faith and hope of many a mourning family. But the favorite text, the one oftenest quoted and, as it were, insisted upon is "Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The unlettered Muse has rendered this in rhyme in a dozen or more forms, such as, for instance :—

Tho' greedy worms devour my skin
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again
 He'll clothe them all afresh.

or :—

Corruption earth and worms
 Shall but refine my flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

or :—

God, my redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.

In one instance the sculptor has put it "*matches* all my dust," which causes one to wonder what meaning he attached to the verse, and faintly to suspect that his early instruction in matters of doctrine had been neglected or

forgotten. These verses, and others conveying the same idea, are repeated over and over again, as if our fathers, in view of death, found Job a more hopeful comforter than Paul, and discovered their greatest consolation, not so much in the hope of a spiritual immortality, as in that of the literal physical resurrection such as they used to depict in the ludicrous woodcuts familiar to many of us in our younger days. They had not suspected that one day some revised versioners would turn up, and bring Job and Paul a good deal nearer together as to this point of faith.

Of course in our old burying grounds the stock verses of tombstone literature are by no means absent. They can be found in every grave-yard in English-speaking countries, and these works of the unlettered Muse have come to rank almost along with those inspired by any one of the original Nine patronesses of literature and art. We are informed in many cases, that

Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please and death did seize
To ease me of my pain,

and we remember young David Copperfield's musings over the same memorial to the late Mr. Bodgers in Blunderstone church, and his doubts as to whether it might not be rather unpleasant to the village doctor to have public attention thus constantly called to his own failure to relieve Mr. Bodgers in his last illness; or we are warned to

Hark from the tomb a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry.
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly die.

a verse which sounds somehow like the public advertisement of some enterprising dealer in unimproved real estate, advising one to come early and look over what he has to offer in the line of *post mortem* building lots. We are admonished many times in our ramble among the graves, to

Halt, traveller, as you pass by ;
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now you soon must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

or we are informed that

Death is a debt to nature due,
Which I have paid, and so must you,

a consoling reflection to some of us poor sinners, that when this final debt at last matures, we shall not have to ask a renewal or to come down on our endorsers.

But the most popular verse of all, perhaps because it will fit "all sorts and conditions of men," or perhaps because, being only two lines, it came cheaper in the cutting than a four line stanza, when the mourners felt that there was a certain incompleteness about an inscription that had no poetry in it, is

Retire my friends, dry up your tears,
Here I must lie till Christ appears,

varied sometimes to suit the circumstances of the individual, as in the case of little Charlotty Ball, who gravely sings—"My dady and my many dears, dry up your tears."

Ridiculous epitaphs, such as we sometimes see quoted in the newspapers, (and generally, like patent medicine

certificates, located very indefinitely, or in such inaccessible places that they cannot be verified), are absent, not only here, but in every burying ground that I have ever visited, though there are several that provoke a smile by the quaintness of their phraseology:—thus, Mary Hartwell, who died in 1774 at the age of eighty-one years, reminds us that “The life of man is but a span, so frail a thing is man etc.,” the etc., being a part of the inscription; Lieutenant Francis Wheeler is said to have “departed this life very sudden and unexpected”: of little Mary Brooks, who died in 1736 at the age of eleven years, it is stated that “She was very excellent for reading and soberness.” Of Mr. Job Brooks, who was ninety-one years old when he died in 1788, the epitaphist says, with perhaps an excess of caution, as if he did not quite venture to make the statement on his own responsibility, that “He was considered by survivors as coming to the grave in a full age,” while of his equally aged wife, who died two years earlier, we are told that “After having lived with her said husband upwards of sixty-five years, she died in the hope of a resurrection to a better life.” Over the grave of Ephraim Meriam, who died in 1803, is inscribed:—

Now I am dead and in my grave
 And all my bones are rotten,
 When this you see, remember me,
 Let me not be forgotten, —

and when you have seen a bevy of Wellesley College girls line up before this stone, and have heard them sing this touching appeal, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, you may be sure that that appeal will not fail of its effect, and that Mr. Meriam's epitaph at least will not be forgotten. Mr. Archibald Smith's monument sets forth that:—

The just shall, from their mouldering dust,
Ascend the mansions of the blest,
Where Paul and Silas and John the Baptist
And all the saints forever rest : —

Mr. Smith was a Baptist, and the delicacy with which the unlettered Muse conveys this fact is only surpassed by the poetical felicity with which she rhymes dust and Baptist. "My glass is run" is a favorite motto on many a stone: on that of Nehemiah Hunt some ingenious but not over reverent boy changed the final *n* to *m*, by a skilful use of his jack knife, and handed the old gentleman down to posterity as one whose glass was rum. Tilly Merrick Esq. who died in 1768, aged 39, is described as having "had an excellent art in family government," a secret which I think he must have carried to the grave with him, and which has now become one of the lost arts. Perhaps he learned it from his neighbor Capt. Jonathan Buttrick, who died a year earlier, and who, we are told, "was followed to his grave by his aged widow and 13 well instructed children," and who must have been fully qualified by experience to teach the "excellent art of family government" to younger men.

Occasionally we run across a *name* that attracts us by its singularity, some patronymic quite unfamiliar to our ears, and we are almost surprised to find that persons bearing those names ever lived in Concord. Hannah Cocksedge for instance,—a family name that I have been unable to find on the probate records of any Massachusetts county: I am inclined, however, to connect her with William Cooksey who was for many years the only town pauper and who died about the same time that she did. Cord Cordis is a name that strikes curiously upon the ear, and almost

compels one to carry out the paradigm *cordi* — *cordem* — *cord* — *corde*. Isaac Biscon, the Huguenot barber, who got into a little trouble with his exiled compatriots at Boston, is a name that the antiquary will at once notice. Nicholas Shevally and his son John find their original French name of Chevalier transformed into a dozen different and uncouth forms on our Town records, none of which however are so grotesque as that by which they would never recognize themselves on their gravestones, where their knightly patronymic is most laboriously misspelt S h o w u a l l e y by the Yankee stone cutter. Here is the grave of Richard Kaets the Boston bricklayer, who came to Concord in his old age, and bought the farm of his old Boston neighbor Peregrine White who had tired of country life. Kaets died in 1718, and left 6*£* to the church in Concord to buy a silver cup for the communion service.

The Rev. Peter Bulkeley was the Moses of our Israel here in the wilderness, and like that other Moses, "no man knoweth the place of his sepulchre unto this day." The graves of his son and successor, the Rev. Edward Bulkeley, and of Edward Bulkeley's sometime colleague and later successor, the Rev. Joseph Estabrook are not only unmarked but unknown. Tradition has it that all three of these early ministers were buried in the same *tomb*, and that it was in the burying ground on Main Street. A careful exploration of the ground, with some little digging in likely spots, — indeed in the *only* spots large enough to contain a tomb of any kind — was made by myself and Mr. Farrar a few years ago. If by a "tomb" is meant a *structure* of brick or stone, either above or below the surface of the ground, then I can say confidently that there is no such thing there. But if Doctor Ripley, in helping to perpet-

uate the tradition, used the word *tomb* as meaning merely a grave, just a hole in the ground, it would be quite useless now to make any further search whatever, among the numerous unmarked and unidentified graves in that spot. The fourth minister, the Rev. John Whiting, whose incumbency terminated unpleasantly, is buried near the resting place assigned by tradition to his three predecessors. He is described on his monument as "a gentleman of singular hospitality and generosity, who never detracted from the character of any man, and was a universal lover of mankind," and so we will imitate that rare and beautiful quality in him, and let the detractions from which he suffered during the latest years of his life remain forgotten. His successor, the Rev. Daniel Bliss, is buried under an altar tomb near the crown of the hill. His epitaph was undoubtedly written by his son in law the Rev. William Emerson, who was the next pastor of the Church in Concord. This ephitaph, though long, is so admirable a tribute to Mr. Bliss's character, and to his powers as a pulpit orator, that it will bear quoting in full, as follows:—

Of this beloved disciple and minister of Jesus Christ 'tis justly observable that in addition to his natural and acquired abilities, he was distinguishedly favored with those eminent graces of the Holy Spirit, (meekness, humility and zeal) which rendered him particularly fit for, and enabled him to go through with, the work of the gospel ministry, upon which he entered in the twenty-fifth year of his age. The duties of the various characters he sustained in life were performed with great strictness and fidelity. As a private Christian he was a bright example of holiness in life and purity in conversation. But in the execution of the ministerial office he shone with peculiar lustre: a spirit of devotion animated all his performances: his doctrine

dropped as the rain and his lips distilled like the dew: his preaching was powerful and searching, and He who blessed him with an uncommon talent in a particular application to the consciences of men crowned his skilful endeavors with great success. As the work of the ministry was his great delight so he continued fervent and diligent in the performance of it till his divine Lord called him from his service on earth to the glorious recompense of reward in heaven, where, as one who has turned many to righteousness, he shines as a star forever and ever.

His soul was of the angelic frame ;
The same ingredients and the mould the same,
When the Creator makes a minister of flame.

Mr. Shattuck quotes this epitaph *in extenso* in his History of Concord, but turns the last line of the poetical citation from Dr. Watts into "*whom* the Creator makes a minister of *fame*," which is utter nonsense of course, and shows that Mr. Shattuck had no conception of the meaning of the verse.

Close by the grave of Mr. Bliss is a memorial tablet to the memory of the Rev. William Emerson, (whose body lies elsewhere) bearing this epitaph:— "Erected by this Town in memory of their pastor, Rev. William Emerson, who died at Rutland Vermont, 1776, aged 33, on his return from the American army, of which he was a chaplain. Enthusiastic, eloquent, affectionate, and pious, he loved his family, his people, his God, and his country, and to this last he yielded the cheerful sacrifice of his life." The Rev. Ezra Ripley, who succeeded Mr. Emerson in his pulpit, and indeed in nearly all of his public duties and private relations as well, was entombed in one of the row of tombs nearest the Catholic church, and though he fully deserved an epitaph as long as Daniel Bliss's, no one has ever been

found to write it, and the single word "Ripley" over the entrance to the tomb,

"The place of fame and epitaph supplies."

The first of the "Town Donations" for the benefit of the poor, was the gift of Peter Wright, who died in 1718, and whose grave on the hill is marked by a simple stone bearing only his name and age, and the date of his death. Hugh Cargill, who died in 1799, and who gave to the Town the present "poor farm" is commemorated by an epitaph setting forth that "he was born in Ballyshannon in Ireland; came into this country in the year 1774, destitute of the comforts of life; but by his industry and good economy he acquired a good estate, and having no children, he, at his death devised his estate to his wife, and to a number of friends and relations by marriage, and especially a large and generous donation to the Town of Concord for benevolent and charitable purposes,"—certainly an encouraging object lesson on the virtues of "industry and good economy" to the thousands of his compatriots who have "come into this country" in a similar destitute condition, and one which it is a pleasure to see so many of them trying to put into practice. In our Town Reports, every spring, we read of certain moneys coming to the poor and to the schools from the income of the Cuming and Beaton friends, left by John Cuming, a physician of whom it is traditionally reported that he would not accept a fee for any service done to the sick on Sundays, and John Beaton, a trader of such scrupulous honesty that his name became the local standard for uprightness. Dr. Cuming was a soldier as well as a physician, and was a Colonel in the army of the Revolution. Of him, the epitaphist says:—

“Naturally active as to genius and disposition, he early appeared on the stage of life where he conducted with spirit and despatch, and acquired honour in different stations. As a physician he was beloved, useful, and celebrated. His compassion for the distressed hastened him to their relief and his hand was as charitable as healing to the poor. And as a Magistrate he magnified his office, nor held the sword of Justice in vain. Constitutionally particular, animated and warm in his disposition and temper, earnestness and zeal, affection and precision, were his characteristics. Hence, from his youth, in conversation he was cheerful and affable; in civil business prompt, and expeditious; in private and public worship, punctual and fervent; in charity, liberal; in piety, devout. His learning, dignity and donations procured him an honorary degree at Harvard College. To that society, for the support of a professor of physic, and to the church and town of Concord, for public charitable and religious purposes he made generous donations in his last will.”

Of “Honest John Beaton” we learn that : —

“This worthy man was born in Scotland, but had lived a number of years in this town, where he acquired a large estate and professed a reputation remarkably fair and unspotted. He was a serious, meek, devout Christian, and breathed the spirit of the religion which he professed. His dealings were so just and punctual, his friendship so true, his conversation so inoffensive and sincere, and the discharge of his public offices so upright and faithful, that he attracted from all who knew him an uncommon share of confidence and esteem. His obliging acts to his friends, his bounties to many, his benefactions to the ministry of that gospel which he loved, his charities to the poor and the bequests of his last will to them and to the public uses, evidence that in him strict justice was united with great benevolence and generosity. With as little appearance as circumstances would allow, he did great good.”

Both these epitaphs show unmistakably the hand of Dr. Ripley. We need to know nothing more of these two men: whole volumes of eulogy could not tell us more, and Concord does well to hold in perpetual memory the names of men whose characters could be thus delineated by such a hand.

Colonel James Barrett, always to be held in honored remembrance in Concord, is described as having been "In public and private life courteous, benevolent and charitable. His fidelity, uprightness and ability in various offices and employments justly procured him esteem. He early stepped forward in the contest with Britain and distinguished himself in the cause of America. His warm attachment to and careful practice of the religion of Christ completed his worthy character and with his other virtues will preserve his memory." Of his son Colonel Nathan Barrett, who was at the Old North Bridge on the 19th of April 1775, and did good service later in the war, we are told that "His amiable disposition endeared him to his family and acquaintance; his usefulness in society gained him esteem; and his attention to religion inspired the hope of the gospel." The epitaph of Major John Buttrick, from whose lips the all-irrevocable order sprang, "For God's sake, fire." is one of the most perfect monumental inscriptions I have ever read, and it is said to have been written by Governor Sullivan, Major Buttrick's intimate friend and fellow officer at a later period of the war: —

"In memory of Col. JOHN BUTTRICK, who commanded the militia companies which made the first attack upon the British troops at Concord North Bridge on the 19th of April 1775. Having with patriotic firmness shared in the dangers which led to American Independence, he lived to

enjoy the blessings of it, and died May 16, 1791, aged sixty years. Having laid down the sword with honor, he resumed the plough with industry, by the latter to maintain what the former had won. The virtues of the patriot, citizen and christian adorned his life, and his worth was acknowledged by the grief and respect of all ranks at his death."

Of his son John, who, as a boy of fifteen years old, took his "baptism of fire" at the North Bridge, as a fifer in one of the companies of minute-men, we read that "he early imbibed the spirit of liberty and patriotism and was honorably promoted," and that "Happy in his family, useful in society and submissive in sickness, he resigned his life in the Christian's faith and hope." Another of our 19th of April heroes was John Hosmer, whose granite monument, in the Main street burial ground, declares that "Although in arms at the battle of Concord, and a soldier in the continental army, he was, all his life after, a man of peace." It is to be regretted that the original epitaph prepared for his monument by Ralph Waldo Emerson should have been replaced by this rather bald statement, and it is to be hoped that some day Mr. Hosmer will get what is due him. Mr. Emerson wrote ;—

Here lies the body of

JOHN HOSMER

who was born 6 July 1752, and died 16 Feb. 1836.

A lover of his own independence,
 he respected always the freedom of others,
 And that of his own children.
 An industrious and skilful mechanic,
 he was both willing and able to help himself.
 A liberal spender of his own earnings,
 he never coveted those of other men.

Although he was in arms at the Battle of Concord
and a soldier of the Continental Army,
and one of the conquerors of Burgoyne,
he was in all his life after, a man of peace,
And had never a private enemy.

Here lies also the body
of his wife Mary
born 12 March 1755, died 17 June 1814,
daughter of Dr. Jonathan Prescott of Halifax N. S.
And a descendant of Peter Bulkeley
the first minister of this town.
A prudent and faithful wife and mother,
She aided her husband
by her affection and economy,
and shared with him the love and veneration
of ten children.

A humbler hero was Thomas Hunt, who died in 1805, at the age of twenty-two years, whose gravestone declares that "His heart was formed for friendship and society, and embraced in its affections his country's good. The military science was his pride, and early he became a member of a volunteer company in Boston, in which he acquitted himself with honor." Poor boy; he was born a few years too late, or died a few years too early, to win his laurels "in the imminent deadly breach," but we will not begrudge to him the modest share of glory that he claimed, and that attaches to the position of a private soldier in a Boston militia company.

Timothy Minot was for many years the honored school-master of Concord, and in several of those years the Town made its annual appropriation for the support of a grammar school, contingent upon his undertaking the work.

Although never ordained to the ministry, he was licensed to preach, and often officiated in the pulpit, especially when the Rev. Mr. Whiting was temporarily incapacitated. He preached occasionally in many of the neighboring towns, but there is no evidence that he ever got a call from the Lord to take the spiritual guidance of any of His flocks. But he must have been fitted for such a call, for his gravestone assures us that : —

“He was a preacher of the gospel whose praise was in all the churches : a school-master in Concord for many years : his actions were governed by the dictates of his conscience ; he was a lover of peace ; given to hospitality ; a lover of good men ; sober, just, temperate ; a faithful friend, a good neighbour, an excellent husband, a tender, affectionate parent, and a good master.”

He must have inherited some of his eminent qualities from his father, James Minot, Esq. A.M., an exceedingly versatile gentleman who “in his time played many parts,” for we find it recorded on his gravestone that he was : —

“An excelling grammarian ; enriched with the gift of prayer and preaching ; a commanding officer ; a physician of great value ; a great lover of peace as well as of justice ; and which was his greatest glory, a gent'n of distinguished virtue and goodness, happy in a virtuous posterity ; and, living religiously, died comfortably, September 20, 1735, aged 83.”

This name of Minot, adorned with so many virtues and so much learning, (several others of the family having become famous in the learned professions,) has disappeared from Concord, the last male representative of the family here having died but a few years ago. The gravestone of Lieutenant Daniel Hoar, great-great-grandfather

of our friend the late Judge Hoar, always provokes an inquiry as the significance of the capital letters M. S. at the beginning of the inscription and S. V. at the end, which prove an enigma to most people. They stand simply for *Memorie Sacer*, (sacred to the memory,) and *Siste, Viator* (Pause, Traveller); this epitaph, after reciting some of the virtues of the worthy gentleman, sums up the whole matter, in that terse and epigrammatic manner with which we are not wholly unfamiliar in some of his descendants;—"Here's the last end of mortal story,—*he's dead.*"

It would be useless, and perhaps tiresome, to quote all the striking and characteristic epitaphs to be found in our ancient grave-yards, and of which I have cited only a few, but any notice of our Concord monuments would be entirely incomplete without a reference at least to the one epitaph more famous than all others, that marks the grave, not of a divine, a soldier, a teacher, a philanthropist or a man-of-the-world, but that of an African Negro Slave, nameless and unknown. You have all read it, but it will bear repeating, for while we have other monuments in Concord that commemorate American Liberty, and National Unity, this alone of all the monuments in America, is sacred to the still greater principle of individual personal freedom:—

God wills us free ; man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills ; God's will be done.

Here lies the body of

JOHN JACK

A native of Africa who died

March 1773, aged about 60 years.

Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.

Tho' he lived in a land of liberty,
 He lived a slave.
 Till by his honest, tho' stolen, labors,
 He acquired the source of slavery,
 Which gave him his freedom ;
 Tho' not long before
 Death, the grand tyrant,
 Gave him his final emancipation,
 And set him on a footing with kings.
 Tho' a slave to vice,
 He practised those virtues
 Without which kings are but slaves.

The epitaphs of our *fore-mothers* show a great similarity in matter and manner. For instance:—of Mrs. Mary Hunt who died in 1790, we read, that “She was loving and obedient to her husband, careful for the bodies and souls of her children, and for herself chose the good part with Mary. She looked well to her own house and meddled not with the affairs of others. Piety to God and kindness to man seemed as her meat and drink. She eminently obtained of men this plaudit ‘well done, good and faithful,’ and it is firmly believed her final Judge adds to this ‘Enter into the joy of your Lord.’ Of Mrs. Elizabeth Buttrick, the mother of Capt. Jonathan Buttrick’s thirteen well instructed children, we are told that “she was a gentlewoman of uncommon prudence, looking well to the affairs of her household; meek and very patient under long sickness and pain which God was pleased to exercise her withal; a kind industrious wife; an indulgent mother amidst her numerous family of children; a courteous neighbour. Indeed she made the holy scripture the rule of her conduct in common and religious life.” Mrs. Rebecca Barrett, who died in 1838, was “a person of true

piety and excellent virtue, exemplary in her religious conversation and conduct ; a diligent instructor and faithful guide to her children ; kind and charitable to her neighbours ; truly virtuous and desirable in her life, and much lamented at her death." Mrs. Mary Jones who died in 1782 "was useful in life and hopeful in death. She was discreet in her behaviour, prudent in her affairs, an affectionate and faithful wife, a tender and careful mother, a kind and obliging neighbour, compassionate and charitable to the poor, an humble and exemplary Christian." Master Minot's wife Mary is described as "a person truly of great worth ; eminent in piety ; justly amiable for her wisdom, modesty, meekness, patience, fidelity and charity : exemplary in the graces and virtues which belong to the Christian life."

These were the feminine qualities that our great-grandfathers loved and praised. They did not want to see their wives and daughters acting as preachers, or public speakers, or reformers or politicians, but were modestly proud of them if they possessed and manifested only the domestic virtues and the Christian graces. The women too, poor souls, not yet being emancipated, were contented with these old fashioned attainments. To them, the domestic circle, was the great circle, that bounds the whole sphere. They are dead now, and somewhat out of date, — but yet some of us may be just a little proud that our great-grandmothers were such as to merit memorials like these that I have cited. There is one inscription, however, over the grave of a woman, which is decidedly different from the rest in the way of expression. It is on a marble slab, originally white, in the Hill Burying ground, and reads : — "This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate the

memory, and by its colour to signify the moral character of Miss Abigail Dudley, who died June 4, 1812, aged 73." Miss Dudley's moral character has long been beyond the reach of earthly soil or stain, but it seems to be due to her memory that the emblematic stone should be kept clean, lest the thoughtless or scoffing observer should be tempted to do an injustice to the venerable maiden's reputation.

Doubtless in many cases our old families buried their dead upon their own farms. It is not uncommon in our older towns to find family tombs on the homestead places, and such tombs along the sides of the highway always have a peculiarly lonesome and depressing aspect. I know of but one such in Concord, on the old Paul Dudley place, and that one has been long disused, and like "The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now." There are however a few isolated graves in the town, of victims of the small pox epidemic of the fall of 1792. On the right hand side of the road to the Junction, on the old Hosmer farm, a few rods from the road, is a table tomb, bearing this inscription:—

"In memory of Mrs. Sarah Hosmer, consort of Lieutenant Benjamin Hosmer, who died of the small pox December 28th, 1792, aged 32 years, and their infant child. Amiable in life, lamented in death, remote from kindred dust, here rest in hope their remains. Contagion and humanity, (strange union) assigned this solitary grave. Let not the hand of man profane, nor foot of beast disturb, this hallowed ground. Traveller, here behold the vanity of life, the ruin of man's hope in man, and be wise."

Poor young wife and mother,—she had been married less than a year, and her child was too young to have had a name. The story is told that her husband never fully

recovered from the shock of her death, and that when her grave-stone was finished he hauled it to the spot on a sled, and unyoked his team and drove away, and never afterward visited the spot nor permitted any one to speak of setting up the stone. There it lay for nearly forty years afterward until the sled rotted away beneath it, and Lieutenant Hosmer, then eighty-one years old, was gathered to his fathers. Then the stone was placed in its proper position. Away up in the west part of the town, in the edge of the woods, perhaps five hundred yards from the Barrett's Mill road, and about the same distance from the Strawberry Hill road, the wanderer is startled by coming suddenly upon a lonely gravestone, bearing the name of a once prominent citizen of Concord, James Chandler, who died of the small-pox in December 1792 aged 78 years. The grave is overgrown with briars and shadowed by great trees; almost its only visitors are the birds and the squirrels, but still to the chance human visitor, it gives no dreary or painful impression, but instead thereof the feeling that here at least is peacefulness and rest, — even oblivion. Quite different is the lonely grave on the Fairhaven Road, where rests the body of Mrs. Sarah Potter, who died during this same epidemic. The desolate little enclosure, on the high ground, close to the road, over-run with brambles, and poison ivy, and straggling bushes, in the full glare of the sun all day, and thrusting, as it were, upon your notice, its ghastly and obtrusive grave-stone, is inexpressibly shocking and depressing, and it is really a relief to the feelings, when one has climbed over the wall, to find that the inscription, instead of being such as to "Invoke the passing tribute of a sigh," provokes, the rather, a passing smile by its artless manner of expression, for it

informs us, with quite unnecessary particularity, that the attack of small-pox that ended the good woman's life, was "taken the natural way."

But it is time to bring to a close these desultory meditations among the tombs. Who knows but that a century or so hence, our own monuments and our own epitaphs may be made to serve as material for an idle paper like this? We shall sleep none the less soundly even though our "frail memorials" receive as inadequate treatment as I have given to these mournful reminders of our predecessors. I can not perhaps better close than by quoting the epitaph of Dr. Joseph Lee, who died at the age of eighty-one years, which epitomizes the whole matter in these words:—

“The longest life is short.

What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?

Earth's highest honor ends in 'Here he lies,'

And 'dust to dust' concludes the noblest song.”





At . . .

HOSMER'S DRY GOODS STORE

CONCORD, MASS.,

may be found

SOUVENIR CHINA,

CONCORD VIEWS,

GUIDE BOOKS

and books by

CONCORD AUTHORS.

JOHN C. FRIEND,

Druggist.

—

Huyler's Candies

Souvenir Postal Cards

Photographs, etc.

—

Concord, - Mass.

The Colonial,

Monument Square,

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM E. RAND,

Proprietor.

Battle, April 19, 1775.
**OLD NORTH BRIDGE
TOURIST STABLE.**

Carriages with competent guides to meet all cars on Monument Square, the centre of all points of historic interest:

Carriages may be ordered in advance.

With twenty years' experience collecting antiques with a local history, I have instructed the guides the association of the points of interest, which gives me an opportunity superior to others.

Antiques of all descriptions, with a local history, collected and sold at reasonable prices.

**Stable and Antique Rooms,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.**

J. W. CULL, Manager.
P. O. 525

MCMANUS BROTHERS
**HACK, LIVERY, BOARDING
AND SALE STABLE**

Tourists supplied with Vehicles of all kinds.

Barges for parties. Hacks at Depots

All electric cars, on both roads, pass our door, and our carriages also meet the electricians in the Public Square.

Connected by Telephone.

Mrs. L. E. Brooks, Tourist's Guide

CONCORD, - MASS.

Opposite Fitchburg Depot

JOHN M. KEYES

Dealer in

**BICYCLES
SPORTING GOODS
AND SUNDRIES**

**RENTING, REPAIRING
AND TEACHING**

When your Bicycle breaks down, your Automobile comes to grief, or your Electric Lights wont work, John M. Keyes will make any kind of repairs for you; from blowing up your tires to installing a new gasoline motor or wiring your house.

SHOP, MONUMENT ST., Telephone 14-5
OFFICE, KEYWOOD'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
CONCORD, MASS. Telephone 28-4

At **MISS BUCK'S**

**MILLINERY AND
FANCY GOODS STORE**

may be found

Unfading Pictures,
Fans, with Photogravures
of Places of Historical
Interest,

and other Souvenirs of Concord

MAIN St. opposite the Bank.

TWO BOOKS by "Margaret Sidney."

Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways. Illustrations from photographs by A. W. Hosmer of Concord, and L. J. Bridgman. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

"One of the choicest souvenirs of the home and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts." — *Boston Globe*.

"It is written in a style as delightful and enticing as Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' or Hare's 'Florence.'" — *American Bookseller*.

Little Maid of Concord Town (A). *A Romance of the American Revolution.* One volume, 12 mo., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. \$1.50.

Margaret Sidney knows all the stories and legends that cluster about the famous North Bridge and the days of the Minute Men. As the author of the "Five Little Peppers," she knows how to tell just such a story as young people like; as the founder of the flourishing society of the Children of the American Revolution, she has the knowledge and inspiration fitting her to tell this charming story of the boys and girls of the famous village where was fired the shot heard round the world. She has written a delightful historical romance that all Americans will enjoy.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Publications of the

CONCORD
ANTIQUARIAN
SOCIETY

are from

The Patriot Press

CONCORD MASSACHUSETTS

which also prints

The Middlesex Patriot (weekly)

The Erudite (monthly)

Concord, A Guide

Concord Authors at Home

and such other things as its
customers care to pay for

The Town of Concord

Has published in one volume
of 500 pages, large 8 vo.
the complete record of the

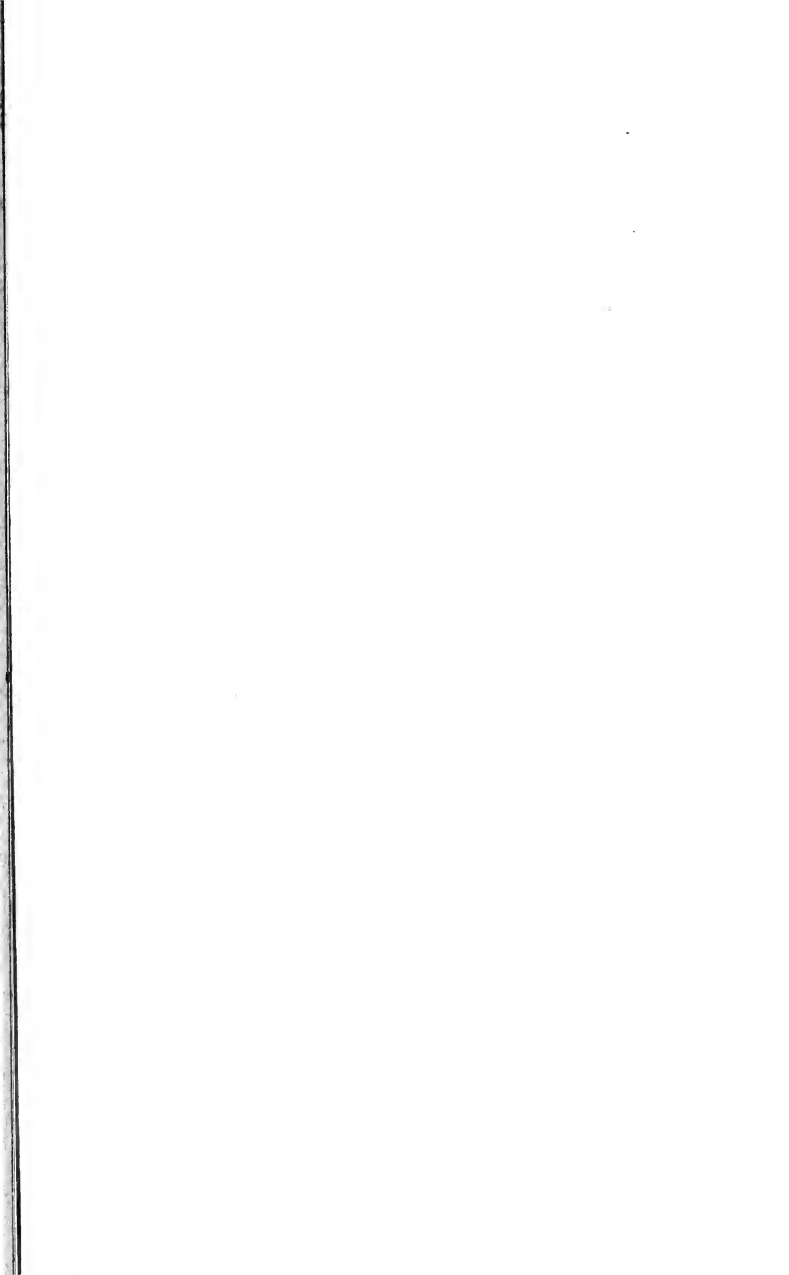
**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS**

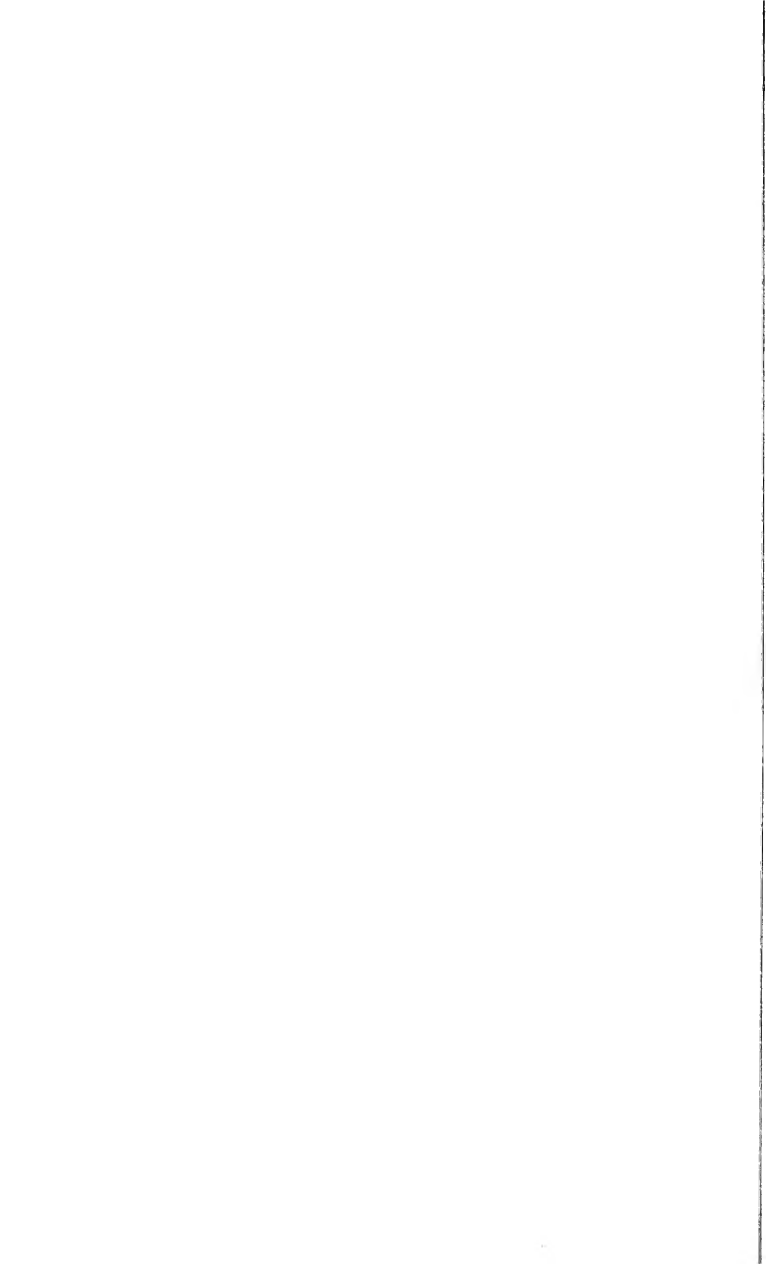
from the settlement of the
Town to the close of the
year 1850.

A very limited number
remain and can be bought
for \$5 each. 32 cents for
postage, if sent by mail.

CHARLES E. BROWN, Town Clerk

Handwritten text at the top right edge, possibly a page number or date.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 433 522 3